FBI in ACTION

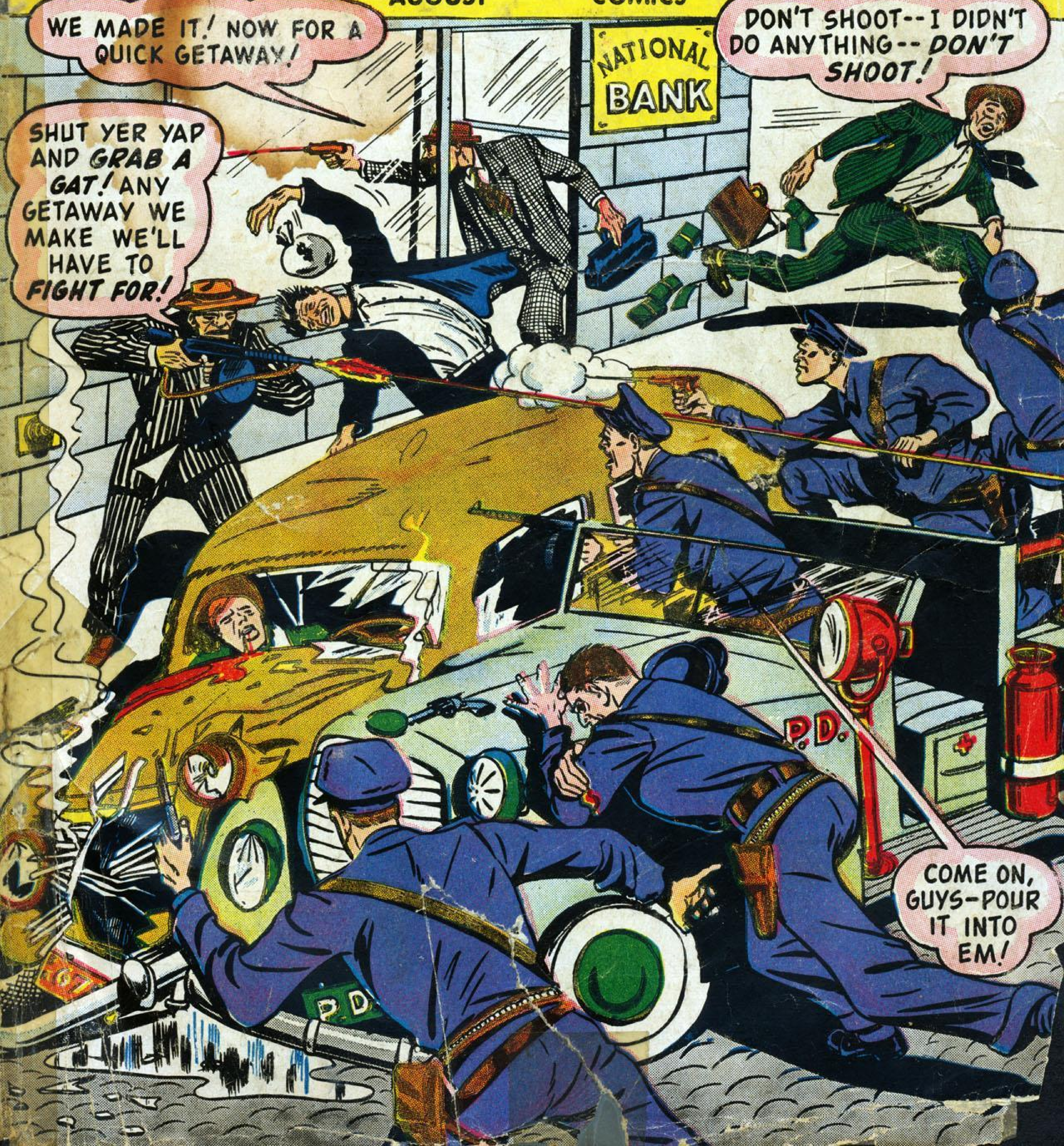
10¢

NO. 4

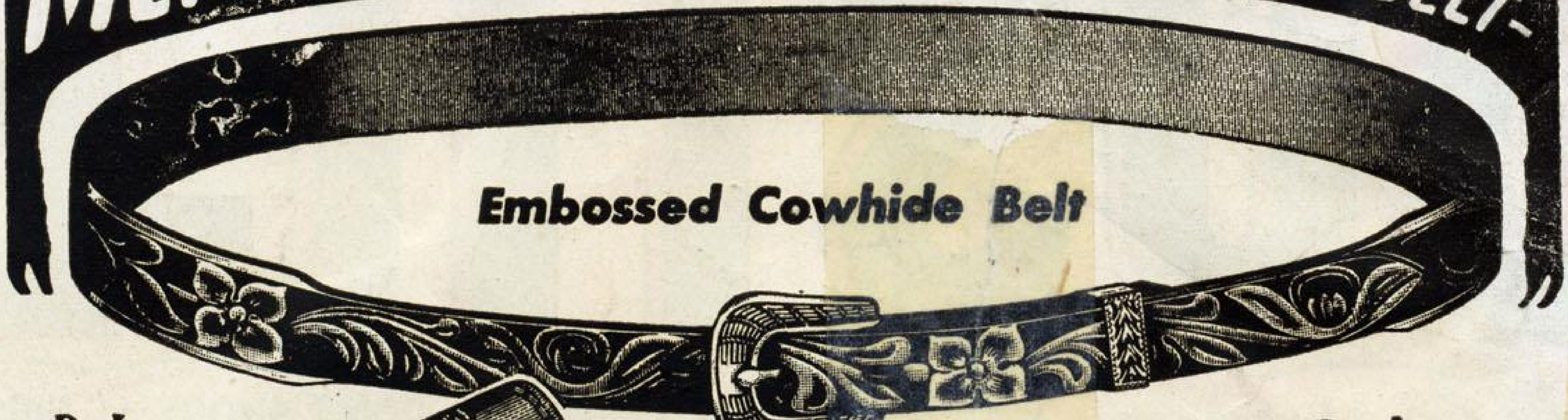
JUSTICE

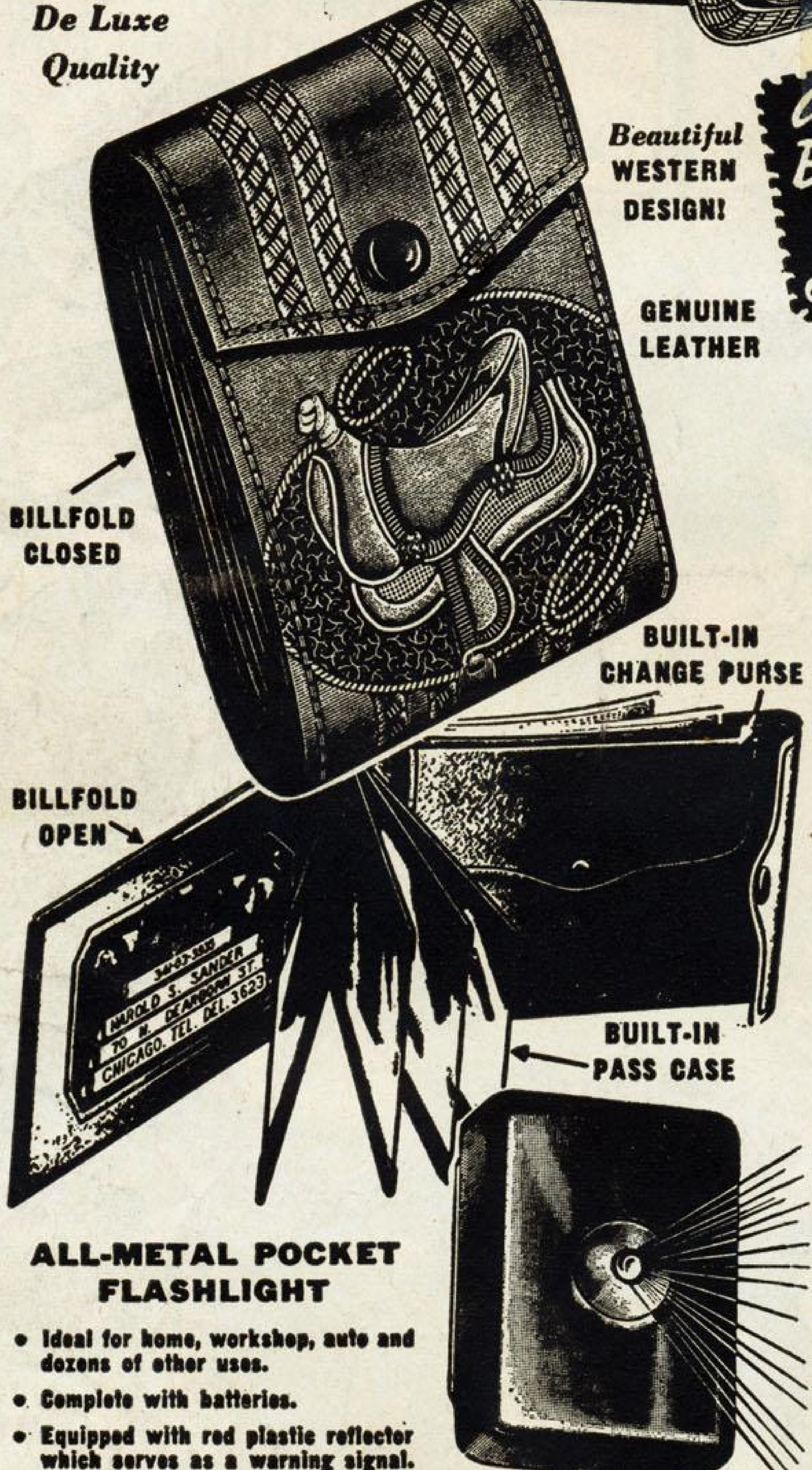
AUGUST

COMICS


WE MADE IT! NOW FOR A QUICK GETAWAY!
SHUT YER YAP AND GRAB A GAT! ANY GETAWAY WE MAKE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR!
NATIONAL BANK
DON'T SHOOT--I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING--DON'T SHOOT!
P.D.
COME ON, GUYS-POUR IT INTO EM!
P.D.

MEN! Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western BILLFOLD, POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western BELT–





All Three BELT, BILLFOLD and FLASHLIGHT only–

Only $2.98

THE BELT Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here is a beautiful Cowhide Belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants a rich looking stylish belt that will hold without binding when buckled. Look at these features! *Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish*—expertly hand-stamped from end to end in Tooled Spanish Design by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width in sizes from 28 to 46 and has an all-metal buckle. Has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

THE BILLFOLD You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Western Style" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Genuine Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Embossed illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features.

THE FLASHLIGHT Here's the handiest flashlight you've ever seen. Fits into vest pocket, purse or slacks. Measures only 1⅜" wide x 2¼" high and can be held in palm of hand. All metal construction exclusive of fittings. Throws a clear beam of light through center opening. In addition, the plastic reflector which encircles bulb gives off a bright red glow. A flick of the finger quickly turns switch on or off as desired. Ideal for finding keys or locating light buttons in the dark, for tinkering around workshop or auto. and hundreds of other uses. Beautifully finished in dura-tone color. Complete with batteries.

YOU TAKE NO RISK ORDERING THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCHING SET

We sincerely believe that this 3-piece Western set of belt, billfold and flashlight represents the finest value of its kind to be found anywhere. Convince yourself by comparing our low price of $2.98 with what you would have to pay elsewhere. We're sure you'll agree that here's a beautiful matching set you can't afford to pass up. Rush your order at once and see for yourself. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If, after you receive your belt, billfold and flashlight set, you aren't more than pleased in every respect with the appearance and quality of this outstanding value, just return within 10 days and your money will be promptly refunded in full.

ALL-METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT

- Ideal for home, workshop, auto and dozens of other uses.
- Complete with batteries.
- Equipped with red plastic reflector which serves as a warning signal.

Examine For 10 Days On Money-Back Guarantee

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2951
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

☐ Send me the beautiful matching Genuine Leather Western Billfold, Pocket Flashlight and Cowhide Western Belt as pictured above. I will pay the postman on arrival only $2.98 C.O.D. plus 22c Federal tax and few cents postage. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

This is my belt size (state your size from 28 to 46)..........

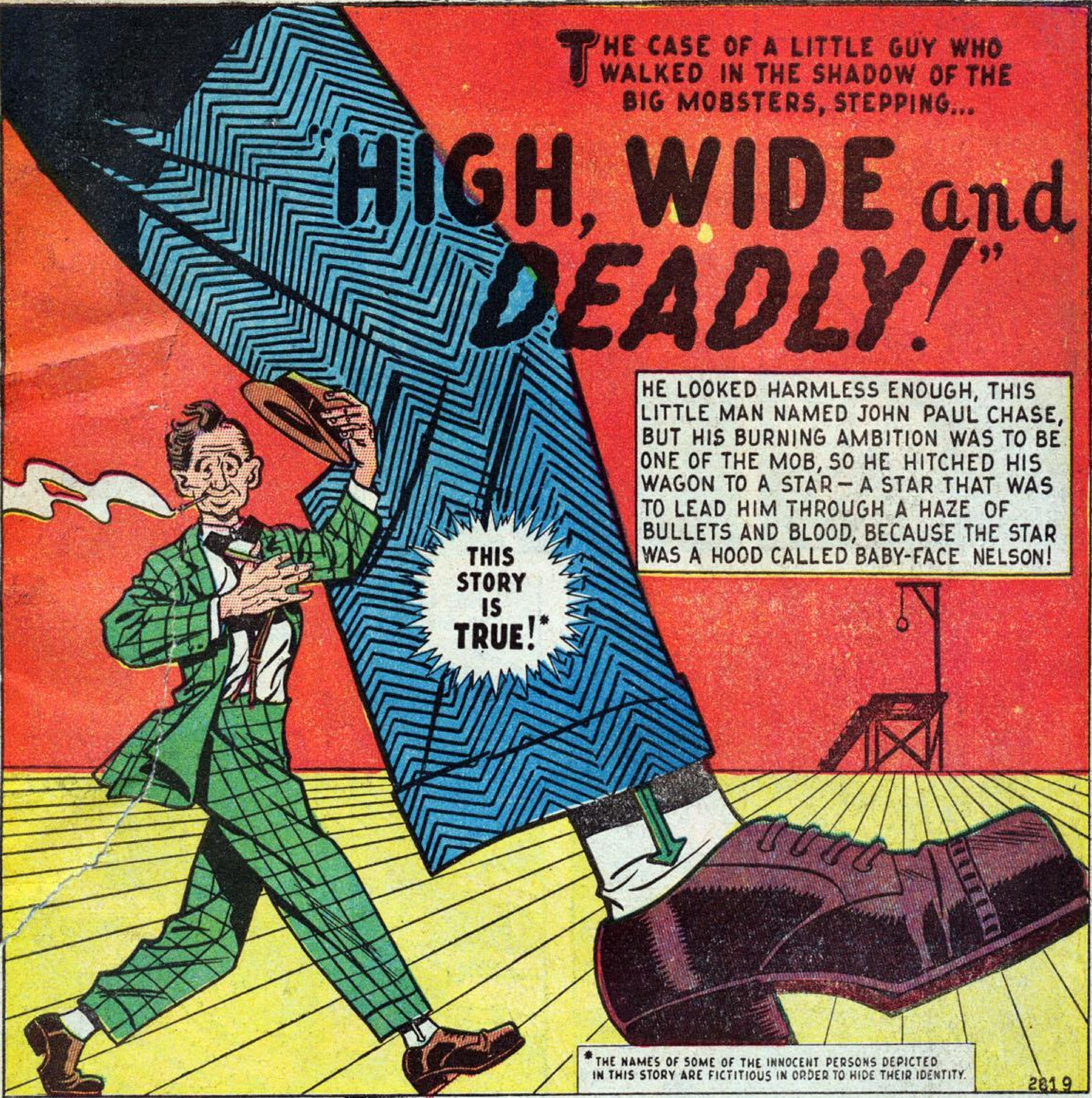
NAME ....

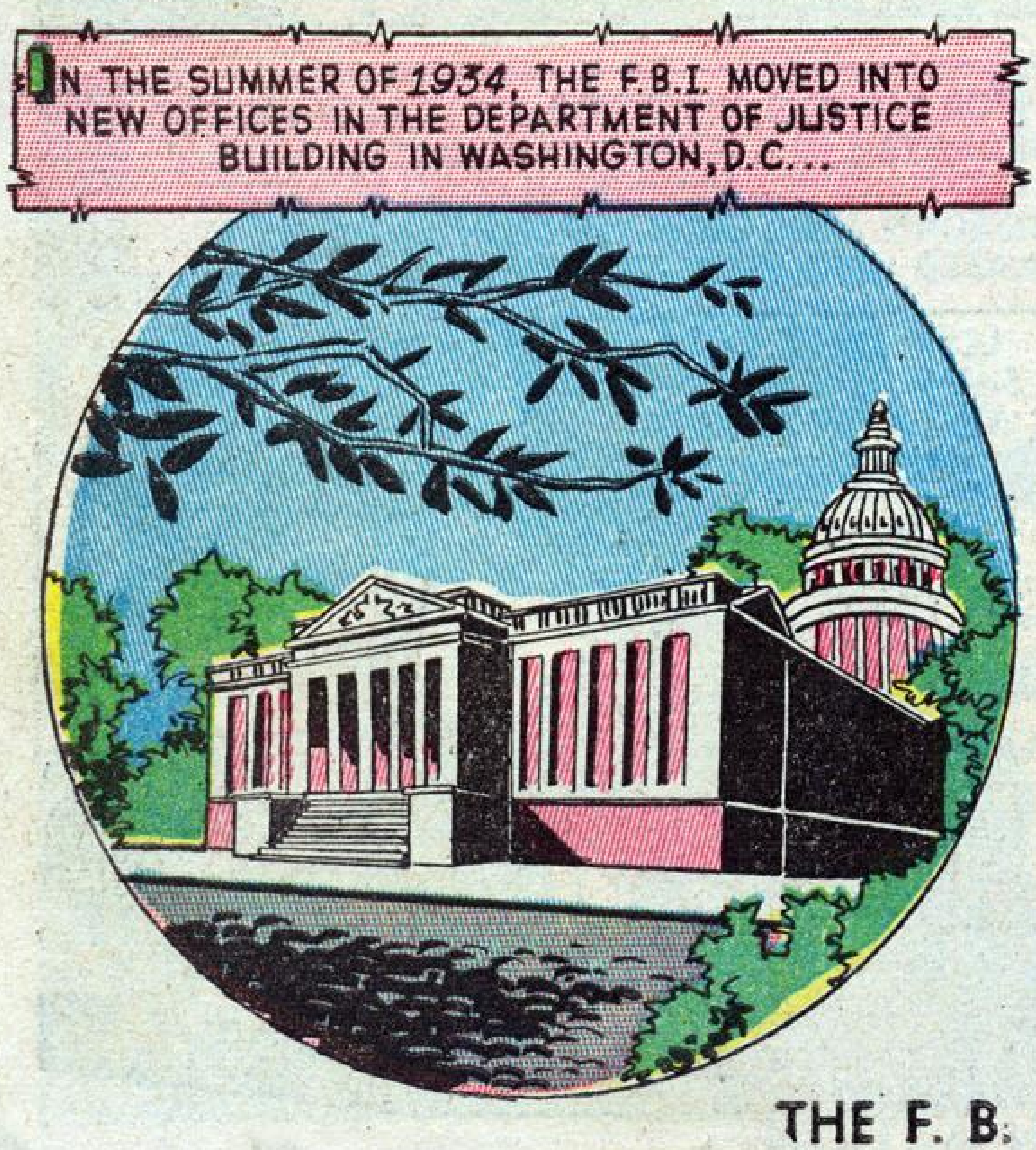
ADDRESS ....

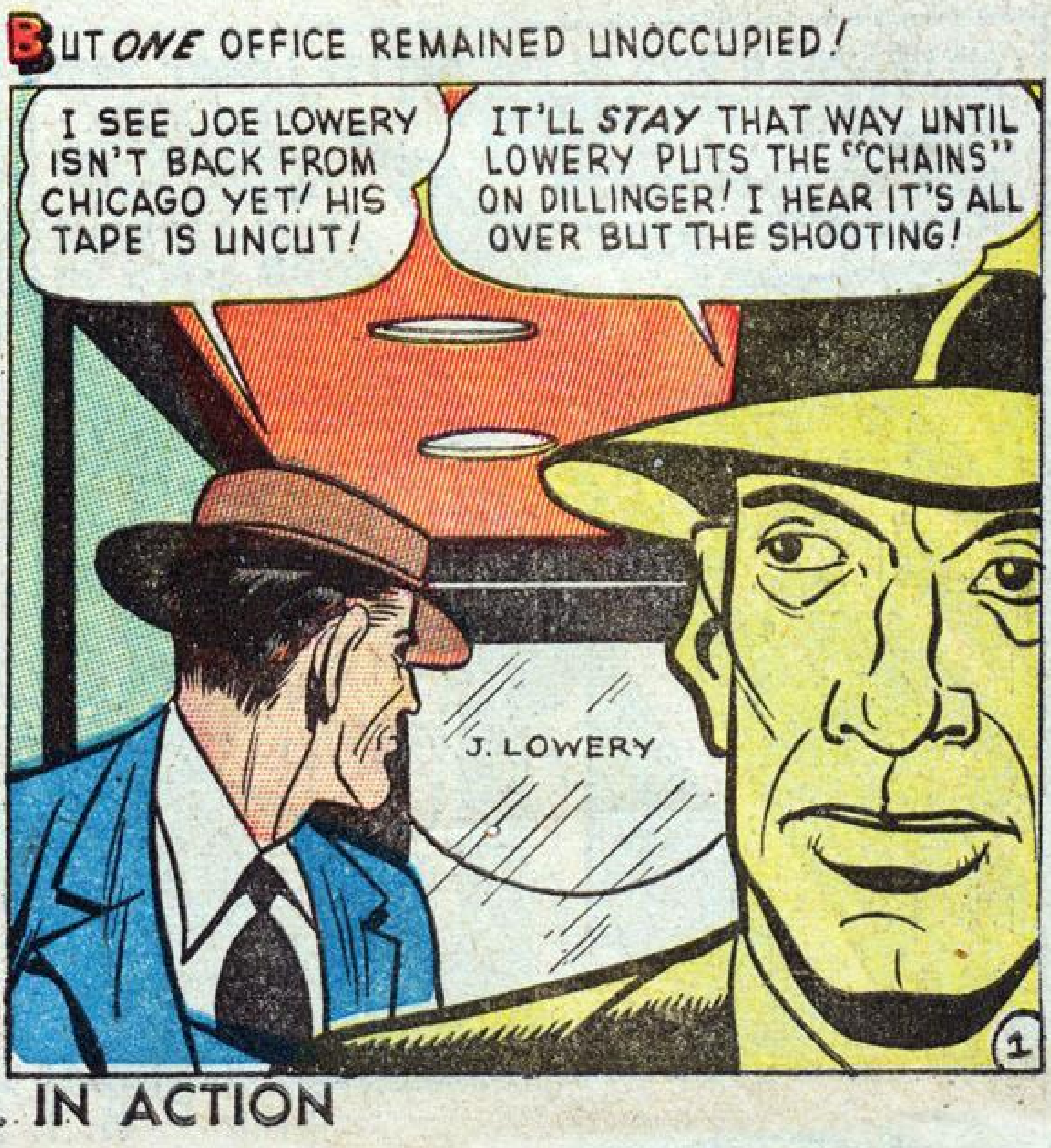
CITY .... STATE ....

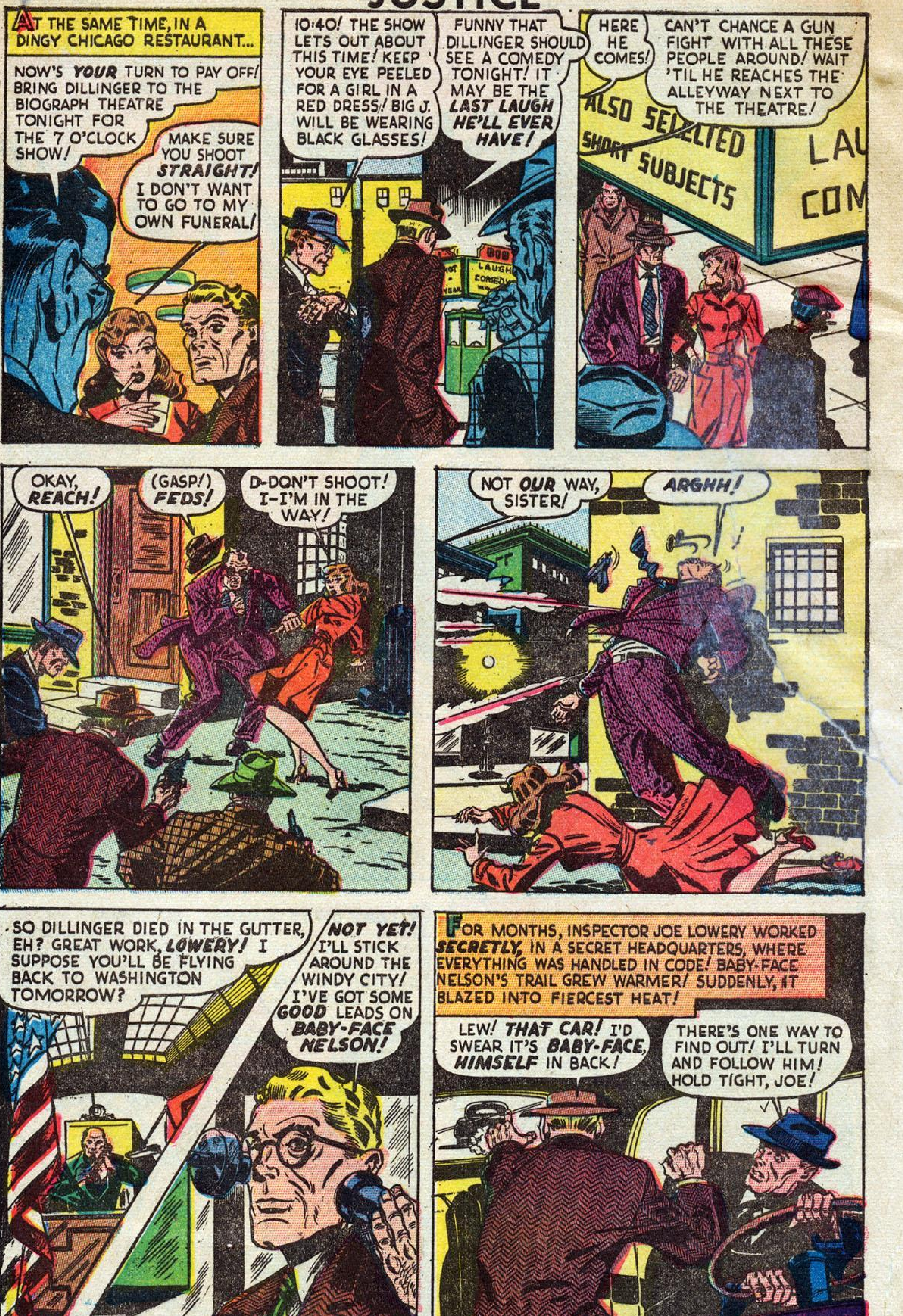
☐ To save all shipping charges I am enclosing in advance with this order $2.98 plus 22c Fed. Tax (total $3.20). Ship my set postage prepaid.

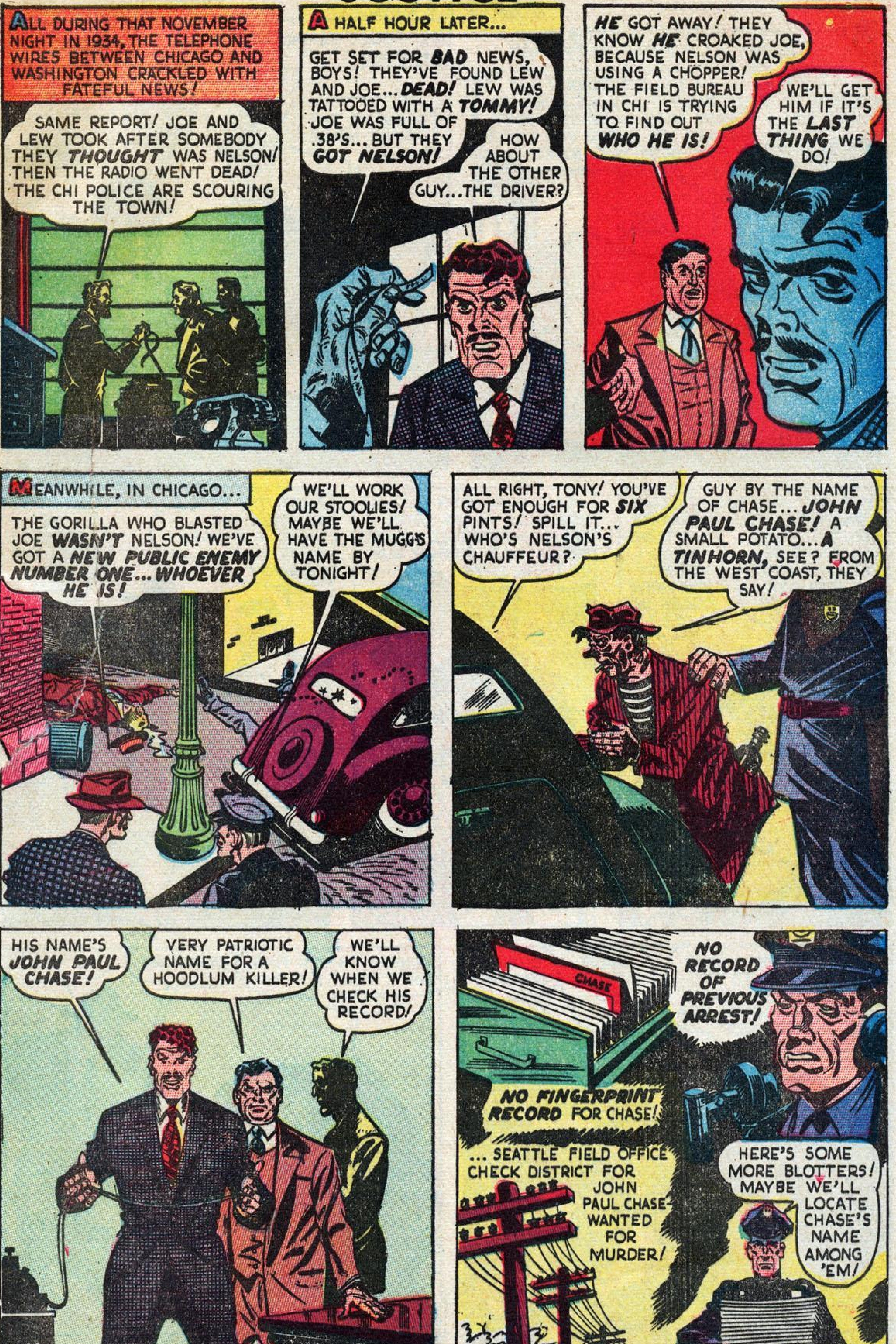
JUSTICE COMICS is published bi-monthly by NON-PAREIL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Application for second-class entry pending at the post office at New York 1, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Medina, Ohio. Copyright 1948 by NON-PAREIL PUBLISHING CORP., 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Vol 1 No. 4 AUGUST 1948 issue. Price 60c per year. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

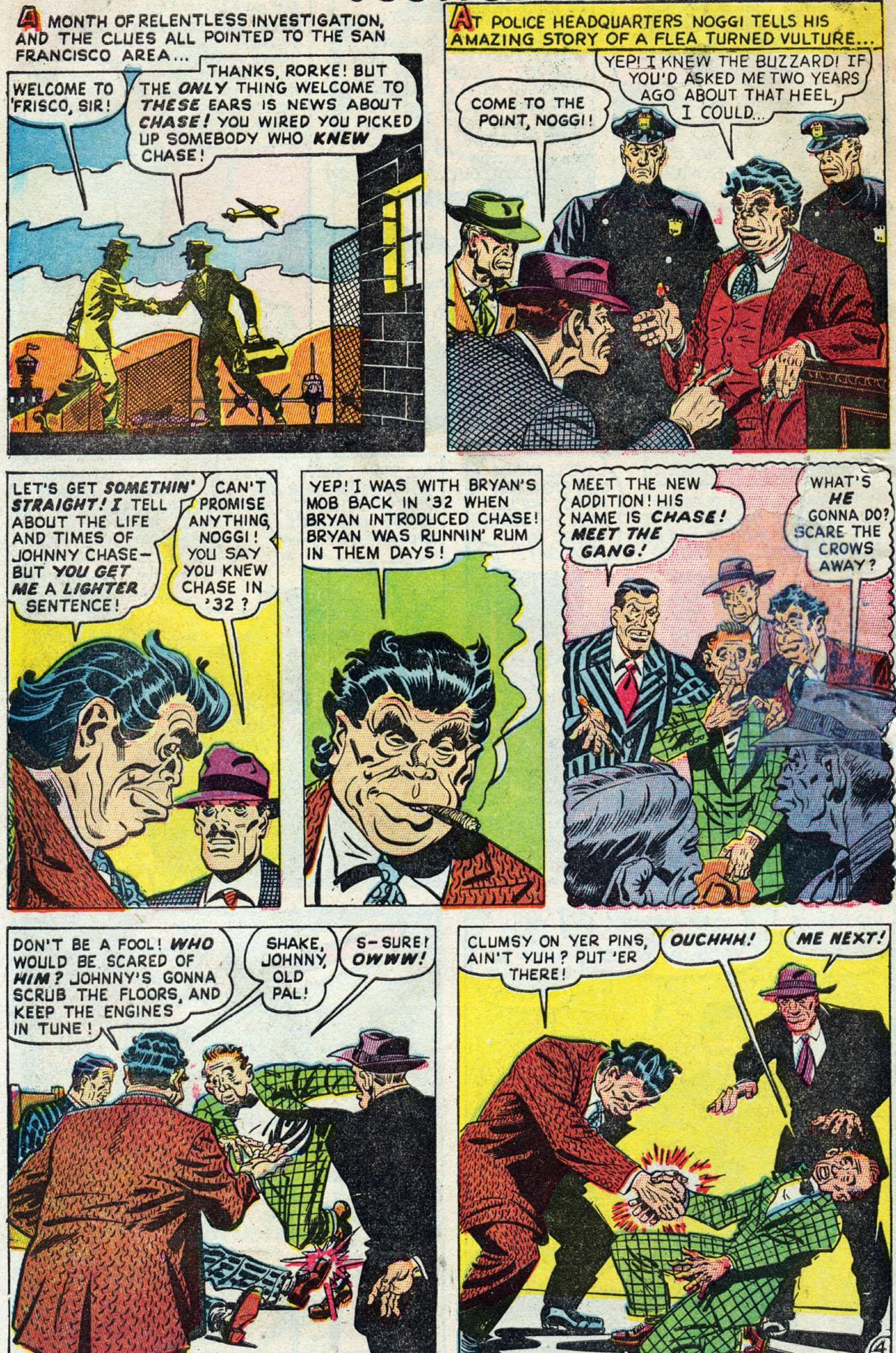

THE CASE OF A LITTLE GUY WHO WALKED IN THE SHADOW OF THE BIG MOBSTERS, STEPPING...
"HIGH, WIDE and DEADLY!"
HE LOOKED HARMLESS ENOUGH, THIS LITTLE MAN NAMED JOHN PAUL CHASE, BUT HIS BURNING AMBITION WAS TO BE ONE OF THE MOB, SO HE HITCHED HIS WAGON TO A STAR – A STAR THAT WAS TO LEAD HIM THROUGH A HAZE OF BULLETS AND BLOOD, BECAUSE THE STAR WAS A HOOD CALLED BABY-FACE NELSON!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2819

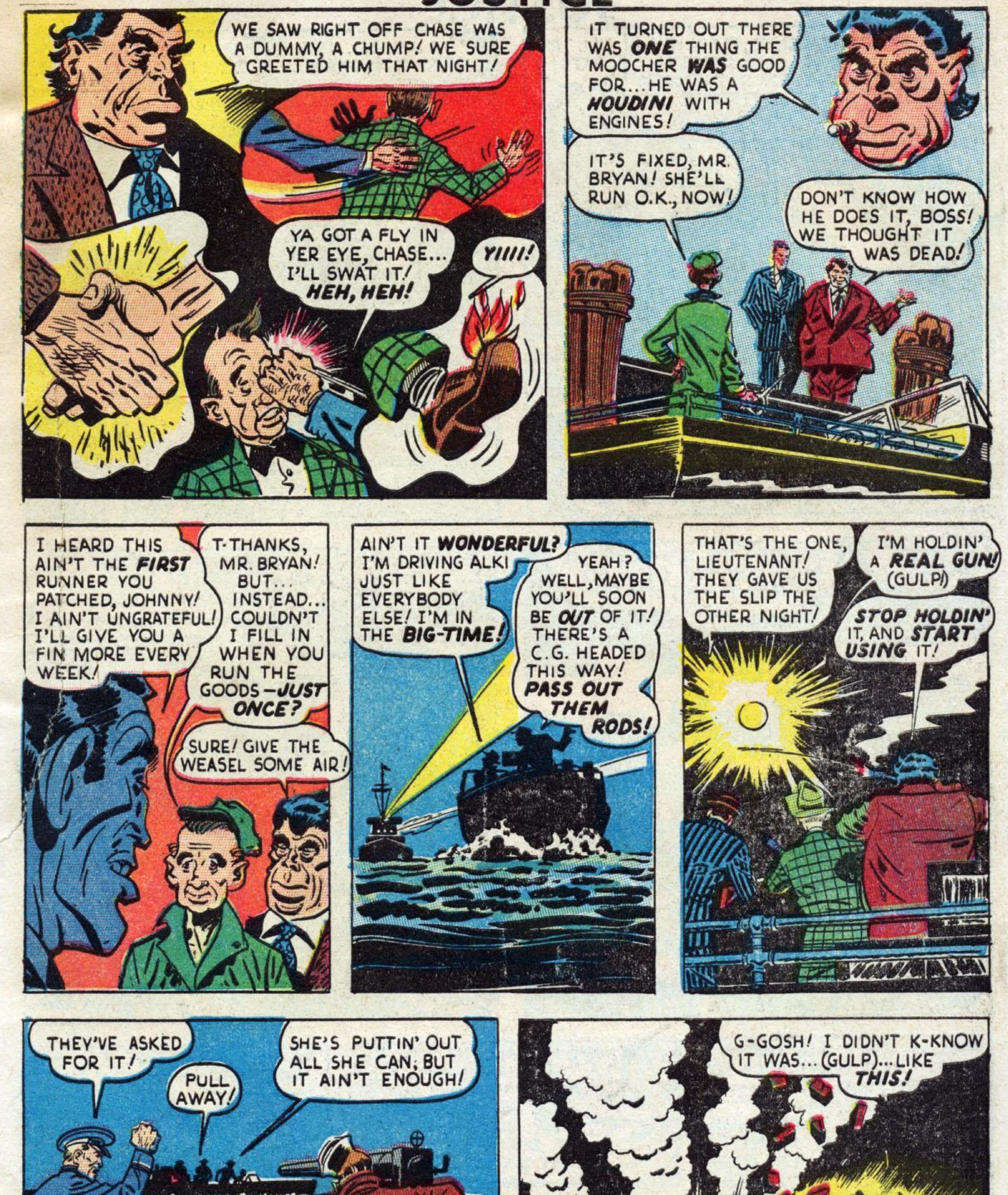

IN THE SUMMER OF *1934*, THE F.B.I. MOVED INTO NEW OFFICES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D.C...

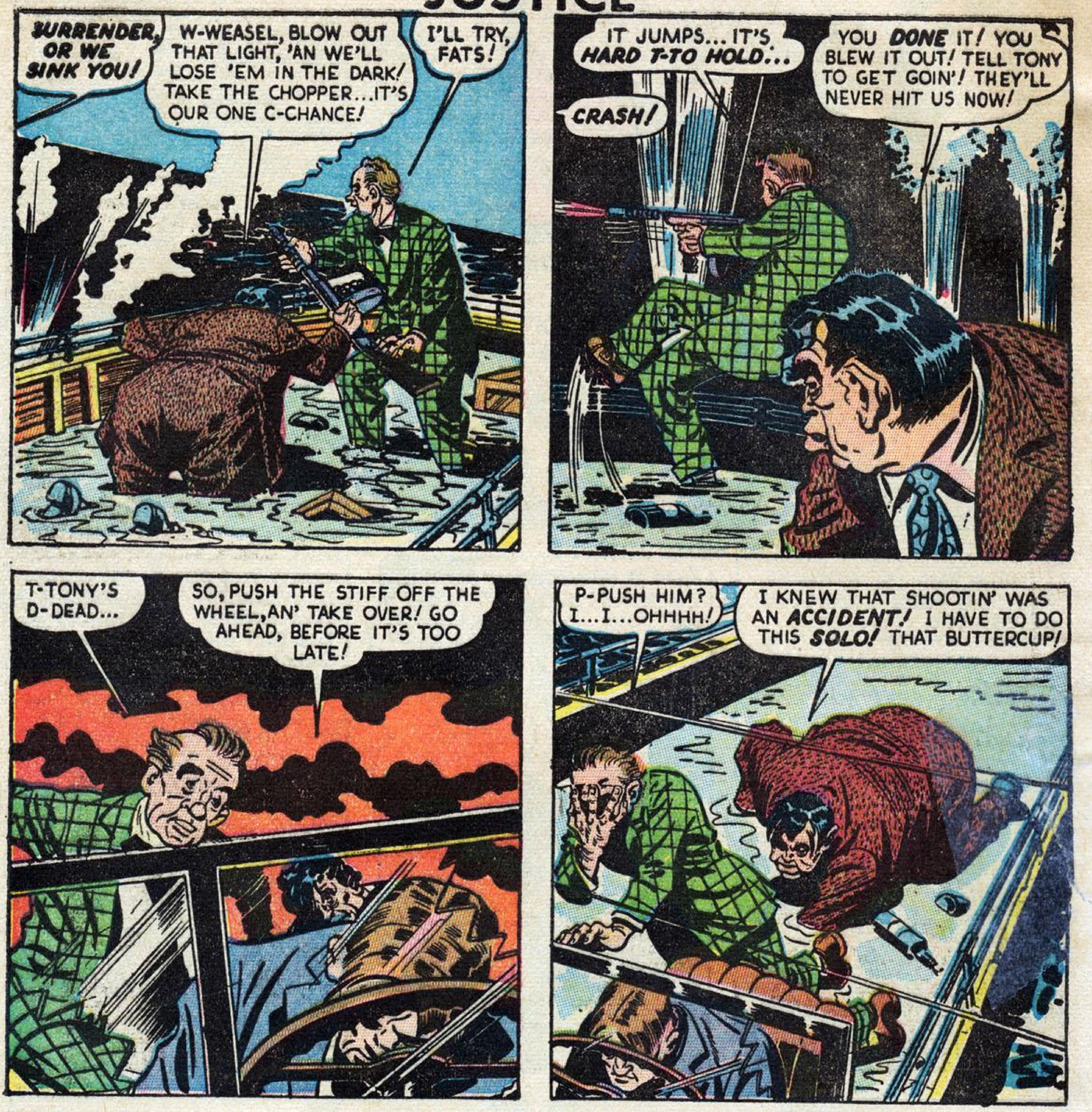

BUT *ONE* OFFICE REMAINED UNOCCUPIED!
I SEE JOE LOWERY ISN'T BACK FROM CHICAGO YET! HIS TAPE IS UNCUT!
IT'LL *STAY* THAT WAY UNTIL LOWERY PUTS THE "CHAINS" ON DILLINGER! I HEAR IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING!
J. LOWERY
1

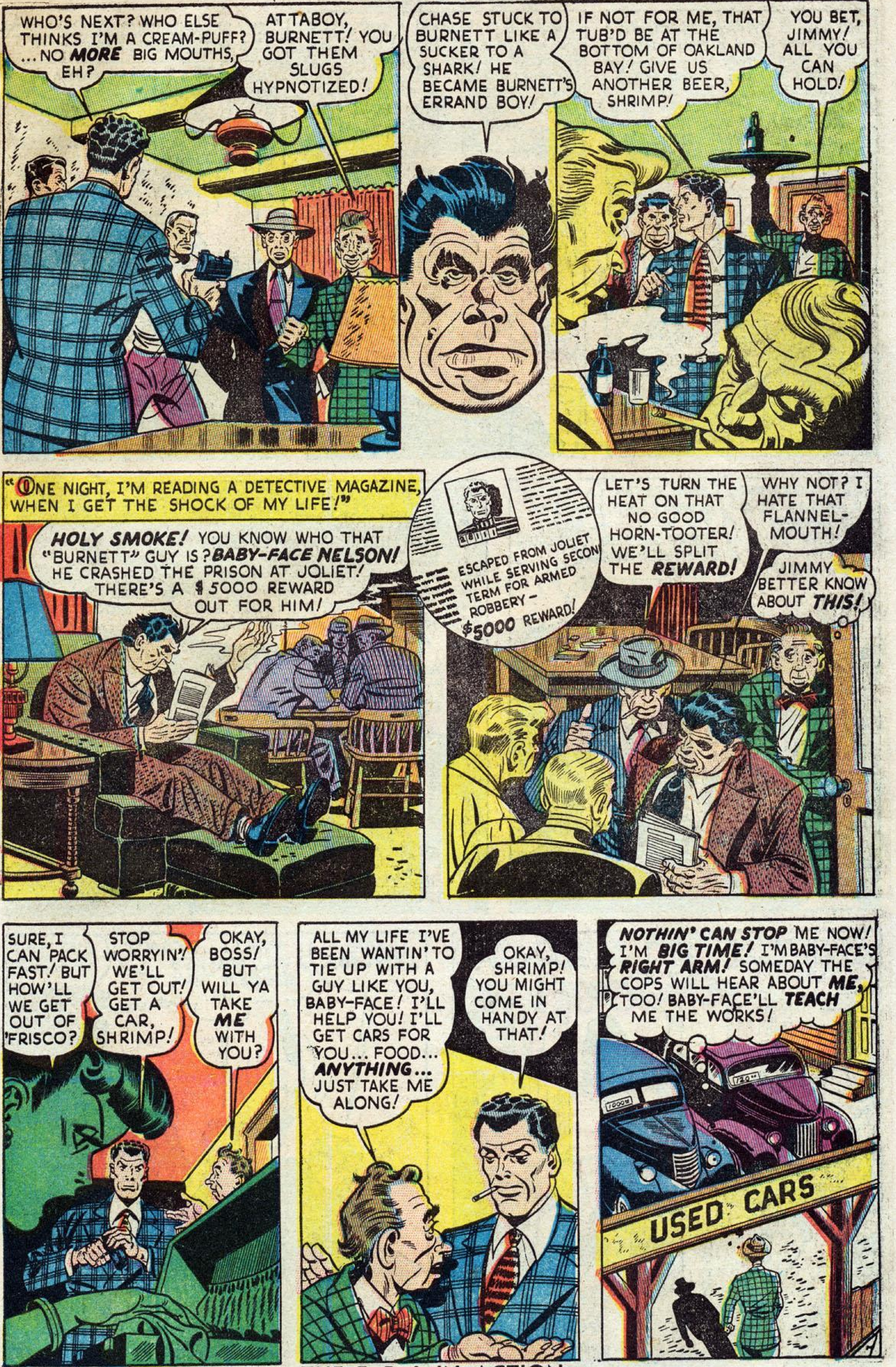

AT THE SAME TIME, IN A DINGY CHICAGO RESTAURANT...
NOW'S YOUR TURN TO PAY OFF! BRING DILLINGER TO THE BIOGRAPH THEATRE TONIGHT FOR THE 7 O'CLOCK SHOW!
MAKE SURE YOU SHOOT STRAIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MY OWN FUNERAL!
10:40! THE SHOW LETS OUT ABOUT THIS TIME! KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR A GIRL IN A RED DRESS! BIG J. WILL BE WEARING BLACK GLASSES!
FUNNY THAT DILLINGER SHOULD SEE A COMEDY TONIGHT! IT MAY BE THE LAST LAUGH HE'LL EVER HAVE!
LAUGH COMEDY
HERE HE COMES!
CAN'T CHANCE A GUN FIGHT WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND! WAIT 'TIL HE REACHES THE ALLEYWAY NEXT TO THE THEATRE!
ALSO SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS
LAU COM
OKAY, REACH!
(GASP!) FEDS!
D-DON'T SHOOT! I-I'M IN THE WAY!
NOT OUR WAY, SISTER!
ARGHH!
SO DILLINGER DIED IN THE GUTTER, EH? GREAT WORK, LOWERY! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE FLYING BACK TO WASHINGTON TOMORROW?
NOT YET! I'LL STICK AROUND THE WINDY CITY! I'VE GOT SOME GOOD LEADS ON BABY-FACE NELSON!
FOR MONTHS, INSPECTOR JOE LOWERY WORKED SECRETLY, IN A SECRET HEADQUARTERS, WHERE EVERYTHING WAS HANDLED IN CODE! BABY-FACE NELSON'S TRAIL GREW WARMER! SUDDENLY, IT BLAZED INTO FIERCEST HEAT!
LEW! THAT CAR! I'D SWEAR IT'S BABY-FACE, HIMSELF IN BACK!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I'LL TURN AND FOLLOW HIM! HOLD TIGHT, JOE!

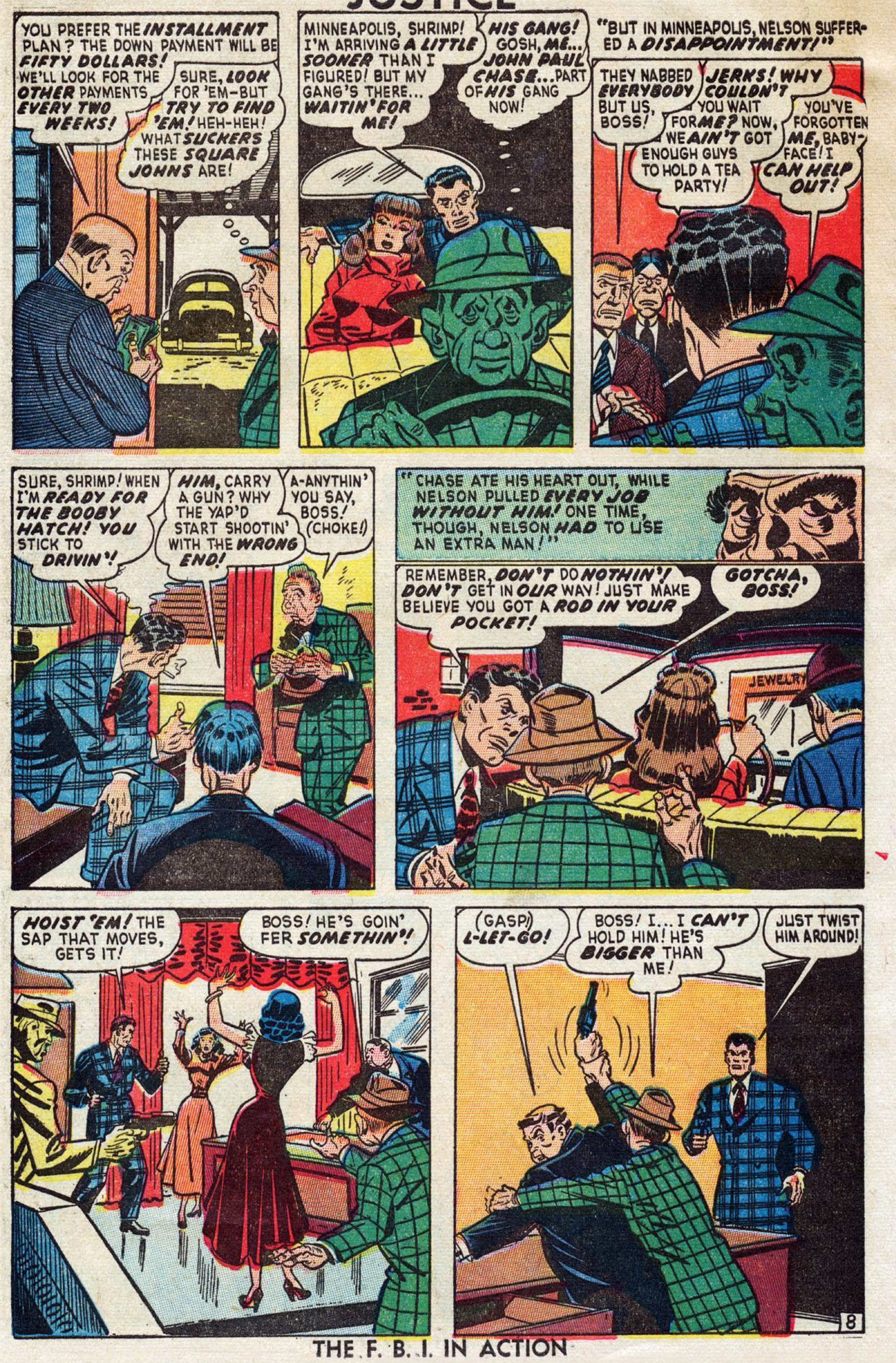

ALL DURING THAT NOVEMBER NIGHT IN 1934, THE TELEPHONE WIRES BETWEEN CHICAGO AND WASHINGTON CRACKLED WITH FATEFUL NEWS!
SAME REPORT! JOE AND LEW TOOK AFTER SOMEBODY THEY THOUGHT WAS NELSON! THEN THE RADIO WENT DEAD! THE CHI POLICE ARE SCOURING THE TOWN!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
GET SET FOR BAD NEWS, BOYS! THEY'VE FOUND LEW AND JOE... DEAD! LEW WAS TATTOOED WITH A TOMMY! JOE WAS FULL OF .38'S... BUT THEY GOT NELSON!
HOW ABOUT THE OTHER GUY... THE DRIVER?
HE GOT AWAY! THEY KNOW HE CROAKED JOE, BECAUSE NELSON WAS USING A CHOPPER! THE FIELD BUREAU IN CHI IS TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS!
WE'LL GET HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!
MEANWHILE, IN CHICAGO...
THE GORILLA WHO BLASTED JOE WASN'T NELSON! WE'VE GOT A NEW PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE... WHOEVER HE IS!
WE'LL WORK OUR STOOLIES! MAYBE WE'LL HAVE THE MUGG'S NAME BY TONIGHT!
ALL RIGHT, TONY! YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR SIX PINTS! SPILL IT... WHO'S NELSON'S CHAUFFEUR?
GUY BY THE NAME OF CHASE... JOHN PAUL CHASE! A SMALL POTATO... A TINHORN, SEE? FROM THE WEST COAST, THEY SAY!
HIS NAME'S JOHN PAUL CHASE!
VERY PATRIOTIC NAME FOR A HOODLUM KILLER!
WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE CHECK HIS RECORD!
CHASE
NO RECORD OF PREVIOUS ARREST!
NO FINGERPRINT RECORD FOR CHASE!
... SEATTLE FIELD OFFICE CHECK DISTRICT FOR JOHN PAUL CHASE WANTED FOR MURDER!
HERE'S SOME MORE BLOTTERS! MAYBE WE'LL LOCATE CHASE'S NAME AMONG 'EM!
3.

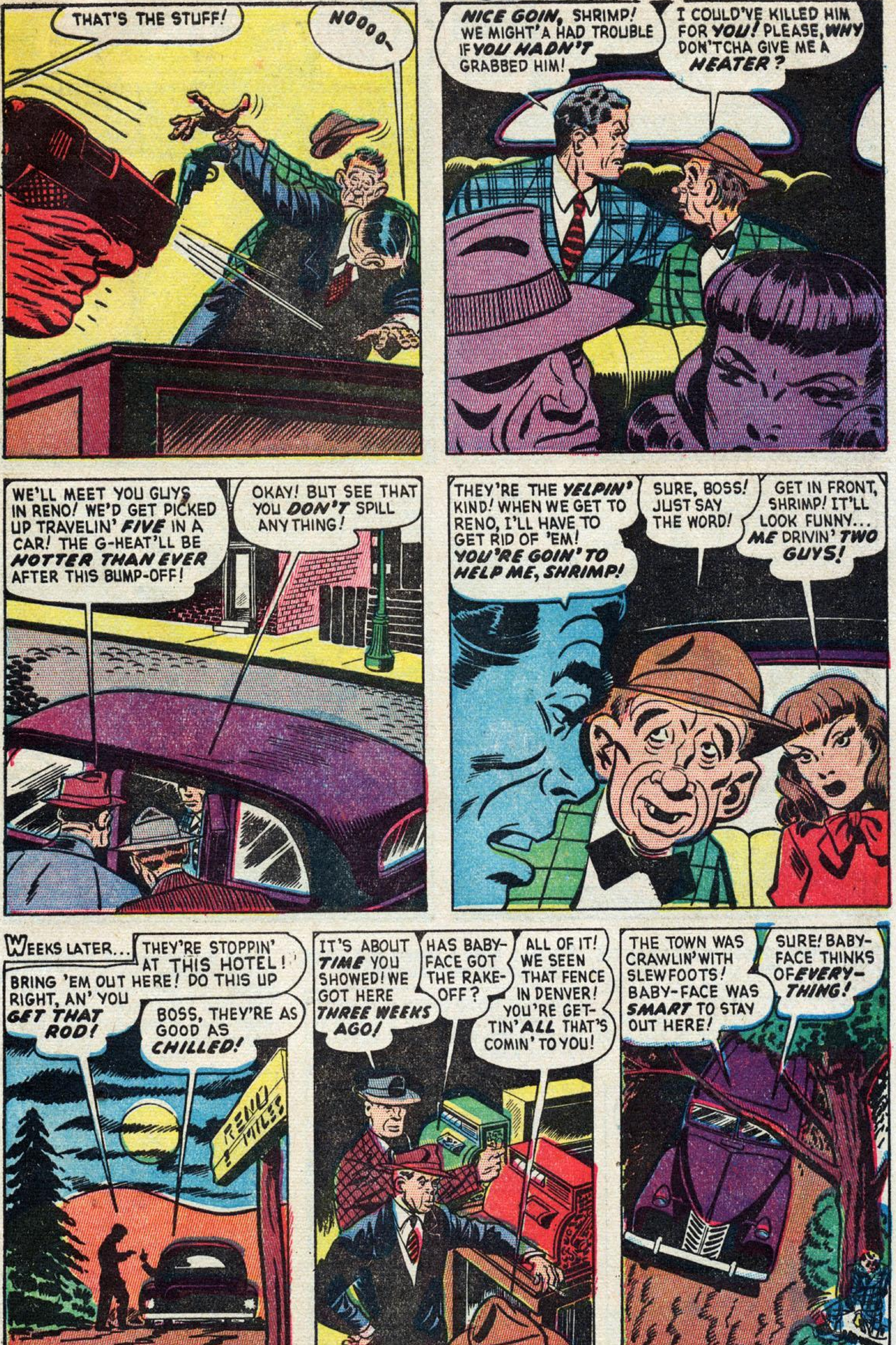

A MONTH OF RELENTLESS INVESTIGATION, AND THE CLUES ALL POINTED TO THE SAN FRANCISCO AREA...
WELCOME TO 'FRISCO, SIR!
THANKS, RORKE! BUT THE ONLY THING WELCOME TO THESE EARS IS NEWS ABOUT CHASE! YOU WIRED YOU PICKED UP SOMEBODY WHO KNEW CHASE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS NOGGI TELLS HIS AMAZING STORY OF A FLEA TURNED VULTURE...
YEP! I KNEW THE BUZZARD! IF YOU'D ASKED ME TWO YEARS AGO ABOUT THAT HEEL, I COULD...
COME TO THE POINT, NOGGI!
LET'S GET SOMETHIN' STRAIGHT! I TELL ABOUT THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNNY CHASE—BUT YOU GET ME A LIGHTER SENTENCE!
CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING, NOGGI! YOU SAY YOU KNEW CHASE IN '32?
YEP! I WAS WITH BRYAN'S MOB BACK IN '32 WHEN BRYAN INTRODUCED CHASE! BRYAN WAS RUNNIN' RUM IN THEM DAYS!
MEET THE NEW ADDITION! HIS NAME IS CHASE! MEET THE GANG!
WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? SCARE THE CROWS AWAY?
DON'T BE A FOOL! WHO WOULD BE SCARED OF HIM? JOHNNY'S GONNA SCRUB THE FLOORS, AND KEEP THE ENGINES IN TUNE!
SHAKE, JOHNNY, OLD PAL!
S-SURE! OWWW!
CLUMSY ON YER PINS, AIN'T YUH? PUT 'ER THERE!
OUCHHH!
ME NEXT!
4

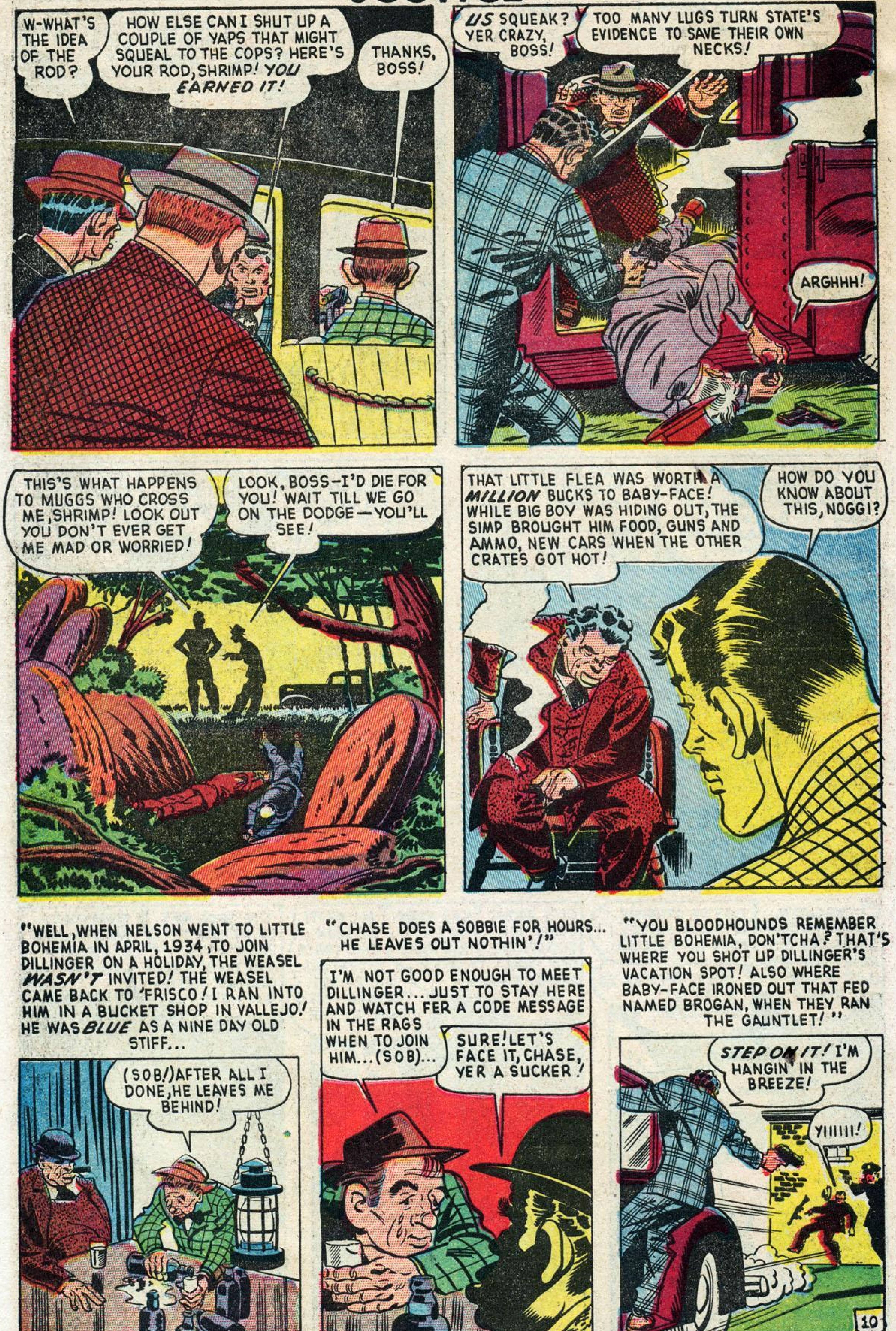

WE SAW RIGHT OFF CHASE WAS A DUMMY, A CHUMP! WE SURE GREETED HIM THAT NIGHT!
YA GOT A FLY IN YER EYE, CHASE... I'LL SWAT IT! HEH, HEH!
YIIII!
IT TURNED OUT THERE WAS ONE THING THE MOOCHER WAS GOOD FOR... HE WAS A HOUDINI WITH ENGINES!
IT'S FIXED, MR. BRYAN! SHE'LL RUN O.K., NOW!
DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT, BOSS! WE THOUGHT IT WAS DEAD!
I HEARD THIS AIN'T THE FIRST RUNNER YOU PATCHED, JOHNNY! I AIN'T UNGRATEFUL! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIN MORE EVERY WEEK!
T-THANKS, MR. BRYAN! BUT... INSTEAD... COULDN'T I FILL IN WHEN YOU RUN THE GOODS—JUST ONCE?
SURE! GIVE THE WEASEL SOME AIR!
AIN'T IT WONDERFUL? I'M DRIVING ALKI JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE! I'M IN THE BIG-TIME!
YEAH? WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL SOON BE OUT OF IT! THERE'S A C.G. HEADED THIS WAY! PASS OUT THEM RODS!
THAT'S THE ONE, LIEUTENANT! THEY GAVE US THE SLIP THE OTHER NIGHT!
I'M HOLDIN' A REAL GUN! (GULP!)
STOP HOLDIN' IT, AND START USING IT!
THEY'VE ASKED FOR IT!
PULL AWAY!
SHE'S PUTTIN' OUT ALL SHE CAN, BUT IT AIN'T ENOUGH!
G-GOSH! I DIDN'T K-KNOW IT WAS... (GULP)... LIKE THIS!
OHHHH!

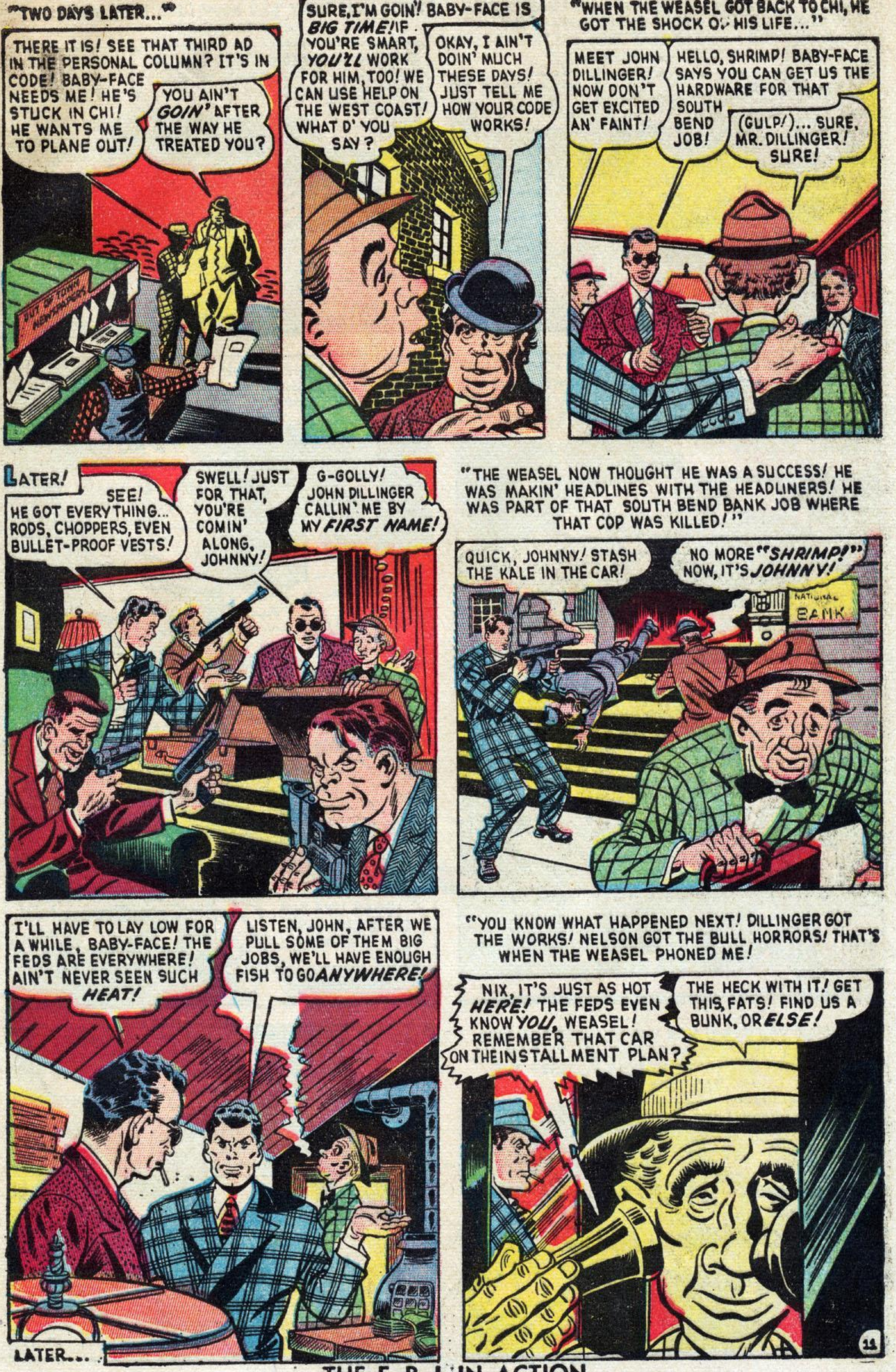

SURRENDER, OR WE SINK YOU!
W-WEASEL, BLOW OUT THAT LIGHT, 'AN WE'LL LOSE 'EM IN THE DARK! TAKE THE CHOPPER...IT'S OUR ONE C-CHANCE!
I'LL TRY, FATS!
IT JUMPS... IT'S HARD T-TO HOLD...
CRASH!
YOU DONE IT! YOU BLEW IT OUT! TELL TONY TO GET GOIN'! THEY'LL NEVER HIT US NOW!
T-TONY'S D-DEAD...
SO, PUSH THE STIFF OFF THE WHEEL, AN' TAKE OVER! GO AHEAD, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
P-PUSH HIM? I...I...OHHHH!
I KNEW THAT SHOOTIN' WAS AN ACCIDENT! I HAVE TO DO THIS SOLO! THAT BUTTERCUP!
WELL, WE HAD CHASE TABBED RIGHT! CHASE WENT BACK TO SCRUBBIN' FLOORS AND FIXIN' MOTORS! THAT IS, UNTIL JIMMY BURNETT CAME ALONG!
WHO'S JIMMY BURNETT? HOW DOES HE FIGURE?
ALL THE WAY, HAWKSHAW... ALL THE WAY! BURNETT WAS BABY-FACE NELSON, BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW IT THE NIGHT WE INTRODUCED HIM!
WHAT'RE YA DOIN', BOSS, ROBBIN' THE CRADLE WITH THAT PANTYWAIST? AIN'T CHASE BAD ENOUGH?
REPEAT THAT, PIKER!
YOU'RE A PANTYWAIST.. UGHHHH!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!

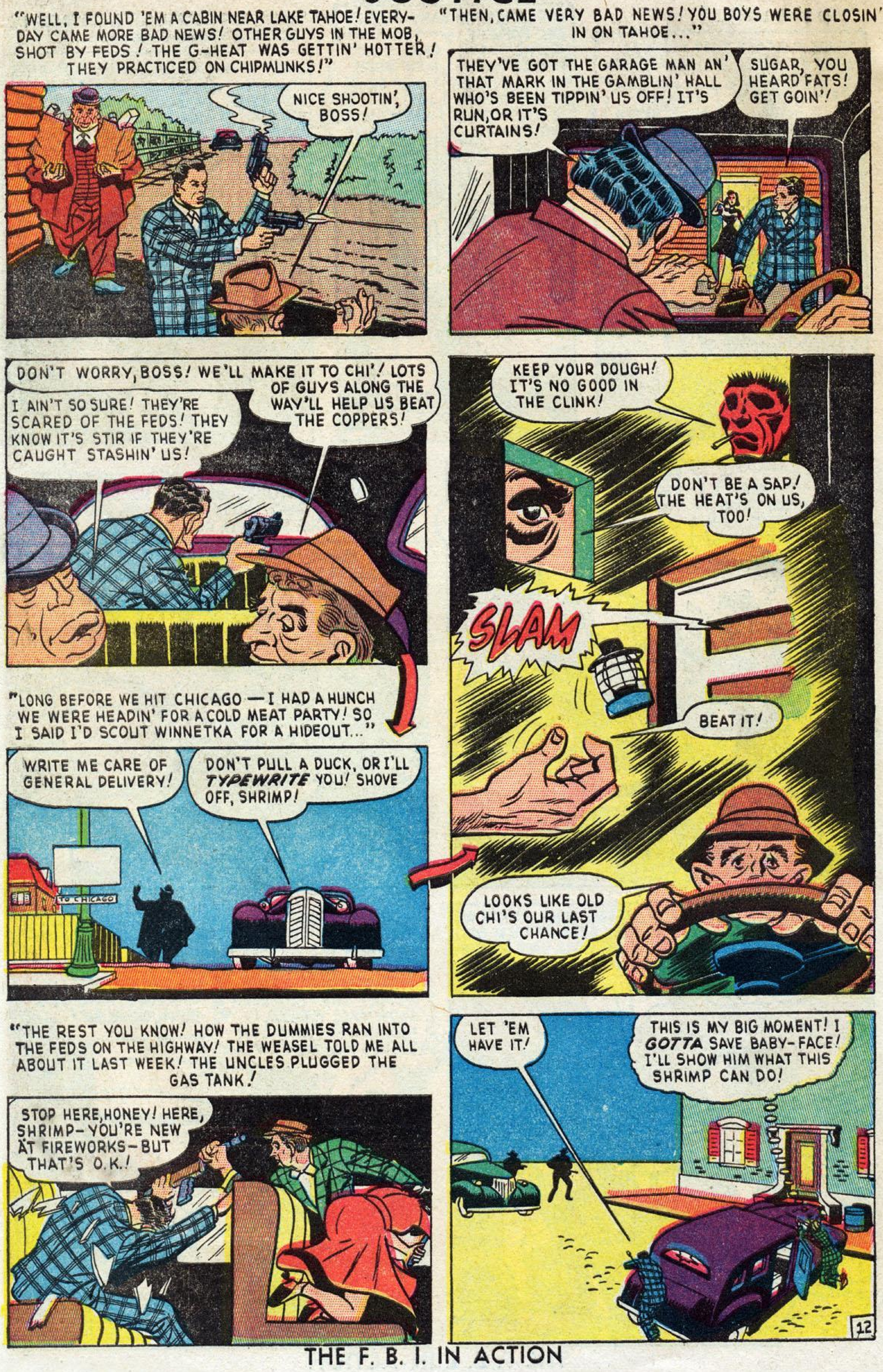

WHO'S NEXT? WHO ELSE THINKS I'M A CREAM-PUFF? ...NO **MORE** BIG MOUTHS, EH?
ATTABOY, BURNETT! YOU GOT THEM SLUGS HYPNOTIZED!
CHASE STUCK TO BURNETT LIKE A SUCKER TO A SHARK! HE BECAME BURNETT'S ERRAND BOY!
IF NOT FOR ME, THAT TUB'D BE AT THE BOTTOM OF OAKLAND BAY! GIVE US ANOTHER BEER, SHRIMP!
YOU BET, JIMMY! ALL YOU CAN HOLD!
"ONE NIGHT, I'M READING A DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, WHEN I GET THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE!"
HOLY SMOKE! YOU KNOW WHO THAT "BURNETT" GUY IS? **BABY-FACE NELSON!** HE CRASHED THE PRISON AT JOLIET! THERE'S A $5000 REWARD OUT FOR HIM!
ESCAPED FROM JOLIET WHILE SERVING SECOND TERM FOR ARMED ROBBERY — $5000 REWARD!
LET'S TURN THE HEAT ON THAT NO GOOD HORN-TOOTER! WE'LL SPLIT THE **REWARD!**
WHY NOT? I HATE THAT FLANNEL-MOUTH!
JIMMY BETTER KNOW ABOUT **THIS!**
SURE, I CAN PACK FAST! BUT HOW'LL WE GET OUT OF 'FRISCO?
STOP WORRYIN'! WE'LL GET OUT! GET A CAR, SHRIMP!
OKAY, BOSS! BUT WILL YA TAKE **ME** WITH YOU?
ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO TIE UP WITH A GUY LIKE YOU, BABY-FACE! I'LL HELP YOU! I'LL GET CARS FOR YOU... FOOD... **ANYTHING...** JUST TAKE ME ALONG!
OKAY, SHRIMP! YOU MIGHT COME IN HANDY AT THAT!
NOTHIN' CAN STOP ME NOW! I'M **BIG TIME!** I'M BABY-FACE'S **RIGHT ARM!** SOMEDAY THE COPS WILL HEAR ABOUT **ME,** TOO! BABY-FACE'LL **TEACH** ME THE WORKS!
USED CARS

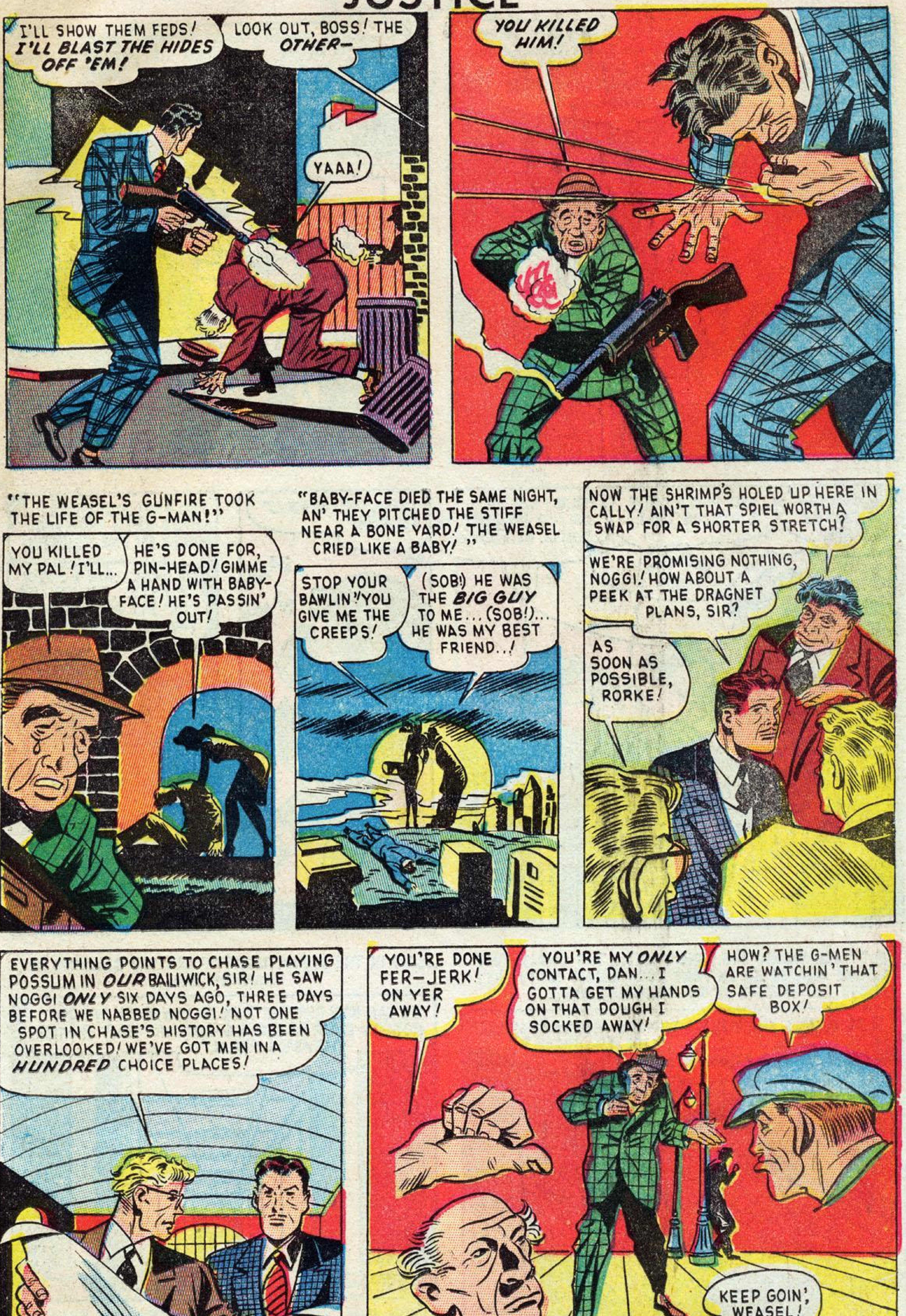

YOU PREFER THE INSTALLMENT PLAN? THE DOWN PAYMENT WILL BE FIFTY DOLLARS! WE'LL LOOK FOR THE OTHER PAYMENTS EVERY TWO WEEKS!
SURE, LOOK FOR 'EM—BUT TRY TO FIND 'EM! HEH-HEH! WHAT SUCKERS THESE SQUARE JOHNS ARE!
MINNEAPOLIS, SHRIMP! I'M ARRIVING A LITTLE SOONER THAN I FIGURED! BUT MY GANG'S THERE... WAITIN' FOR ME!
HIS GANG! GOSH, ME... JOHN PAUL CHASE... PART OF HIS GANG NOW!
"BUT IN MINNEAPOLIS, NELSON SUFFERED A DISAPPOINTMENT!"
THEY NABBED EVERYBODY BUT US, BOSS!
JERKS! WHY COULDN'T YOU WAIT FOR ME? NOW, WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH GUYS TO HOLD A TEA PARTY!
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME, BABY-FACE! I CAN HELP OUT!
SURE, SHRIMP! WHEN I'M READY FOR THE BOOBY HATCH! YOU STICK TO DRIVIN'!
HIM, CARRY A GUN? WHY THE YAP'D START SHOOTIN' WITH THE WRONG END!
A-ANYTHIN' YOU SAY, BOSS! (CHOKE!)
"CHASE ATE HIS HEART OUT, WHILE NELSON PULLED EVERY JOB WITHOUT HIM! ONE TIME, THOUGH, NELSON HAD TO USE AN EXTRA MAN!"
REMEMBER, DON'T DO NOTHIN'! DON'T GET IN OUR WAY! JUST MAKE BELIEVE YOU GOT A ROD IN YOUR POCKET!
GOTCHA, BOSS!
JEWELRY
HOIST 'EM! THE SAP THAT MOVES, GETS IT!
BOSS! HE'S GOIN' FER SOMETHIN'!
(GASP!) L-LET-GO!
BOSS! I... I CAN'T HOLD HIM! HE'S BIGGER THAN ME!
JUST TWIST HIM AROUND!

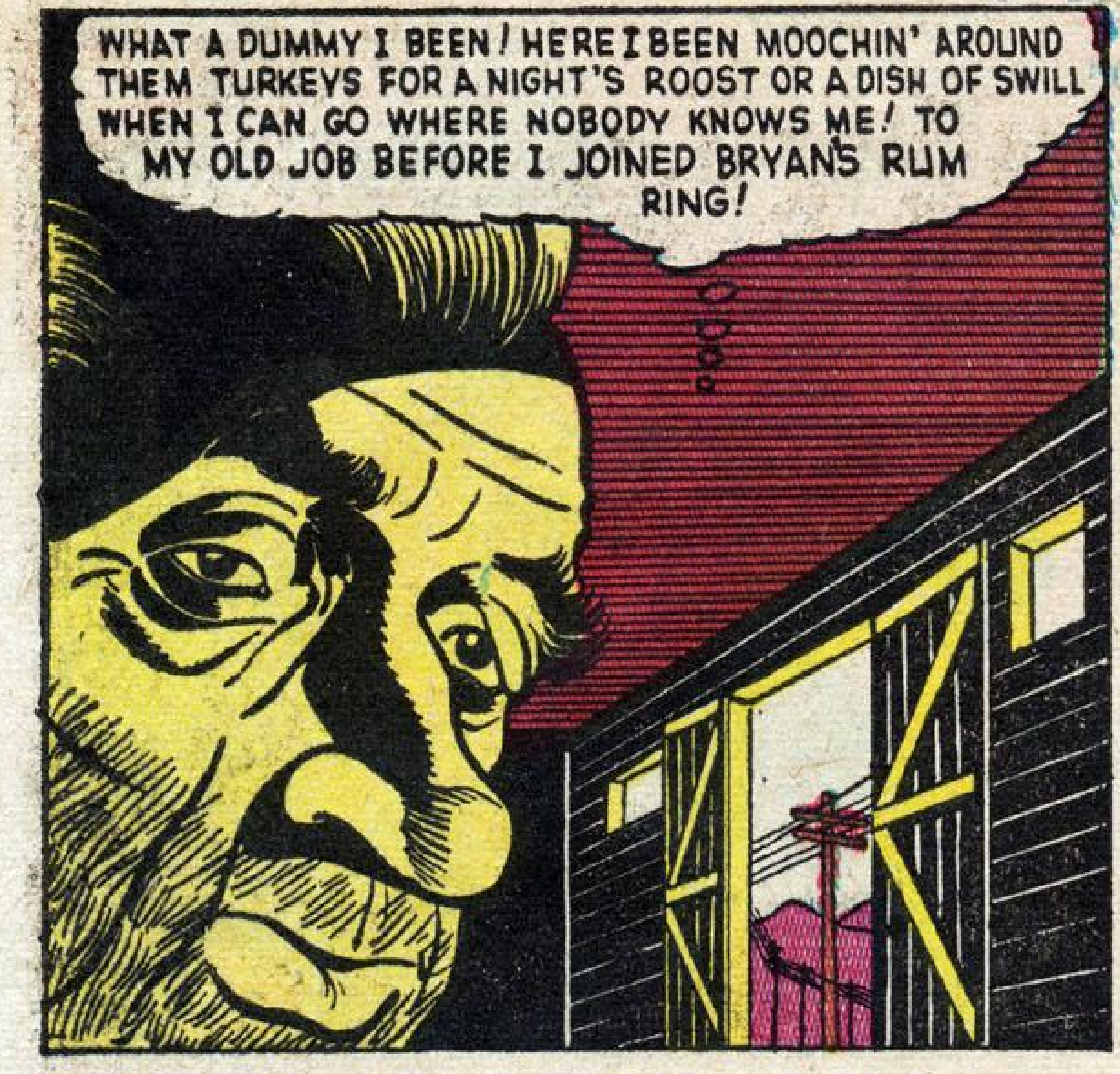

THAT'S THE STUFF!
NOOOO-
NICE GOIN, SHRIMP! WE MIGHT'A HAD TROUBLE IF YOU HADN'T GRABBED HIM!
I COULD'VE KILLED HIM FOR YOU! PLEASE, WHY DON'TCHA GIVE ME A HEATER?
WE'LL MEET YOU GUYS IN RENO! WE'D GET PICKED UP TRAVELIN' FIVE IN A CAR! THE G-HEAT'LL BE HOTTER THAN EVER AFTER THIS BUMP-OFF!
OKAY! BUT SEE THAT YOU DON'T SPILL ANYTHING!
THEY'RE THE YELPIN' KIND! WHEN WE GET TO RENO, I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF 'EM! YOU'RE GOIN' TO HELP ME, SHRIMP!
SURE, BOSS! JUST SAY THE WORD!
GET IN FRONT, SHRIMP! IT'LL LOOK FUNNY... ME DRIVIN' TWO GUYS!
WEEKS LATER...
THEY'RE STOPPIN' AT THIS HOTEL! BRING 'EM OUT HERE! DO THIS UP RIGHT, AN' YOU GET THAT ROD!
BOSS, THEY'RE AS GOOD AS CHILLED!
RENO MILES
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED! WE GOT HERE THREE WEEKS AGO!
HAS BABY-FACE GOT THE RAKE-OFF?
ALL OF IT! WE SEEN THAT FENCE IN DENVER! YOU'RE GETTIN' ALL THAT'S COMIN' TO YOU!
THE TOWN WAS CRAWLIN' WITH SLEWFOOTS! BABY-FACE WAS SMART TO STAY OUT HERE!
SURE! BABY-FACE THINKS OF EVERYTHING!
9

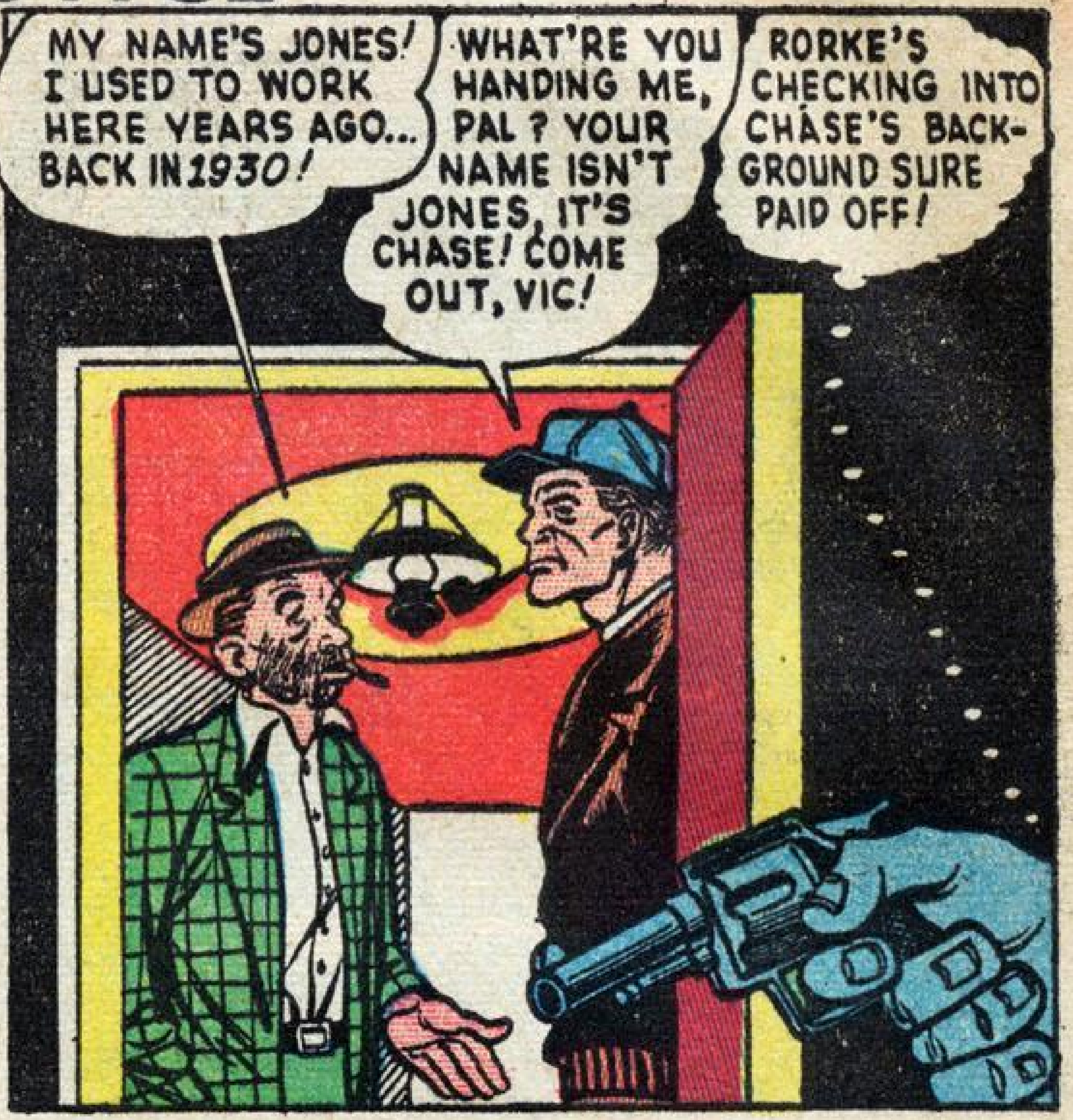

W-WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ROD?
HOW ELSE CAN I SHUT UP A COUPLE OF YAPS THAT MIGHT SQUEAL TO THE COPS? HERE'S YOUR ROD, SHRIMP! YOU EARNED IT!
THANKS, BOSS!
US SQUEAK? YER CRAZY, BOSS!
TOO MANY LUGS TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE TO SAVE THEIR OWN NECKS!
ARGHHH!
THIS'S WHAT HAPPENS TO MUGGS WHO CROSS ME, SHRIMP! LOOK OUT YOU DON'T EVER GET ME MAD OR WORRIED!
LOOK, BOSS—I'D DIE FOR YOU! WAIT TILL WE GO ON THE DODGE—YOU'LL SEE!
THAT LITTLE FLEA WAS WORTH A MILLION BUCKS TO BABY-FACE! WHILE BIG BOY WAS HIDING OUT, THE SIMP BROUGHT HIM FOOD, GUNS AND AMMO, NEW CARS WHEN THE OTHER CRATES GOT HOT!
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, NOGGI?
"WELL, WHEN NELSON WENT TO LITTLE BOHEMIA IN APRIL, 1934, TO JOIN DILLINGER ON A HOLIDAY, THE WEASEL WASN'T INVITED! THE WEASEL CAME BACK TO 'FRISCO! I RAN INTO HIM IN A BUCKET SHOP IN VALLEJO! HE WAS BLUE AS A NINE DAY OLD STIFF...
(SOB!) AFTER ALL I DONE, HE LEAVES ME BEHIND!
"CHASE DOES A SOBBIE FOR HOURS... HE LEAVES OUT NOTHIN'!"
I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO MEET DILLINGER... JUST TO STAY HERE AND WATCH FER A CODE MESSAGE IN THE RAGS WHEN TO JOIN HIM... (SOB)...
SURE! LET'S FACE IT, CHASE, YER A SUCKER!
"YOU BLOODHOUNDS REMEMBER LITTLE BOHEMIA, DON'TCHA? THAT'S WHERE YOU SHOT UP DILLINGER'S VACATION SPOT! ALSO WHERE BABY-FACE IRONED OUT THAT FED NAMED BROGAN, WHEN THEY RAN THE GAUNTLET!"
STEP ON IT! I'M HANGIN' IN THE BREEZE!
YIIIIII!

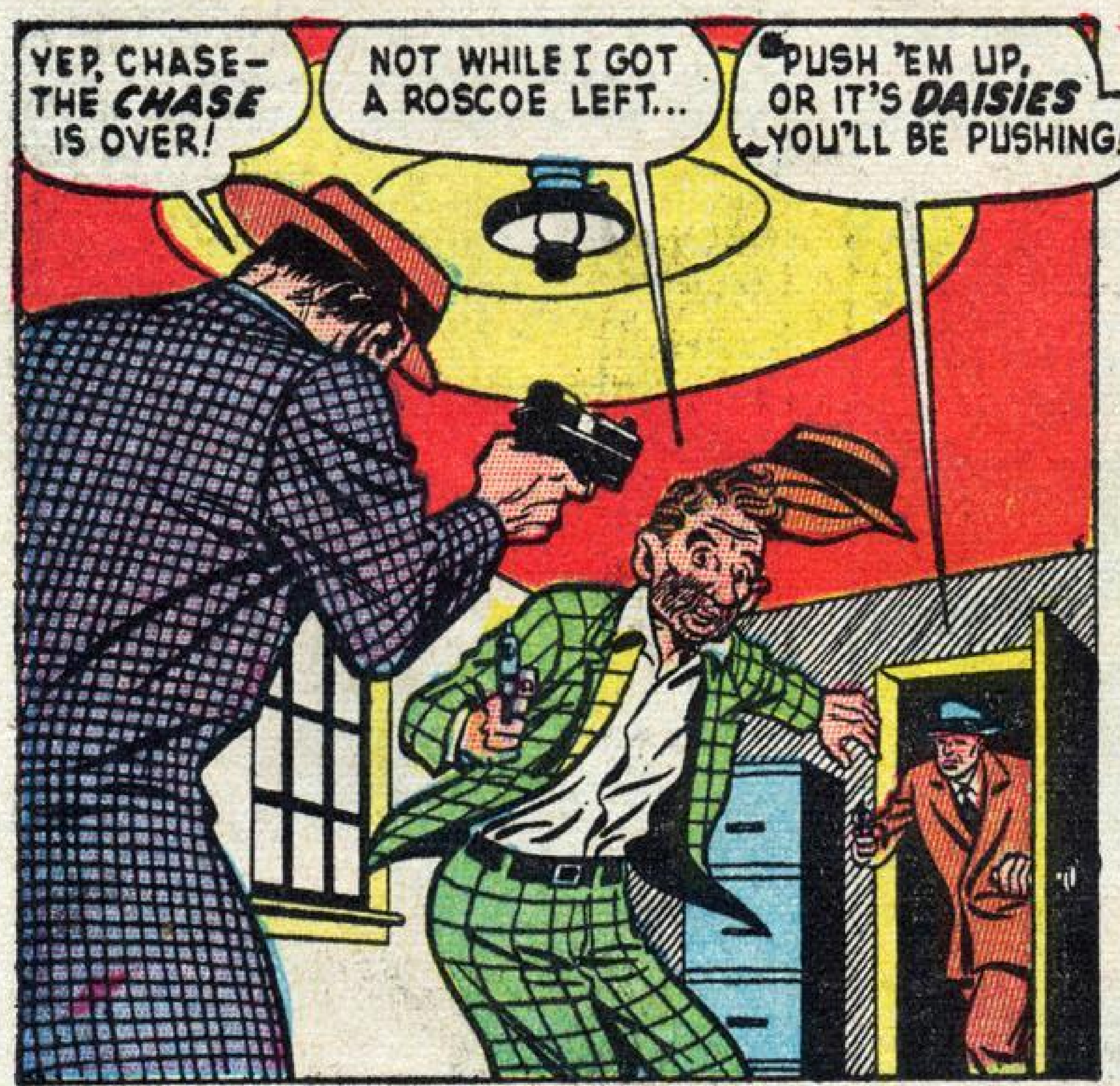

"TWO DAYS LATER..."
THERE IT IS! SEE THAT THIRD AD IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN? IT'S IN CODE! BABY-FACE NEEDS ME! HE'S STUCK IN CHI! HE WANTS ME TO PLANE OUT!
YOU AIN'T *GOIN'* AFTER THE WAY HE TREATED YOU?
OUT OF TOWN NEWSPAPERS
SURE, I'M GOIN'! BABY-FACE IS *BIG TIME!* IF YOU'RE SMART, *YOU'LL* WORK FOR HIM, TOO! WE CAN USE HELP ON THE WEST COAST! WHAT D' YOU SAY?
OKAY, I AIN'T DOIN' MUCH THESE DAYS! JUST TELL ME HOW YOUR CODE WORKS!
"WHEN THE WEASEL GOT BACK TO CHI, HE GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE..."
MEET JOHN DILLINGER! NOW DON'T GET EXCITED AN' FAINT!
HELLO, SHRIMP! BABY-FACE SAYS YOU CAN GET US THE HARDWARE FOR THAT SOUTH BEND JOB!
(GULP!)... SURE, MR. DILLINGER! SURE!
LATER!
SEE! HE GOT EVERYTHING... RODS, CHOPPERS, EVEN BULLET-PROOF VESTS!
SWELL! JUST FOR THAT, YOU'RE COMIN' ALONG, JOHNNY!
G-GOLLY! JOHN DILLINGER CALLIN' ME BY MY *FIRST NAME!*
"THE WEASEL NOW THOUGHT HE WAS A SUCCESS! HE WAS MAKIN' HEADLINES WITH THE HEADLINERS! HE WAS PART OF THAT SOUTH BEND BANK JOB WHERE THAT COP WAS KILLED!"
QUICK, JOHNNY! STASH THE KALE IN THE CAR!
NO MORE "*SHRIMP!*" NOW, IT'S *JOHNNY!*
NATIONAL BANK
I'LL HAVE TO LAY LOW FOR A WHILE, BABY-FACE! THE FEDS ARE EVERYWHERE! AIN'T NEVER SEEN SUCH *HEAT!*
LISTEN, JOHN, AFTER WE PULL SOME OF THEM BIG JOBS, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FISH TO GO *ANYWHERE!*
LATER...
"YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! DILLINGER GOT THE WORKS! NELSON GOT THE BULL HORRORS! THAT'S WHEN THE WEASEL PHONED ME!
NIX, IT'S JUST AS HOT *HERE!* THE FEDS EVEN KNOW *YOU*, WEASEL! REMEMBER THAT CAR ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN?
THE HECK WITH IT! GET THIS, FATS! FIND US A BUNK, OR *ELSE!*

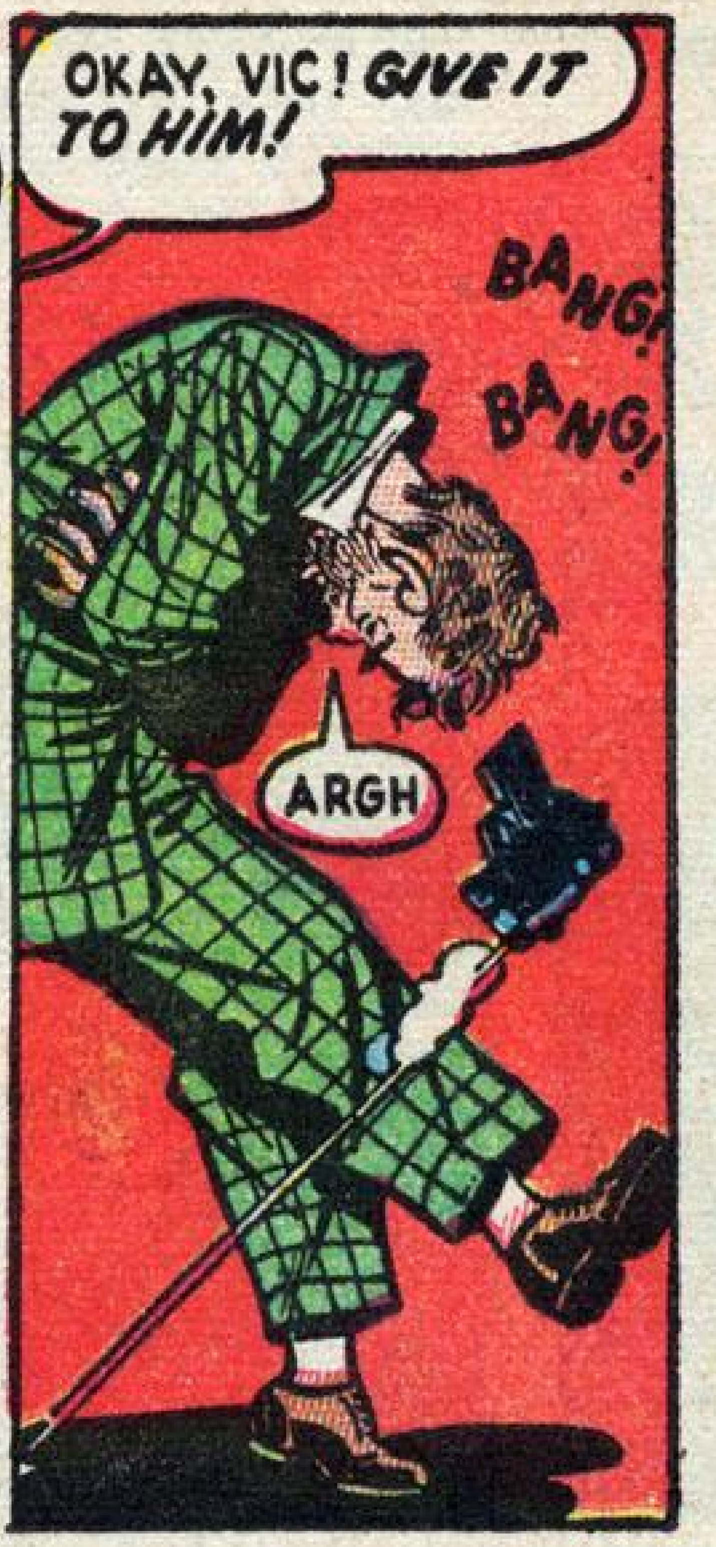

"WELL, I FOUND 'EM A CABIN NEAR LAKE TAHOE! EVERY-DAY CAME MORE BAD NEWS! OTHER GUYS IN THE MOB SHOT BY FEDS! THE G-HEAT WAS GETTIN' HOTTER! THEY PRACTICED ON CHIPMUNKS!"
NICE SHOOTIN', BOSS!
"THEN, CAME VERY BAD NEWS! YOU BOYS WERE CLOSIN' IN ON TAHOE..."
THEY'VE GOT THE GARAGE MAN AN' THAT MARK IN THE GAMBLIN' HALL WHO'S BEEN TIPPIN' US OFF! IT'S RUN, OR IT'S CURTAINS!
SUGAR, YOU HEARD FATS! GET GOIN'!
DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE'LL MAKE IT TO CHI'! LOTS OF GUYS ALONG THE WAY'LL HELP US BEAT THE COPPERS!
I AIN'T SO SURE! THEY'RE SCARED OF THE FEDS! THEY KNOW IT'S STIR IF THEY'RE CAUGHT STASHIN' US!
"LONG BEFORE WE HIT CHICAGO — I HAD A HUNCH WE WERE HEADIN' FOR A COLD MEAT PARTY! SO I SAID I'D SCOUT WINNETKA FOR A HIDEOUT..."
WRITE ME CARE OF GENERAL DELIVERY!
DON'T PULL A DUCK, OR I'LL *TYPEWRITE* YOU! SHOVE OFF, SHRIMP!
TO CHICAGO
KEEP YOUR DOUGH! IT'S NO GOOD IN THE CLINK!
DON'T BE A SAP! THE HEAT'S ON US, TOO!
SLAM
BEAT IT!
LOOKS LIKE OLD CHI'S OUR LAST CHANCE!
"THE REST YOU KNOW! HOW THE DUMMIES RAN INTO THE FEDS ON THE HIGHWAY! THE WEASEL TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT LAST WEEK! THE UNCLES PLUGGED THE GAS TANK!
STOP HERE, HONEY! HERE, SHRIMP— YOU'RE NEW AT FIREWORKS— BUT THAT'S O.K.!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
THIS IS MY BIG MOMENT! I *GOTTA* SAVE BABY-FACE! I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT THIS SHRIMP CAN DO!

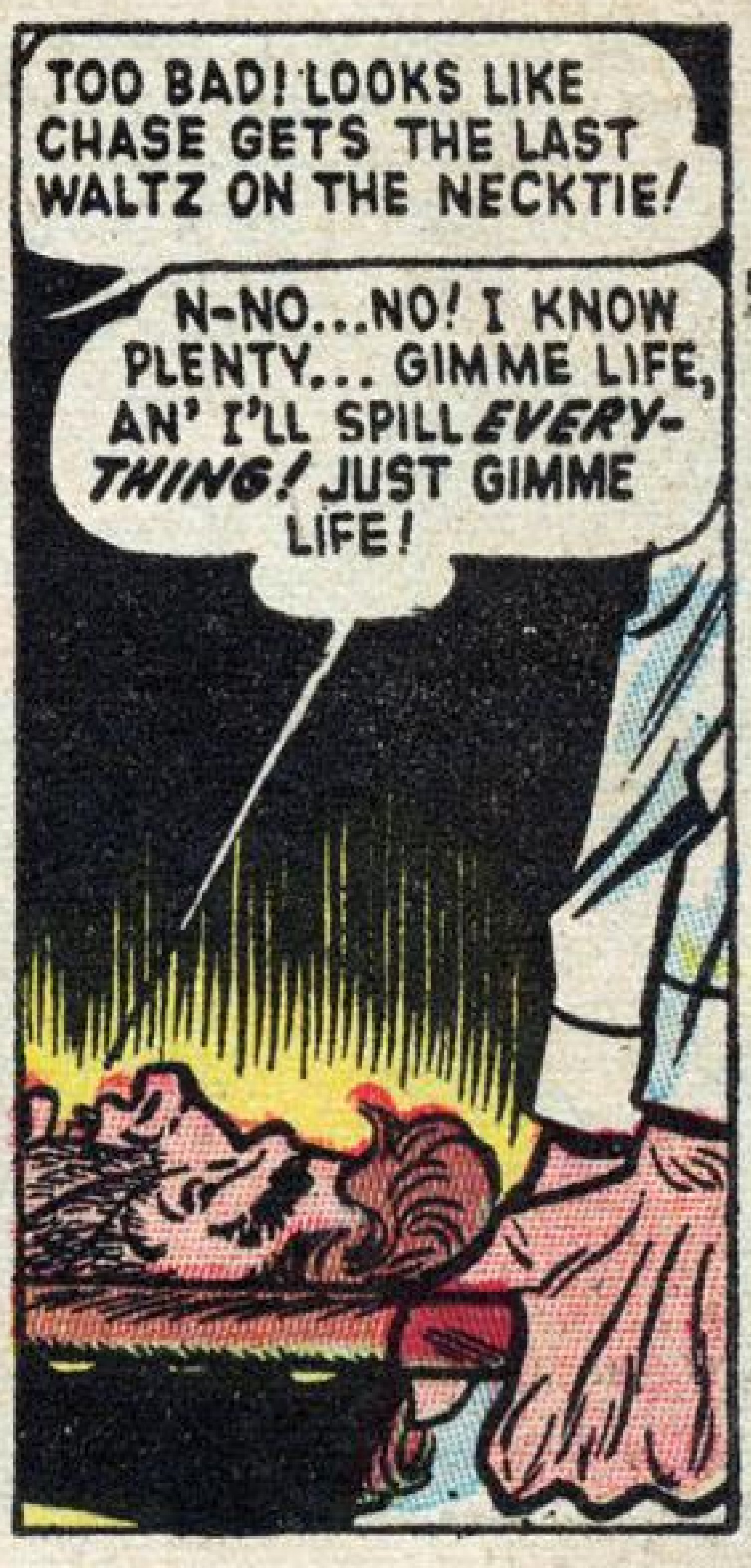

I'LL SHOW THEM FEDS! I'LL BLAST THE HIDES OFF 'EM!
LOOK OUT, BOSS! THE OTHER—
YAAA!
YOU KILLED HIM!
"THE WEASEL'S GUNFIRE TOOK THE LIFE OF THE G-MAN!"
YOU KILLED MY PAL! I'LL...
HE'S DONE FOR, PIN-HEAD! GIMME A HAND WITH BABY-FACE! HE'S PASSIN' OUT!
"BABY-FACE DIED THE SAME NIGHT, AN' THEY PITCHED THE STIFF NEAR A BONE YARD! THE WEASEL CRIED LIKE A BABY!"
STOP YOUR BAWLIN'! YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS!
(SOB!) HE WAS THE BIG GUY TO ME... (SOB!)... HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND..!
NOW THE SHRIMP'S HOLED UP HERE IN CALLY! AIN'T THAT SPIEL WORTH A SWAP FOR A SHORTER STRETCH?
WE'RE PROMISING NOTHING, NOGGI! HOW ABOUT A PEEK AT THE DRAGNET PLANS, SIR?
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, RORKE!
EVERYTHING POINTS TO CHASE PLAYING POSSUM IN OUR BAILIWICK, SIR! HE SAW NOGGI ONLY SIX DAYS AGO, THREE DAYS BEFORE WE NABBED NOGGI! NOT ONE SPOT IN CHASE'S HISTORY HAS BEEN OVERLOOKED! WE'VE GOT MEN IN A HUNDRED CHOICE PLACES!
YOU'RE DONE FER—JERK! ON YER AWAY!
YOU'RE MY ONLY CONTACT, DAN... I GOTTA GET MY HANDS ON THAT DOUGH I SOCKED AWAY!
HOW? THE G-MEN ARE WATCHIN' THAT SAFE DEPOSIT BOX!
KEEP GOIN', WEASEL!


WHAT A DUMMY I BEEN! HERE I BEEN MOOCHIN' AROUND THEM TURKEYS FOR A NIGHT'S ROOST OR A DISH OF SWILL WHEN I CAN GO WHERE NOBODY KNOWS ME! TO MY OLD JOB BEFORE I JOINED BRYAN'S RUM RING!

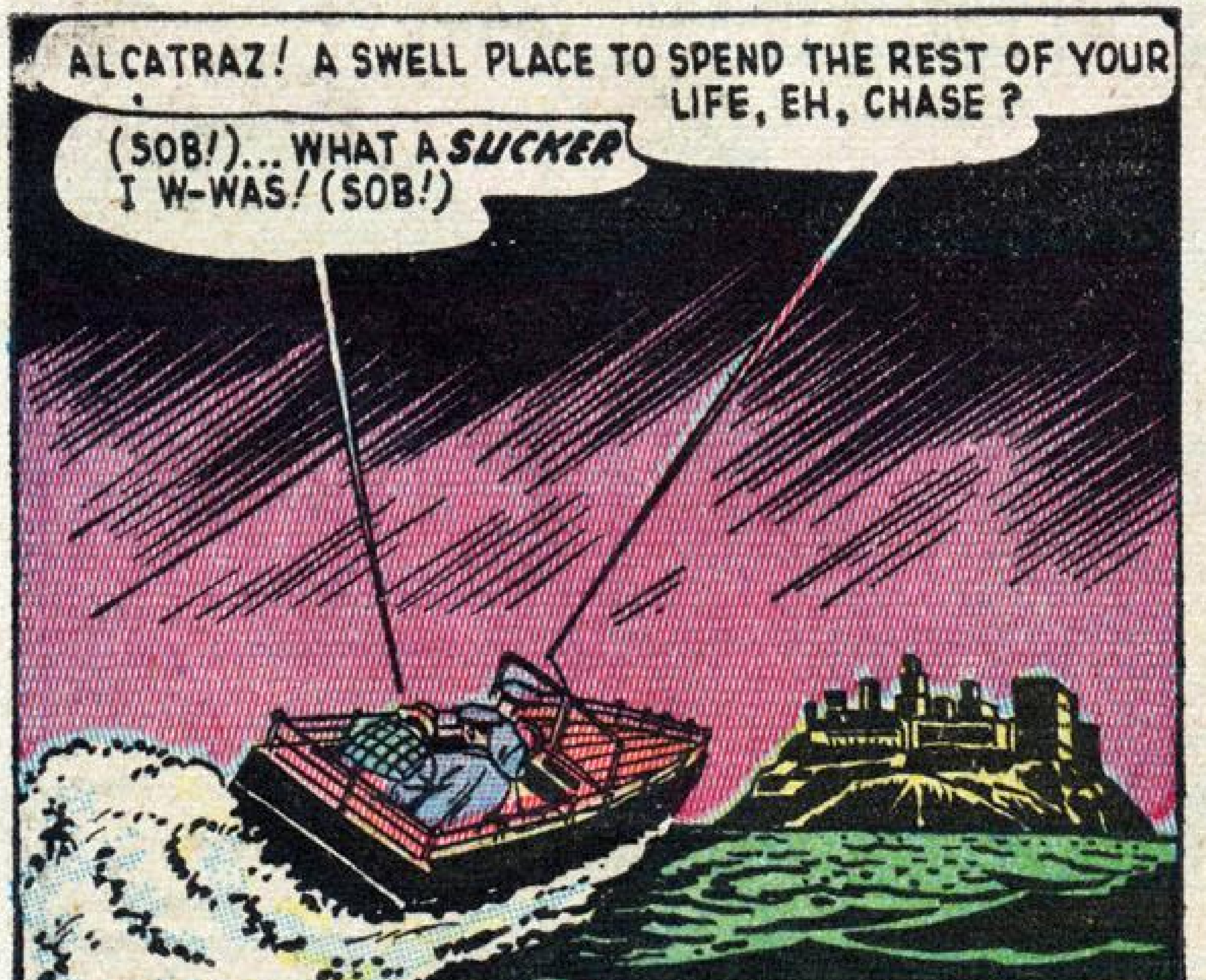

MY NAME'S JONES! I USED TO WORK HERE YEARS AGO... BACK IN 1930!
WHAT'RE YOU HANDING ME, PAL? YOUR NAME ISN'T JONES, IT'S CHASE! COME OUT, VIC!
RORKE'S CHECKING INTO CHASE'S BACKGROUND SURE PAID OFF!


YEP, CHASE— THE CHASE IS OVER!
NOT WHILE I GOT A ROSCOE LEFT...
PUSH 'EM UP, OR IT'S DAISIES YOU'LL BE PUSHING!

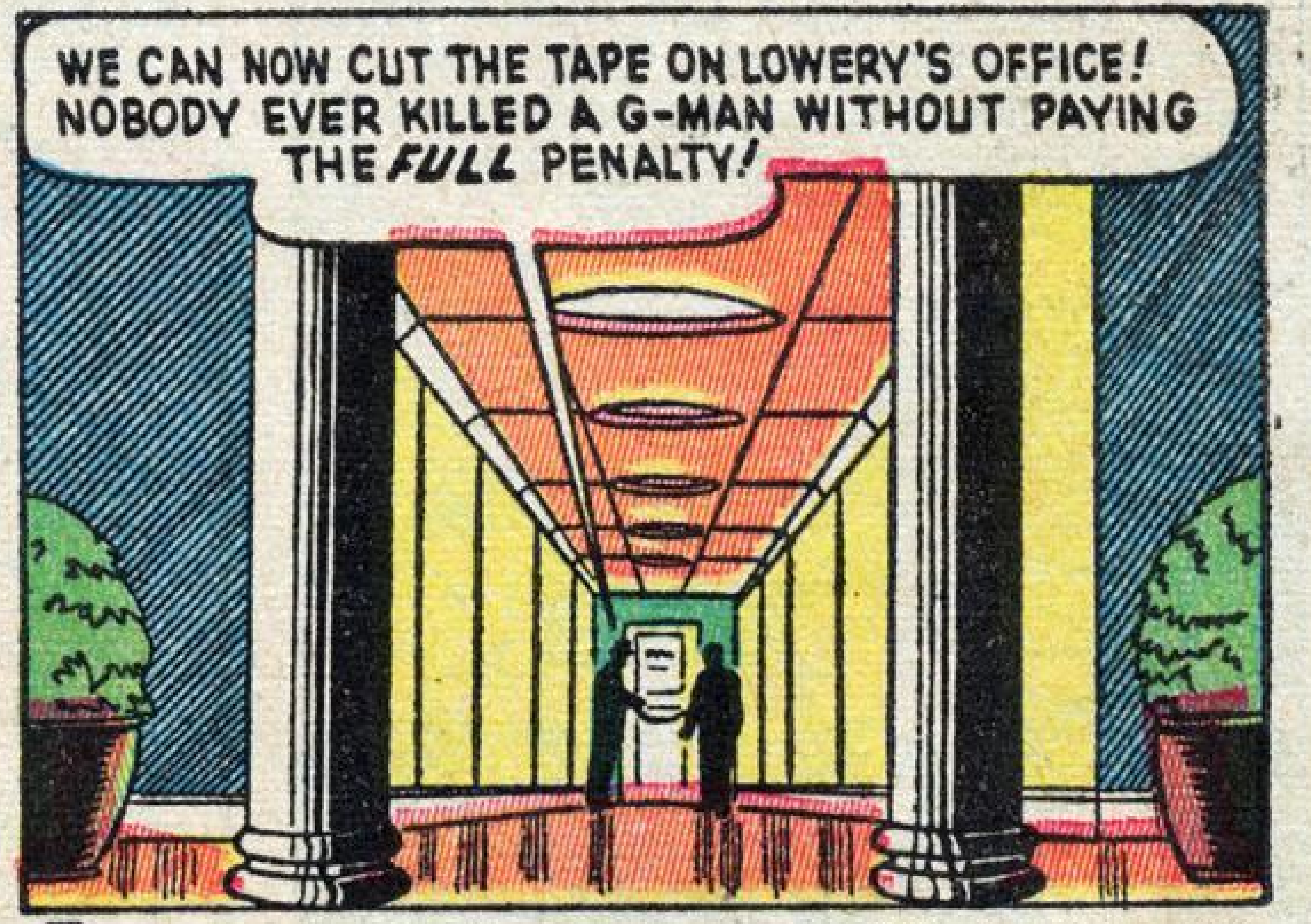

OKAY, VIC! GIVE IT TO HIM!
BANG!
BANG!
ARGH


TOO BAD! LOOKS LIKE CHASE GETS THE LAST WALTZ ON THE NECKTIE!
N-NO...NO! I KNOW PLENTY... GIMME LIFE, AN' I'LL SPILL EVERYTHING! JUST GIMME LIFE!

SO, BY SQUEALING HIS LUNGS OUT... THE SMALL-TIME MOUSE WOUND UP ON THAT ROCK RISING SIXTY FEET ABOVE THE WATERS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY...

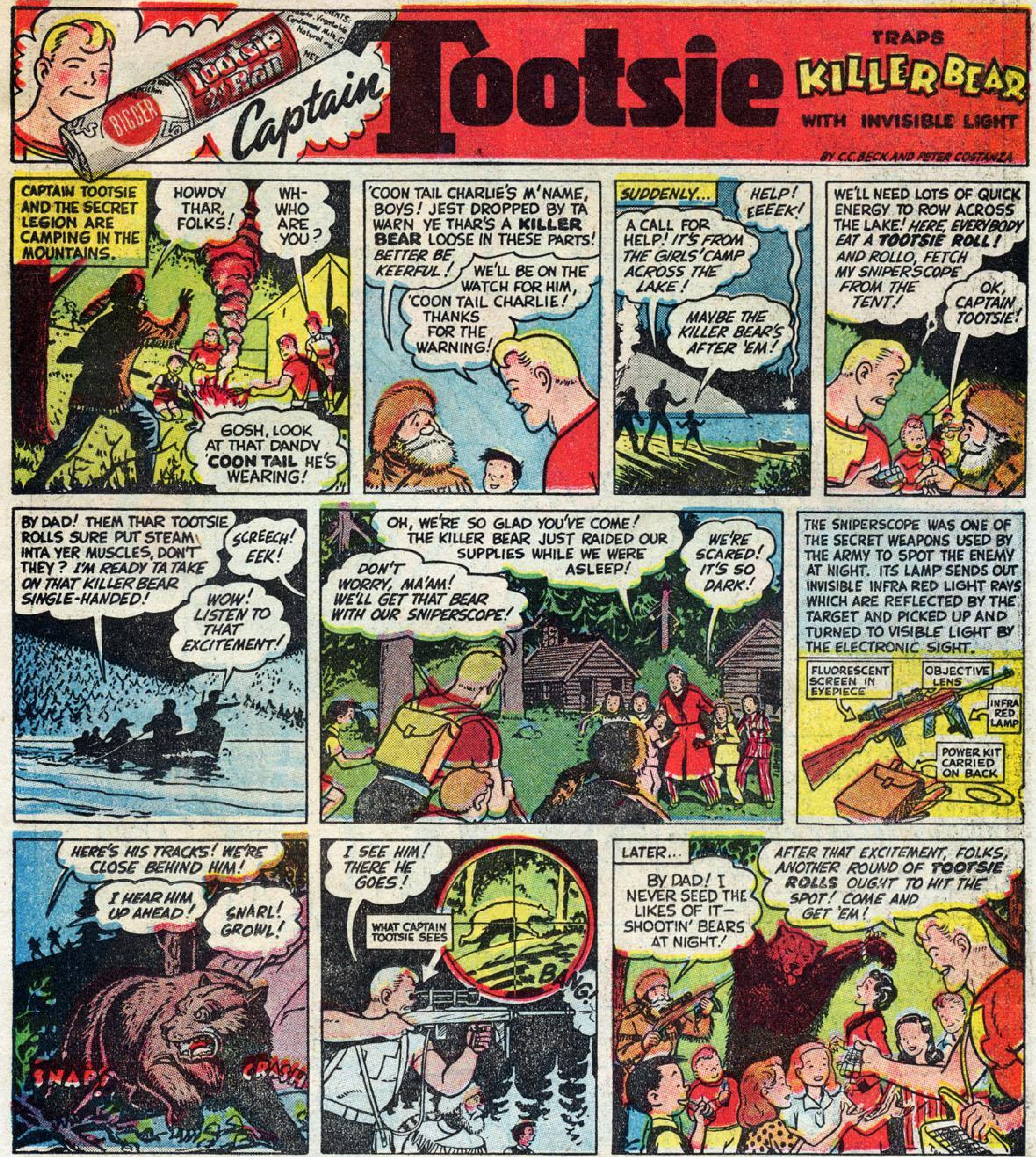

ALCATRAZ! A SWELL PLACE TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, EH, CHASE?
(SOB!)... WHAT A SUCKER I W-WAS! (SOB!)

AND IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON...


WE CAN NOW CUT THE TAPE ON LOWERY'S OFFICE! NOBODY EVER KILLED A G-MAN WITHOUT PAYING THE FULL PENALTY!

JOHN PAUL CHASE PAID THE FULL PENALTY, BECAUSE HE ROBBED, BECAUSE HE KILLED...AND BECAUSE HIS BURNING AMBITION MADE HIM IDOLIZE THE "BIG BOYS," HE CAME TO AN END NO BETTER THAN THEIRS!

THE END


Tootsie Roll
BIGGER
Captain Tootsie
TRAPS KILLER BEAR WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT
BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION ARE CAMPING IN THE MOUNTAINS.
HOWDY THAR, FOLKS!
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
GOSH, LOOK AT THAT DANDY 'COON TAIL HE'S WEARING!
'COON TAIL CHARLIE'S M' NAME, BOYS! JEST DROPPED BY TA WARN YE THAR'S A KILLER BEAR LOOSE IN THESE PARTS! BETTER BE KEERFUL!
WE'LL BE ON THE WATCH FOR HIM, 'COON TAIL CHARLIE! THANKS FOR THE WARNING!
SUDDENLY...
HELP! EEEEK!
A CALL FOR HELP! IT'S FROM THE GIRLS' CAMP ACROSS THE LAKE!
MAYBE THE KILLER BEAR'S AFTER 'EM!
WE'LL NEED LOTS OF QUICK ENERGY TO ROW ACROSS THE LAKE! HERE, EVERYBODY EAT A TOOTSIE ROLL! AND ROLLO, FETCH MY SNIPERSCOPE FROM THE TENT!
OK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
BY DAD! THEM THAR TOOTSIE ROLLS SURE PUT STEAM INTA YER MUSCLES, DON'T THEY? I'M READY TA TAKE ON THAT KILLER BEAR SINGLE-HANDED!
SCREECH! EEK!
WOW! LISTEN TO THAT EXCITEMENT!
OH, WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! THE KILLER BEAR JUST RAIDED OUR SUPPLIES WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP!
WE'RE SCARED! IT'S SO DARK!
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM! WE'LL GET THAT BEAR WITH OUR SNIPERSCOPE!
THE SNIPERSCOPE WAS ONE OF THE SECRET WEAPONS USED BY THE ARMY TO SPOT THE ENEMY AT NIGHT. ITS LAMP SENDS OUT INVISIBLE INFRA RED LIGHT RAYS WHICH ARE REFLECTED BY THE TARGET AND PICKED UP AND TURNED TO VISIBLE LIGHT BY THE ELECTRONIC SIGHT.
FLUORESCENT SCREEN IN EYEPIECE
OBJECTIVE LENS
INFRA RED LAMP
POWER KIT CARRIED ON BACK
HERE'S HIS TRACKS! WE'RE CLOSE BEHIND HIM!
I HEAR HIM UP AHEAD!
SNARL! GROWL!
SNAP!
CRASH!
I SEE HIM! THERE HE GOES!
WHAT CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SEES
BANG!
LATER...
BY DAD! I NEVER SEED THE LIKES OF IT—SHOOTIN' BEARS AT NIGHT!
AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT, FOLKS, ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS OUGHT TO HIT THE SPOT! COME AND GET 'EM!

'COON TAIL CHARLIE SAYS:
LOTS OF FUN, KIDS!
GET THIS GENUINE 'COON TAIL JUST LIKE I WEAR!
FOR ONLY 15¢
AND A TOOTSIE ROLL WRAPPER
SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY!

Gosh, you'll be some punkins when you get this handsome genuine 'coon tail for your own. What fun to wear it on your cap like 'Coon-Tail Charlie and other famous trappers and explorers. It's a great big fluffy tail of richly striped fur! Looks swell on your bike, wagon or scooter or hanging in your room. And girls, you'll love the smart swing of this beautiful fur tail fastened to your sweater or coat. Yours for only 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper. RUSH! Send for as many as you want, but quick—before they're gone! (Don't forget to send 15¢ and a wrapper for each 'coon tail.)

FOR PLAYING WOODSMAN
SWELL FOR YOUR BICYCLE

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Dept. 102
Box 8, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I'll get a big kick out of that 'Coon Tail. I enclose 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper for each one. Rush today!

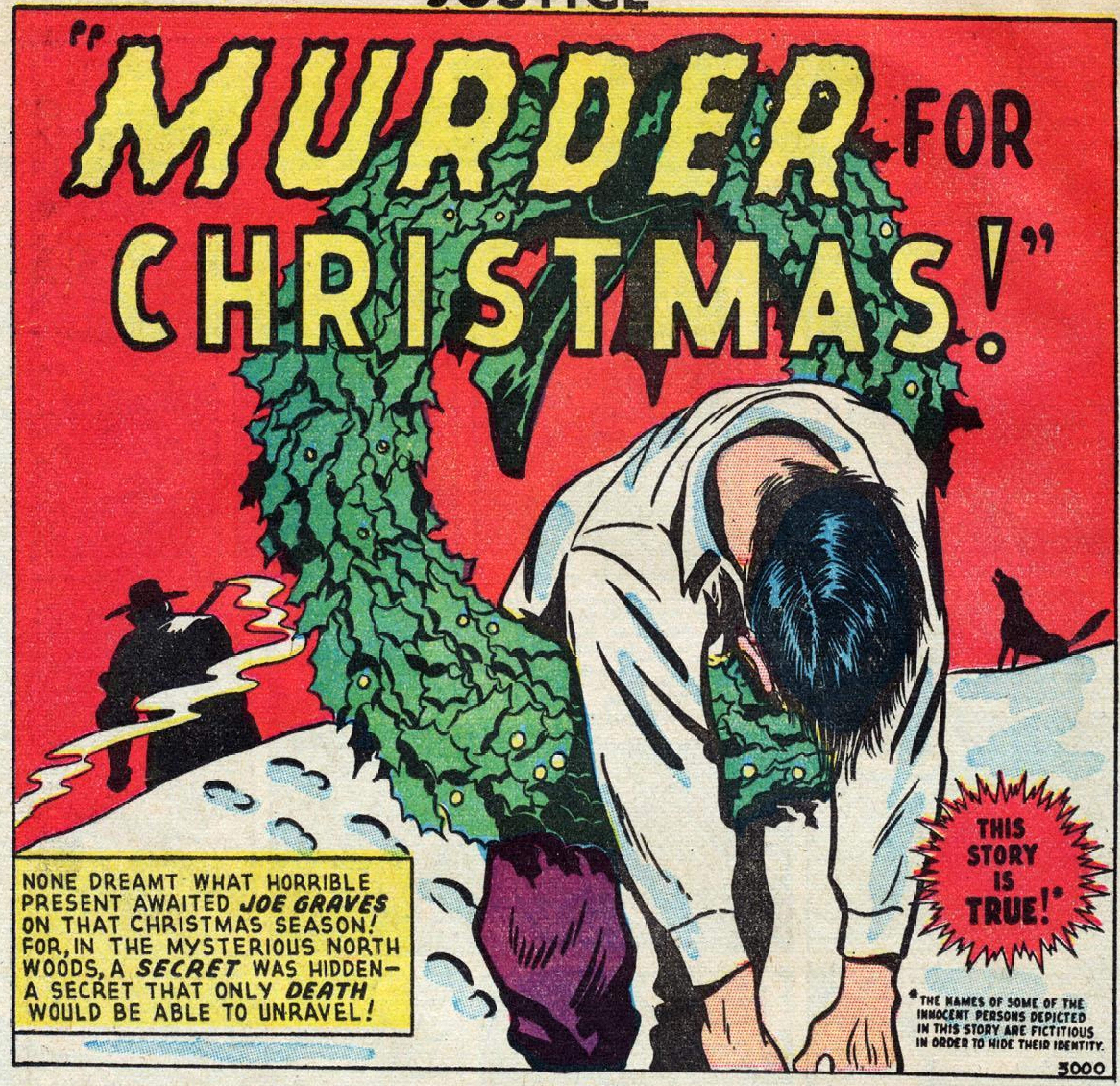
Name...
(Please Print Plainly)

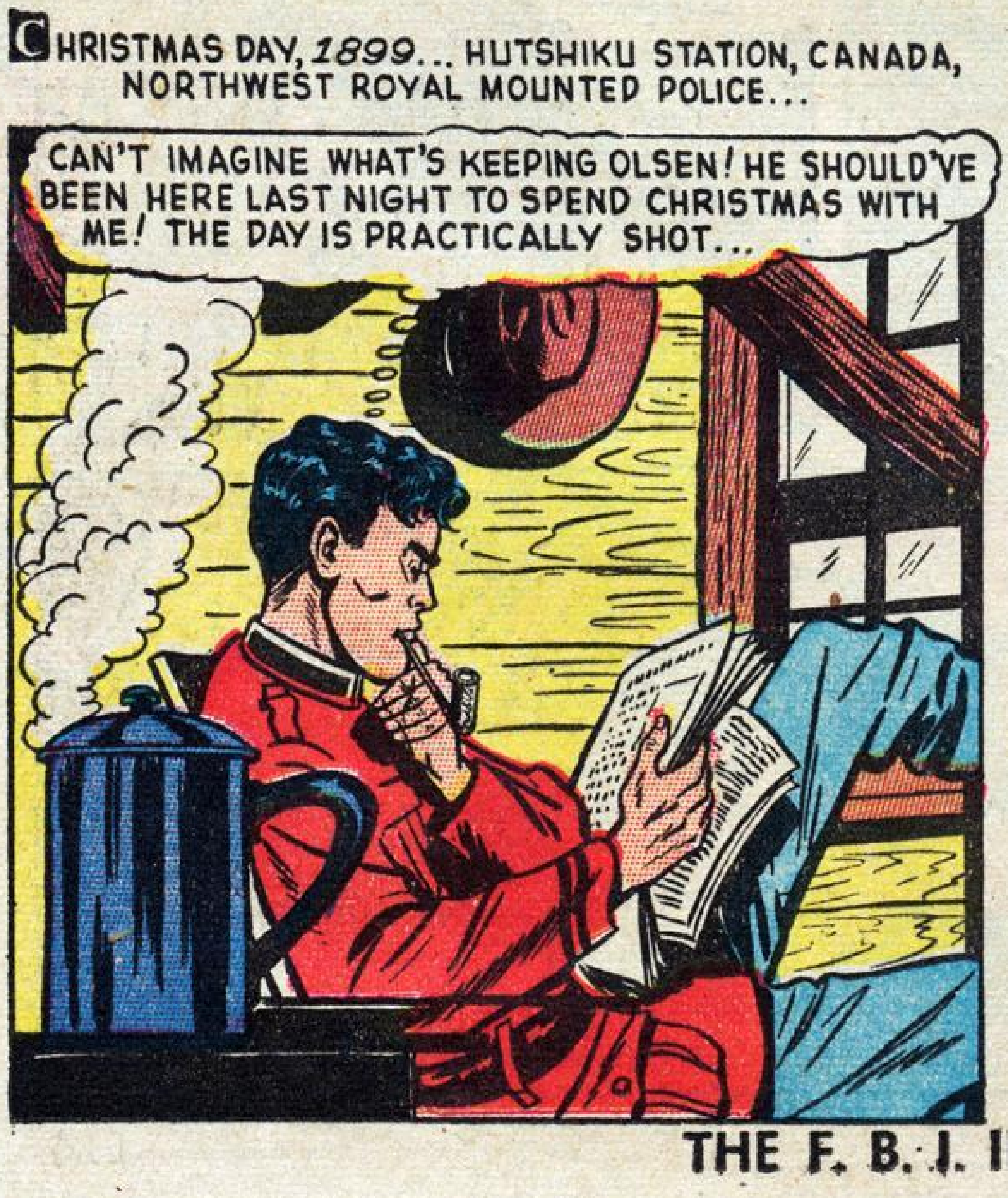
Address...

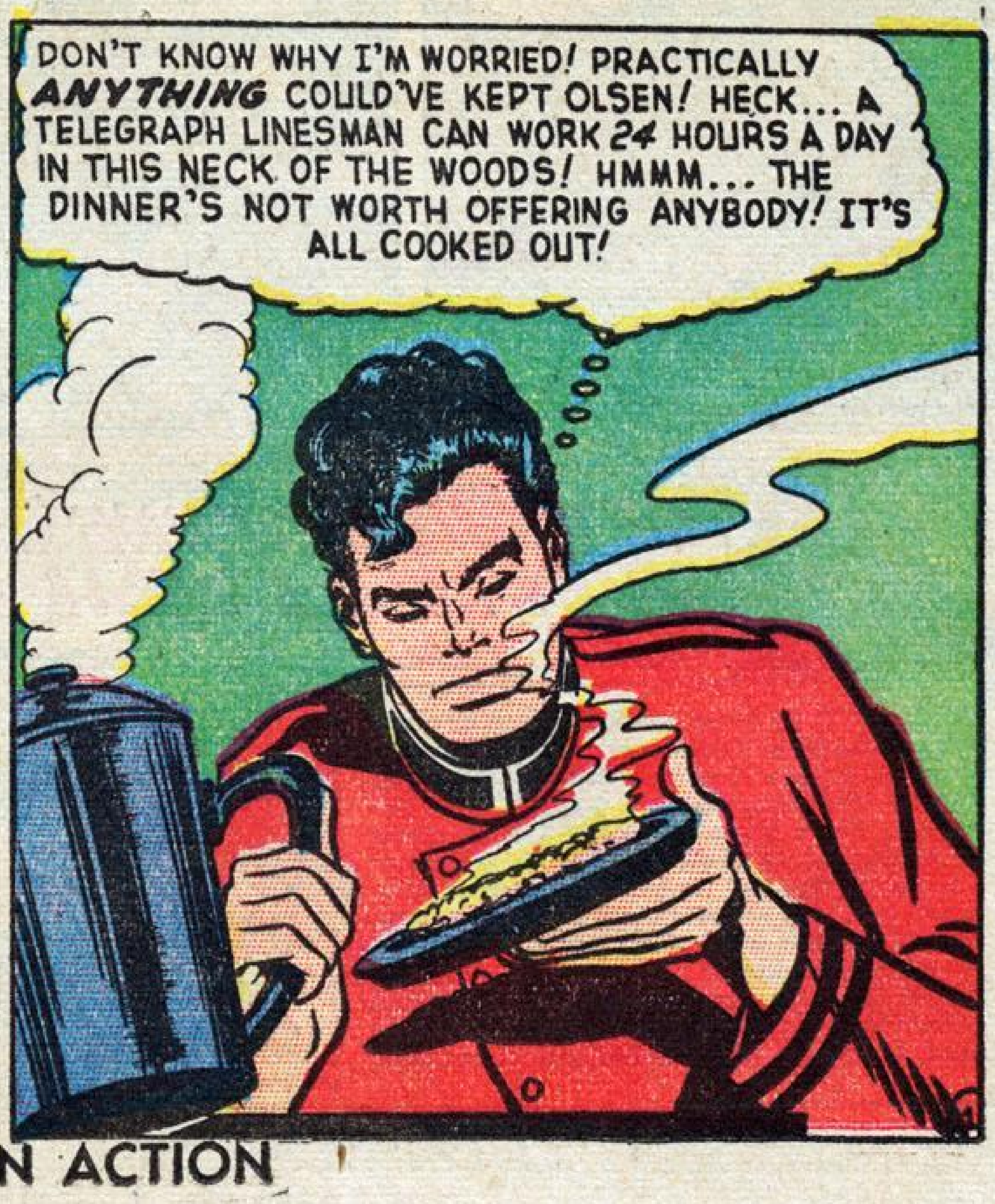
City.............................Zone........State........

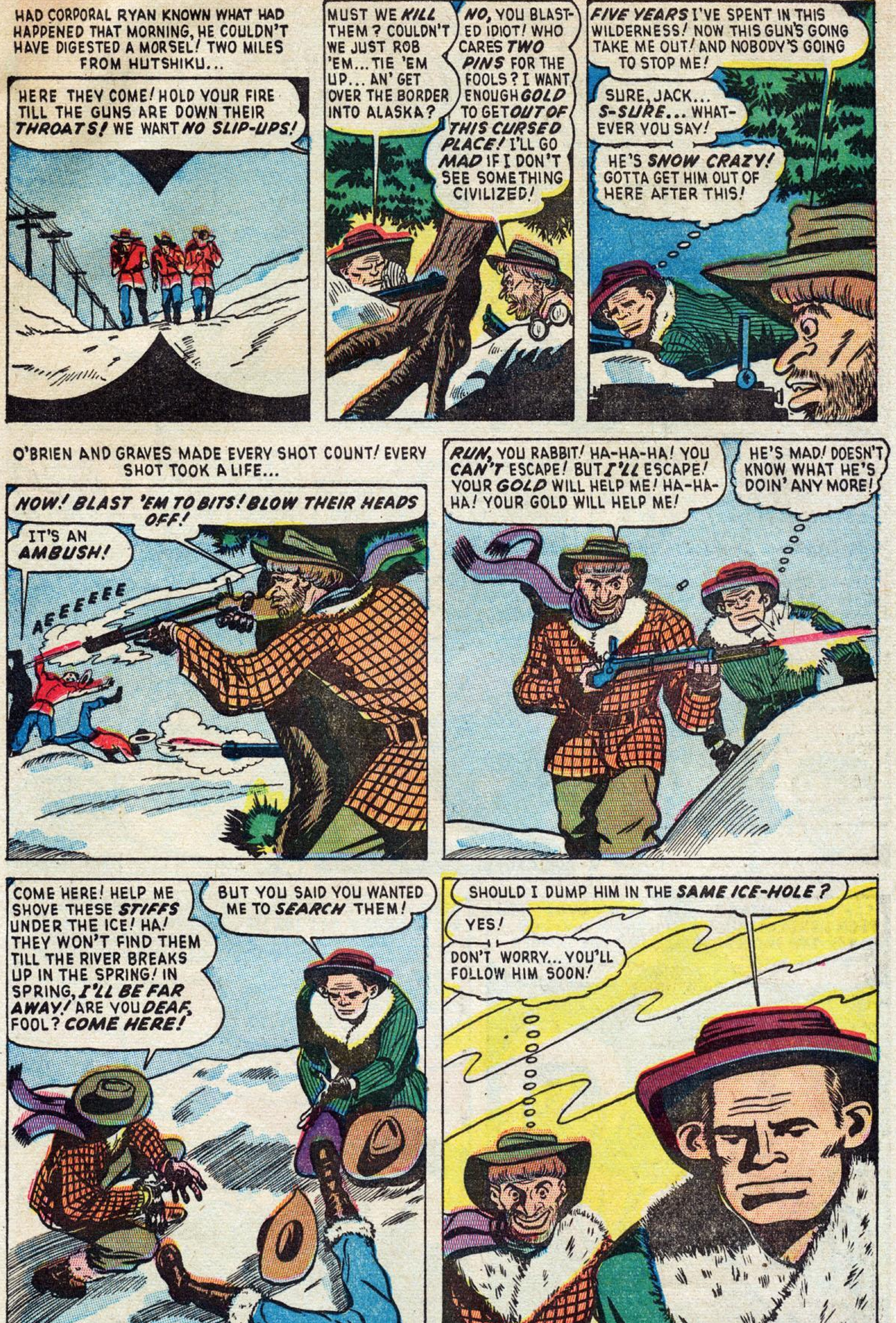
OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1948
SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

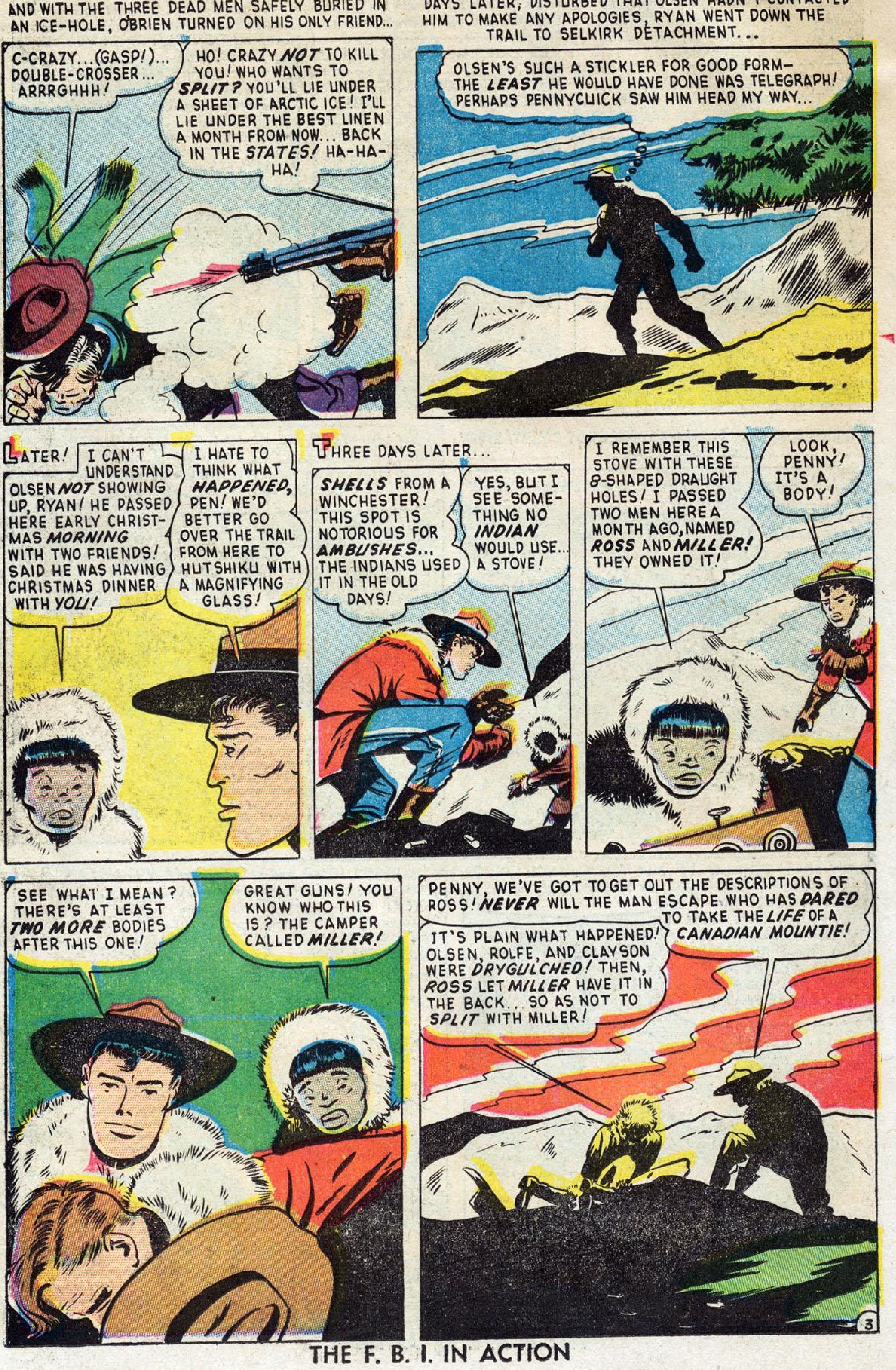
"MURDER FOR CHRISTMAS!"

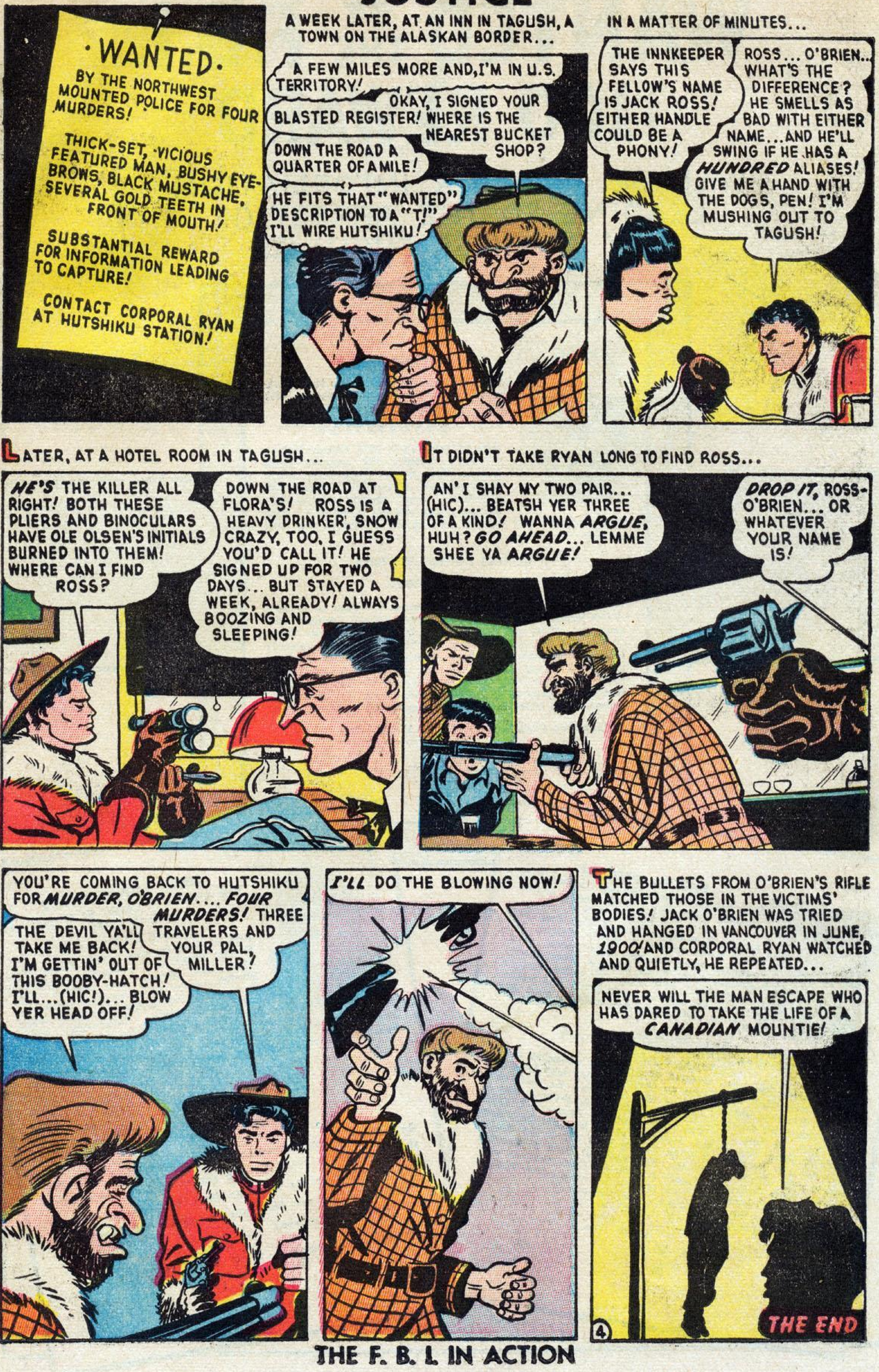

NONE DREAMT WHAT HORRIBLE PRESENT AWAITED ***JOE GRAVES*** ON THAT CHRISTMAS SEASON! FOR, IN THE MYSTERIOUS NORTH WOODS, A ***SECRET*** WAS HIDDEN– A SECRET THAT ONLY ***DEATH*** WOULD BE ABLE TO UNRAVEL!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
3000


CHRISTMAS DAY, *1899*... HUTSHIKU STATION, CANADA, NORTHWEST ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE...
CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S KEEPING OLSEN! HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE LAST NIGHT TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH ME! THE DAY IS PRACTICALLY SHOT...


DON'T KNOW WHY I'M WORRIED! PRACTICALLY ***ANYTHING*** COULD'VE KEPT OLSEN! HECK... A TELEGRAPH LINESMAN CAN WORK ***24*** HOURS A DAY IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS! HMMM... THE DINNER'S NOT WORTH OFFERING ANYBODY! IT'S ALL COOKED OUT!


HAD CORPORAL RYAN KNOWN WHAT HAD HAPPENED THAT MORNING, HE COULDN'T HAVE DIGESTED A MORSEL! TWO MILES FROM HUTSHIKU...
HERE THEY COME! HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL THE GUNS ARE DOWN THEIR THROATS! WE WANT NO SLIP-UPS!
MUST WE KILL THEM? COULDN'T WE JUST ROB 'EM... TIE 'EM UP... AN' GET OVER THE BORDER INTO ALASKA?
NO, YOU BLASTED IDIOT! WHO CARES TWO PINS FOR THE FOOLS? I WANT ENOUGH GOLD TO GET OUT OF THIS CURSED PLACE! I'LL GO MAD IF I DON'T SEE SOMETHING CIVILIZED!
FIVE YEARS I'VE SPENT IN THIS WILDERNESS! NOW THIS GUN'S GOING TAKE ME OUT! AND NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME!
SURE, JACK... S-SURE... WHATEVER YOU SAY!
HE'S SNOW CRAZY! GOTTA GET HIM OUT OF HERE AFTER THIS!
O'BRIEN AND GRAVES MADE EVERY SHOT COUNT! EVERY SHOT TOOK A LIFE...
NOW! BLAST 'EM TO BITS! BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF!
IT'S AN AMBUSH!
AEEEEEE
RUN, YOU RABBIT! HA-HA-HA! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! BUT I'LL ESCAPE! YOUR GOLD WILL HELP ME! HA-HA-HA! YOUR GOLD WILL HELP ME!
HE'S MAD! DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOIN' ANY MORE!
COME HERE! HELP ME SHOVE THESE STIFFS UNDER THE ICE! HA! THEY WON'T FIND THEM TILL THE RIVER BREAKS UP IN THE SPRING! IN SPRING, I'LL BE FAR AWAY! ARE YOU DEAF, FOOL? COME HERE!
BUT YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO SEARCH THEM!
SHOULD I DUMP HIM IN THE SAME ICE-HOLE?
YES!
DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL FOLLOW HIM SOON!
2

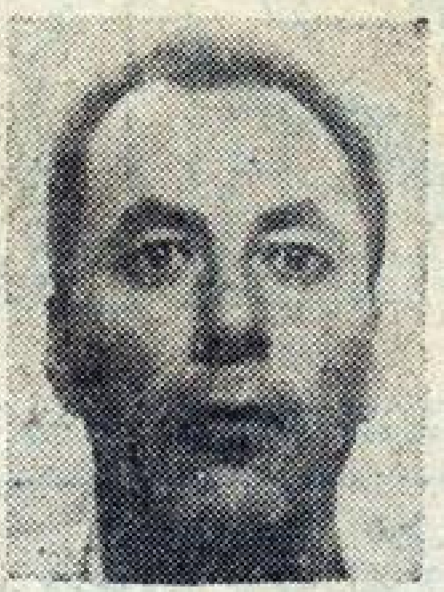

AND WITH THE THREE DEAD MEN SAFELY BURIED IN AN ICE-HOLE, O'BRIEN TURNED ON HIS ONLY FRIEND...
C-CRAZY... (GASP!)... DOUBLE-CROSSER... ARRRGHHH!
HO! CRAZY NOT TO KILL YOU! WHO WANTS TO SPLIT? YOU'LL LIE UNDER A SHEET OF ARCTIC ICE! I'LL LIE UNDER THE BEST LINEN A MONTH FROM NOW... BACK IN THE STATES! HA-HA-HA!
DAYS LATER, DISTURBED THAT OLSEN HADN'T CONTACTED HIM TO MAKE ANY APOLOGIES, RYAN WENT DOWN THE TRAIL TO SELKIRK DETACHMENT...
OLSEN'S SUCH A STICKLER FOR GOOD FORM—THE LEAST HE WOULD HAVE DONE WAS TELEGRAPH! PERHAPS PENNYCUICK SAW HIM HEAD MY WAY...
LATER!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND OLSEN NOT SHOWING UP, RYAN! HE PASSED HERE EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING WITH TWO FRIENDS! SAID HE WAS HAVING CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH YOU!
I HATE TO THINK WHAT HAPPENED, PEN! WE'D BETTER GO OVER THE TRAIL FROM HERE TO HUTSHIKU WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS!
THREE DAYS LATER...
SHELLS FROM A WINCHESTER! THIS SPOT IS NOTORIOUS FOR AMBUSHES... THE INDIANS USED IT IN THE OLD DAYS!
YES, BUT I SEE SOMETHING NO INDIAN WOULD USE... A STOVE!
I REMEMBER THIS STOVE WITH THESE 8-SHAPED DRAUGHT HOLES! I PASSED TWO MEN HERE A MONTH AGO, NAMED ROSS AND MILLER! THEY OWNED IT!
LOOK, PENNY! IT'S A BODY!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THERE'S AT LEAST TWO MORE BODIES AFTER THIS ONE!
GREAT GUNS! YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS? THE CAMPER CALLED MILLER!
PENNY, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ROSS! NEVER WILL THE MAN ESCAPE WHO HAS DARED TO TAKE THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN MOUNTIE!
IT'S PLAIN WHAT HAPPENED! OLSEN, ROLFE, AND CLAYSON WERE DRYGULCHED! THEN, ROSS LET MILLER HAVE IT IN THE BACK... SO AS NOT TO SPLIT WITH MILLER!


• WANTED •
BY THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE FOR FOUR MURDERS!
THICK-SET, VICIOUS FEATURED MAN, BUSHY EYEBROWS, BLACK MUSTACHE, SEVERAL GOLD TEETH IN FRONT OF MOUTH!
SUBSTANTIAL REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO CAPTURE!
CONTACT CORPORAL RYAN AT HUTSHIKU STATION!
A WEEK LATER, AT AN INN IN TAGUSH, A TOWN ON THE ALASKAN BORDER...
A FEW MILES MORE AND, I'M IN U.S. TERRITORY!
OKAY, I SIGNED YOUR BLASTED REGISTER! WHERE IS THE NEAREST BUCKET SHOP?
DOWN THE ROAD A QUARTER OF A MILE!
HE FITS THAT "WANTED" DESCRIPTION TO A "T!" I'LL WIRE HUTSHIKU!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...
THE INNKEEPER SAYS THIS FELLOW'S NAME IS JACK ROSS! EITHER HANDLE COULD BE A PHONY!
ROSS... O'BRIEN... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? HE SMELLS AS BAD WITH EITHER NAME... AND HE'LL SWING IF HE HAS A HUNDRED ALIASES! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE DOGS, PEN! I'M MUSHING OUT TO TAGUSH!
LATER, AT A HOTEL ROOM IN TAGUSH...
HE'S THE KILLER ALL RIGHT! BOTH THESE PLIERS AND BINOCULARS HAVE OLE OLSEN'S INITIALS BURNED INTO THEM! WHERE CAN I FIND ROSS?
DOWN THE ROAD AT FLORA'S! ROSS IS A HEAVY DRINKER, SNOW CRAZY, TOO, I GUESS YOU'D CALL IT! HE SIGNED UP FOR TWO DAYS... BUT STAYED A WEEK, ALREADY! ALWAYS BOOZING AND SLEEPING!
IT DIDN'T TAKE RYAN LONG TO FIND ROSS...
AN' I SHAY MY TWO PAIR... (HIC)... BEATSH YER THREE OF A KIND! WANNA ARGUE, HUH? GO AHEAD... LEMME SHEE YA ARGUE!
DROP IT, ROSS-O'BRIEN... OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!
YOU'RE COMING BACK TO HUTSHIKU FOR MURDER, O'BRIEN... FOUR MURDERS! THREE TRAVELERS AND YOUR PAL, MILLER!
THE DEVIL YA'LL TAKE ME BACK! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF THIS BOOBY-HATCH! I'LL... (HIC!)... BLOW YER HEAD OFF!
I'LL DO THE BLOWING NOW!
THE BULLETS FROM O'BRIEN'S RIFLE MATCHED THOSE IN THE VICTIMS' BODIES! JACK O'BRIEN WAS TRIED AND HANGED IN VANCOUVER IN JUNE, 1900! AND CORPORAL RYAN WATCHED AND QUIETLY, HE REPEATED...
NEVER WILL THE MAN ESCAPE WHO HAS DARED TO TAKE THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN MOUNTIE!
THE END
4

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES



JOSE VILLA

With aliases: Joe Bella, Villa Jose, Francisco Martinez, Franck Marttello, Jose Molina, Frank Murtello.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 48, born July 2, 1899, Mexico; Height, 5' 4½"; Weight, 142 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, olive; Build, medium; Nationality, Mexican; Occupations, wood worker, carpenter, painter; Scars and marks, tip of left ring-finger scarred and clipped, scar in left eyebrow, dent scar on jaw.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Jose Villa has been arrested on numerous occasions on charges which include petty larceny, shoplifting, assault, burglary, and desertion. Villa was sentenced by the Federal District Court, Corpus Christi, Texas, on April 25, 1938, to serve two years in a penal institution for violation of the United States Immigration Laws (illegal entry). He was committed to the United States Detention Farm at La Tuna, Texas, on August 4, 1938, and was transferred to Federal Prison Camp No. 10, Tucson, Arizona, from which institution he escaped on August 23, 1938.

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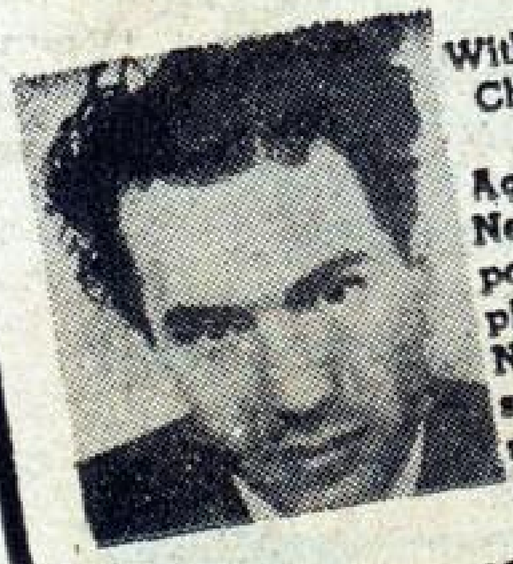

MEYER DEMBIN

With aliases: Martin Davis, Charles Fain, Charles Loeb, Max Lowell, Martin Meyer

DESCRIPTION

Age, 36, born March 19, 1912, New York City, New York; Height, 5' 8½"; Weight, 145 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, public school; Occupation, clerk; Scars and marks, scar on right cheekbone, mole on right side of chin.

BANK ROBBERY

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

CRIMINAL RECORD

Meyer Dembin has been arrested on numerous occasions in the State of New York and Texas on charges which include grand larceny, felonious assault, robbery and homicide. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury in the Southern District of New York, at New York City, New York, on February 7, 1938, charging Meyer Dembin with violations of the National Bank Robbery Act and the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act, in that he, together with others, robbed the First National Bank of Sparkill, Sparkill, New York, on February 8, 1935, and transported in interstate commerce from New York to New Jersey a stolen Packard sedan, knowing the same to have been stolen.

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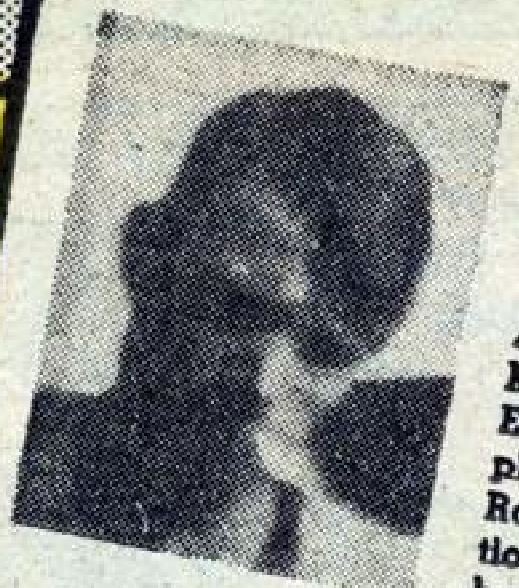

JOHN LEWIS CAREY

With aliases: Al Carey, Al Crosby, John Louis Carey

DESCRIPTION

Age, 42, born January 6, 1906, Silver Lake, Kansas; Height 5' 11"; Weight, 170 pounds; Eyes, light brown; Hair, Brown; Complexion, ruddy; Build, slender, rawboned; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, eighth grade; Occupations, ranch hand, sign painter, rodeo performer; Scars and marks, scar right forehead, mole left center neck, 1" scar lower left knee, 2 scars back left index finger; Peculiarities, stooped posture, heavy drinker.

BANK ROBBERY

CRIMINAL RECORD

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Omaha, Nebraska, July 2, 1936, charging subject as John Lewis Carey with the robbery of the First State Bank Whitman, Nebraska, on December 18, 1935 said bank being a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Fingerprint Classification: 19 O 9 Tt 18

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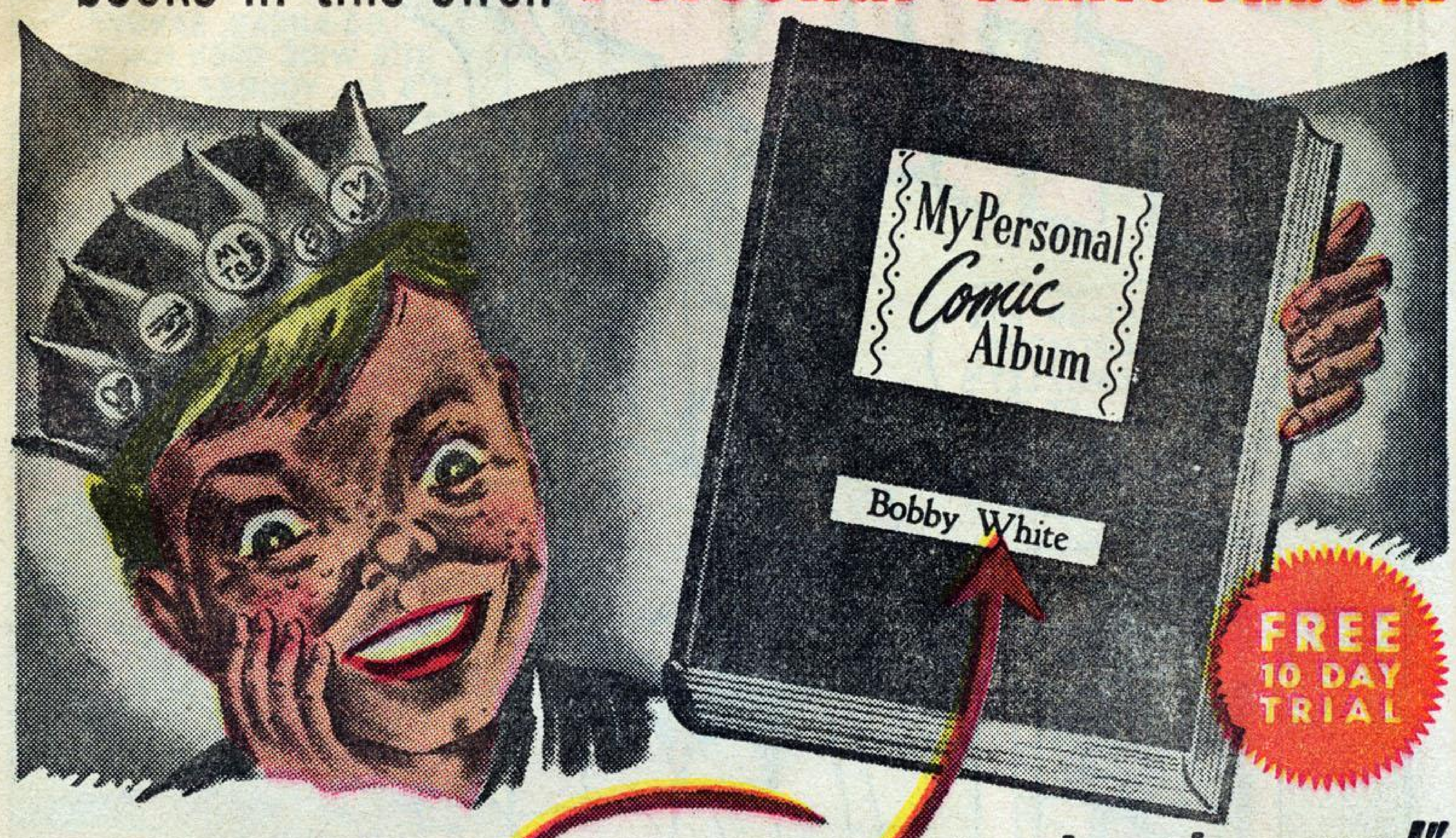

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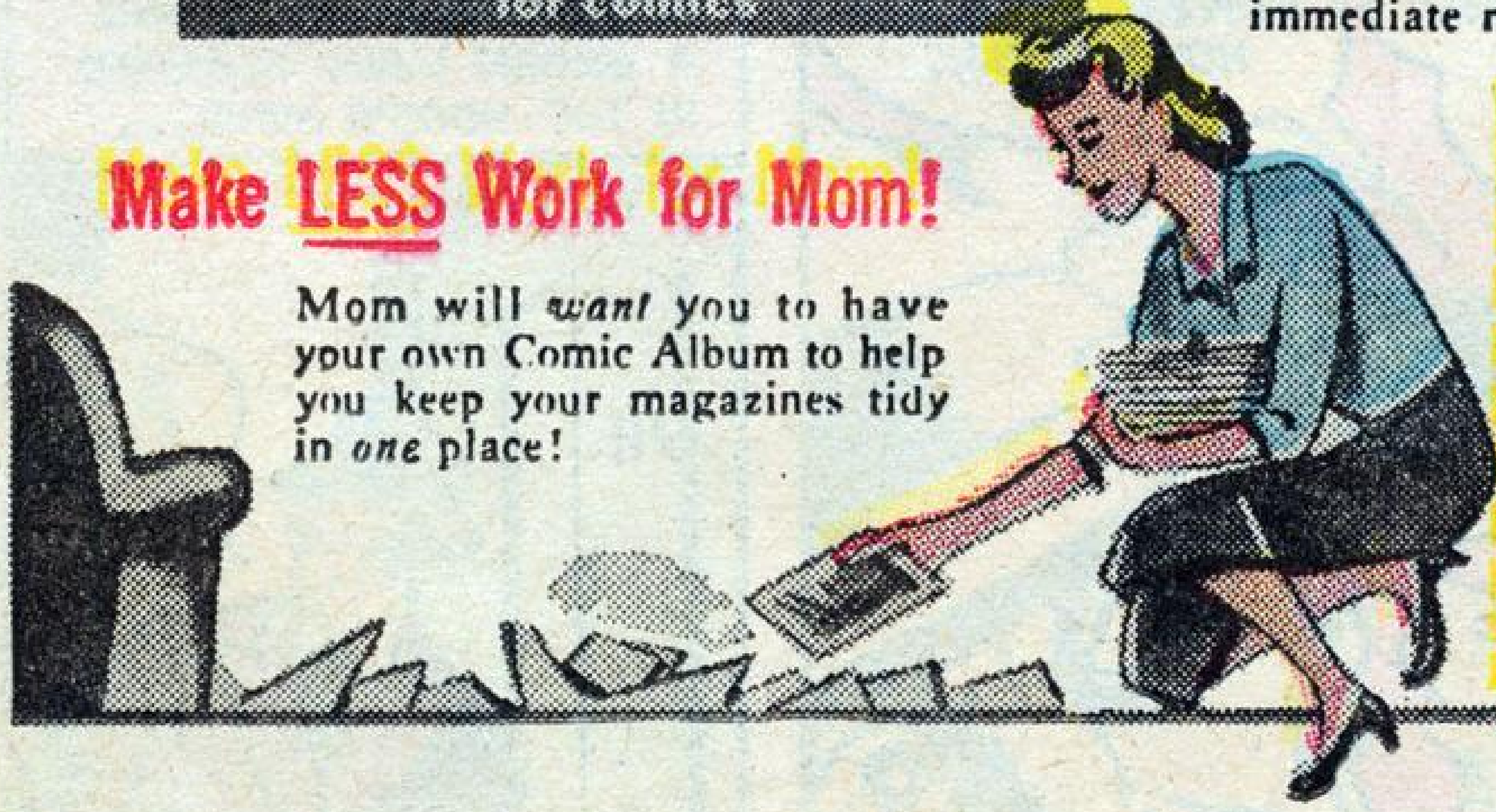

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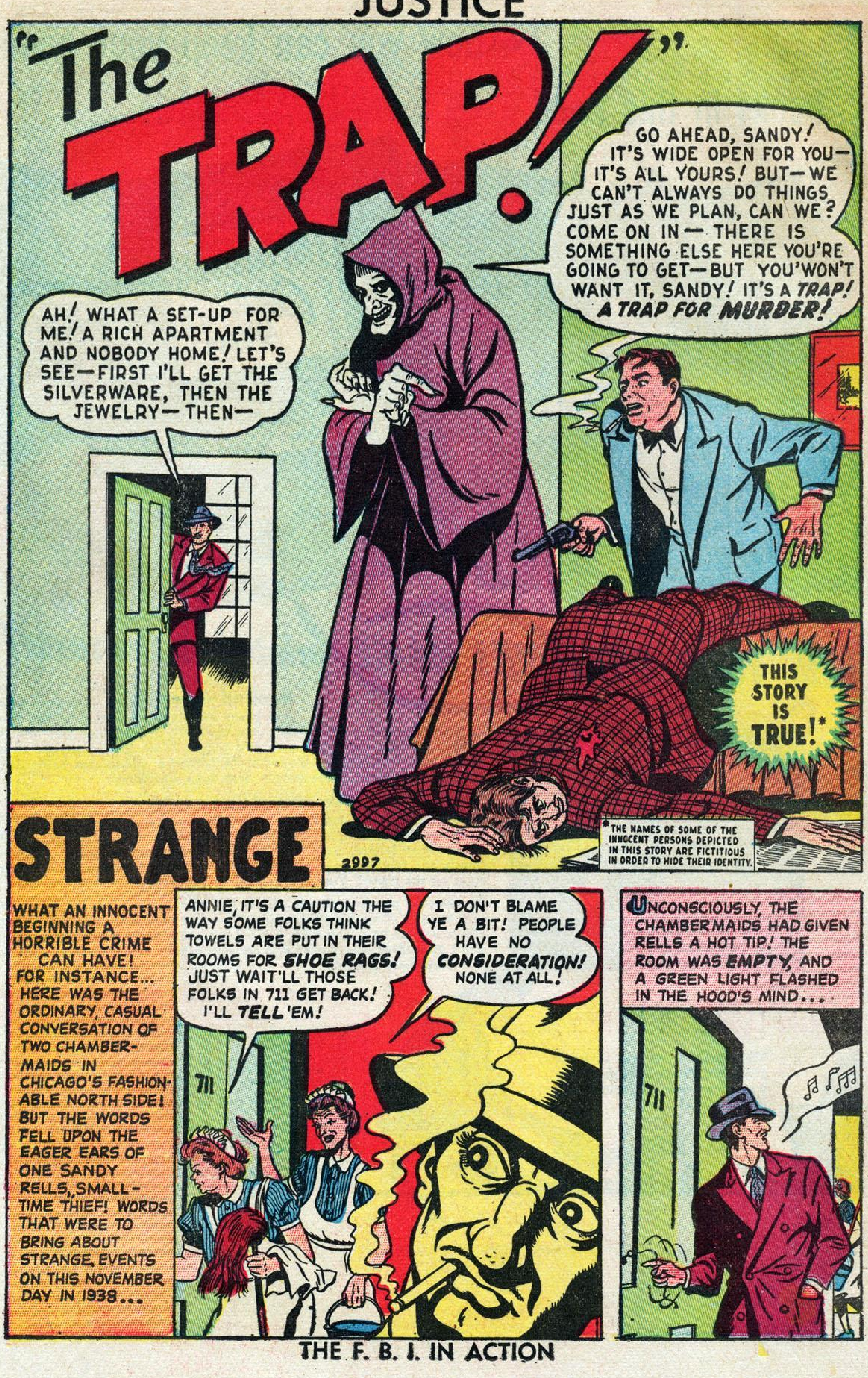
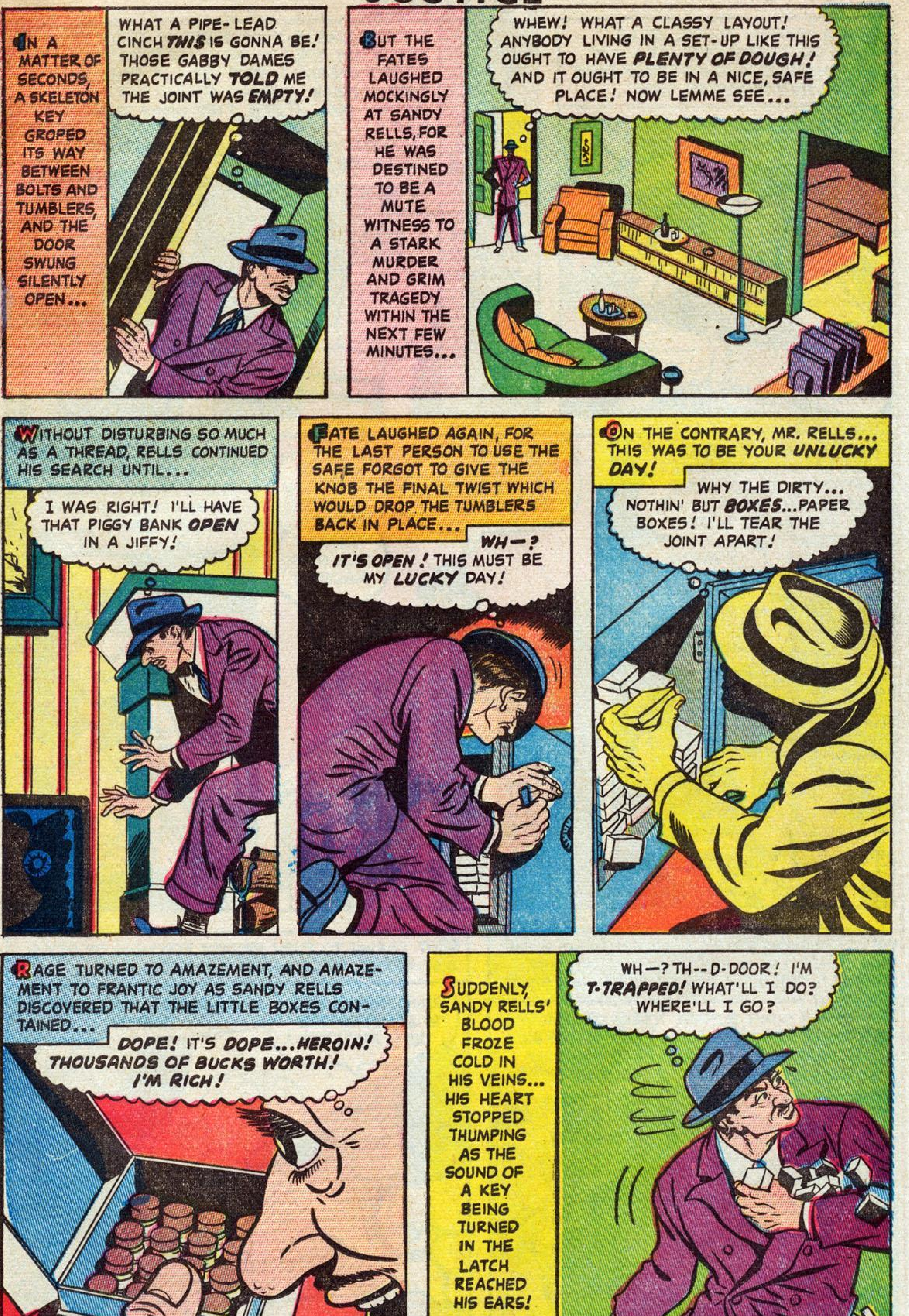
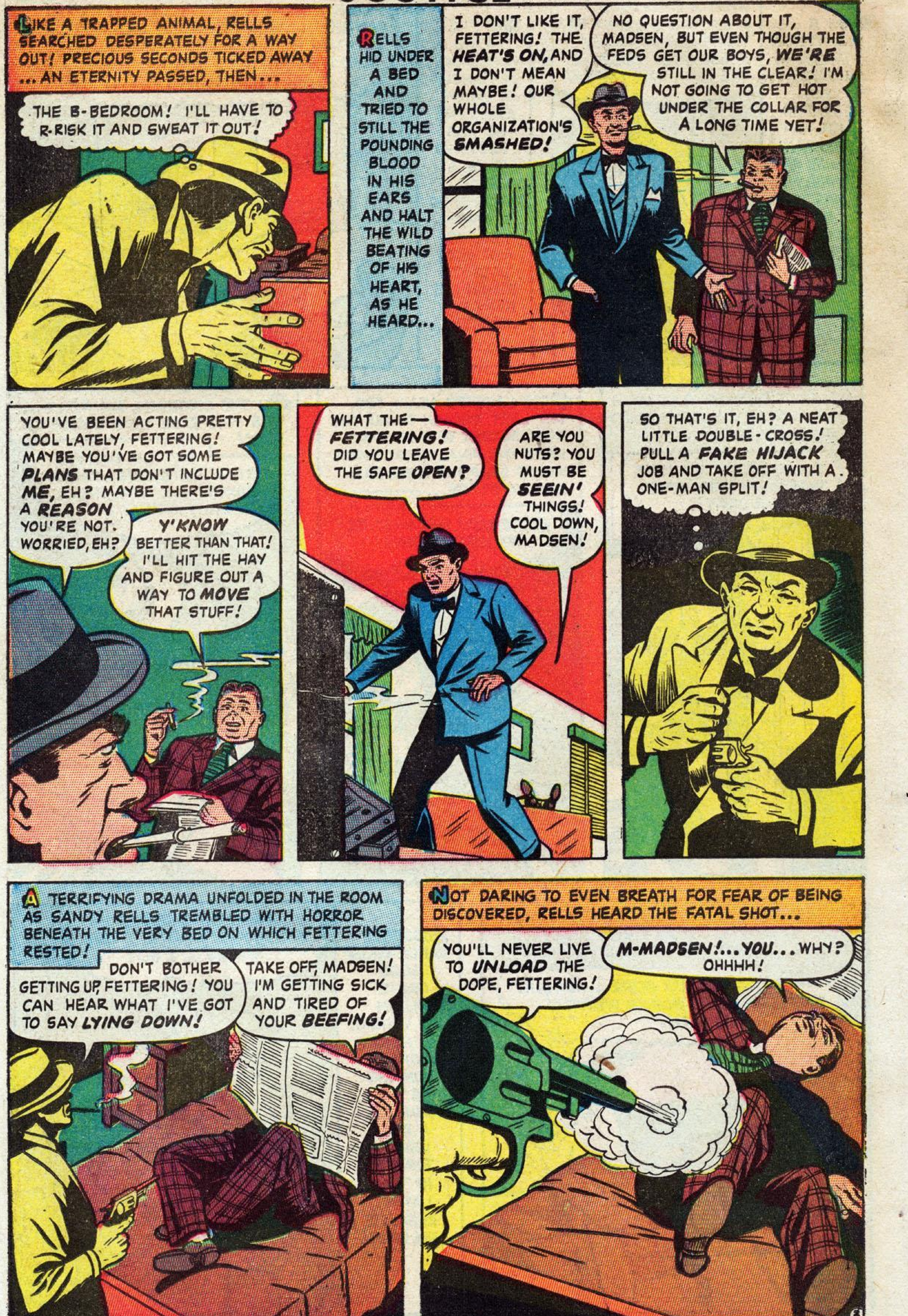
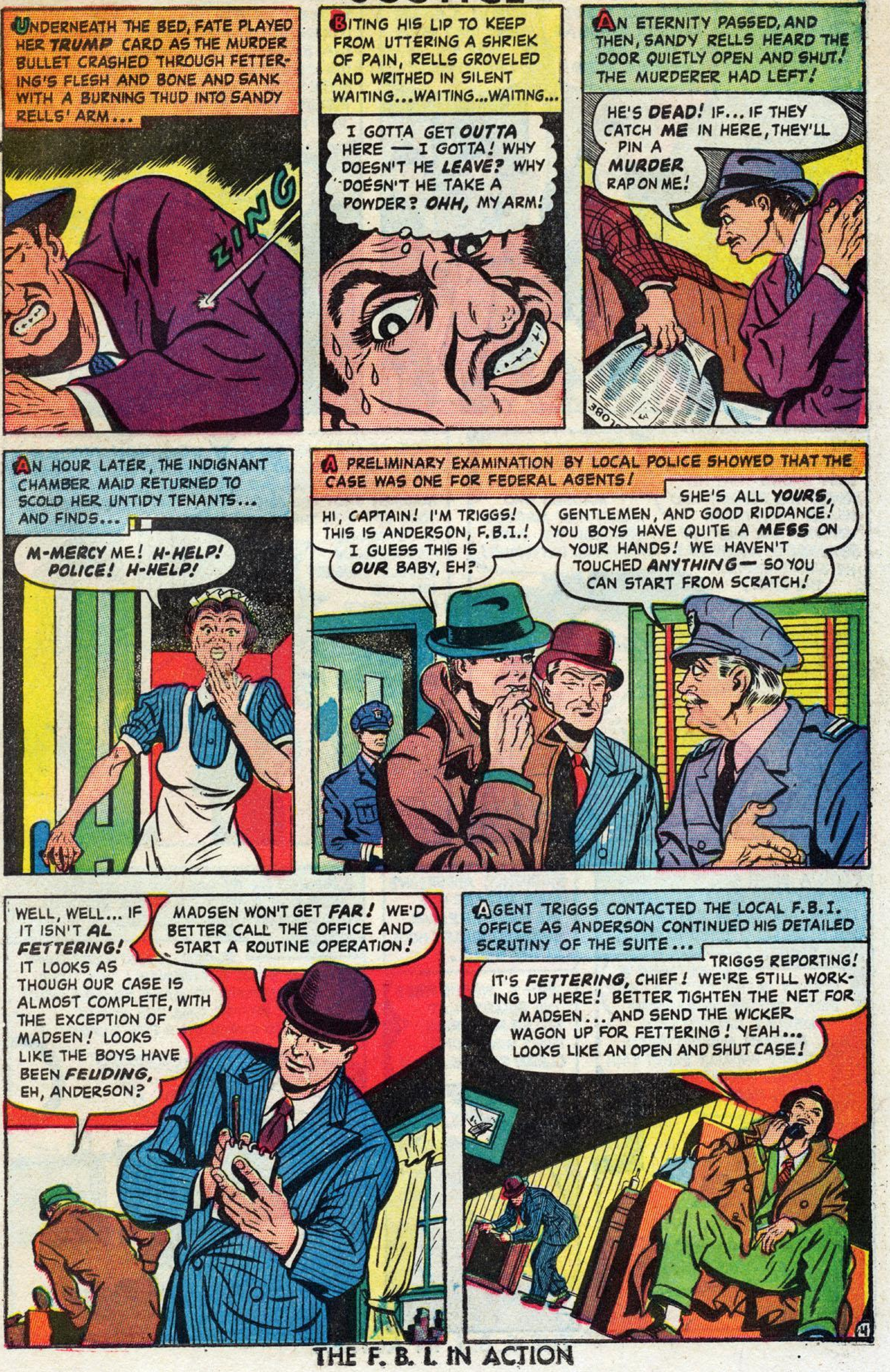
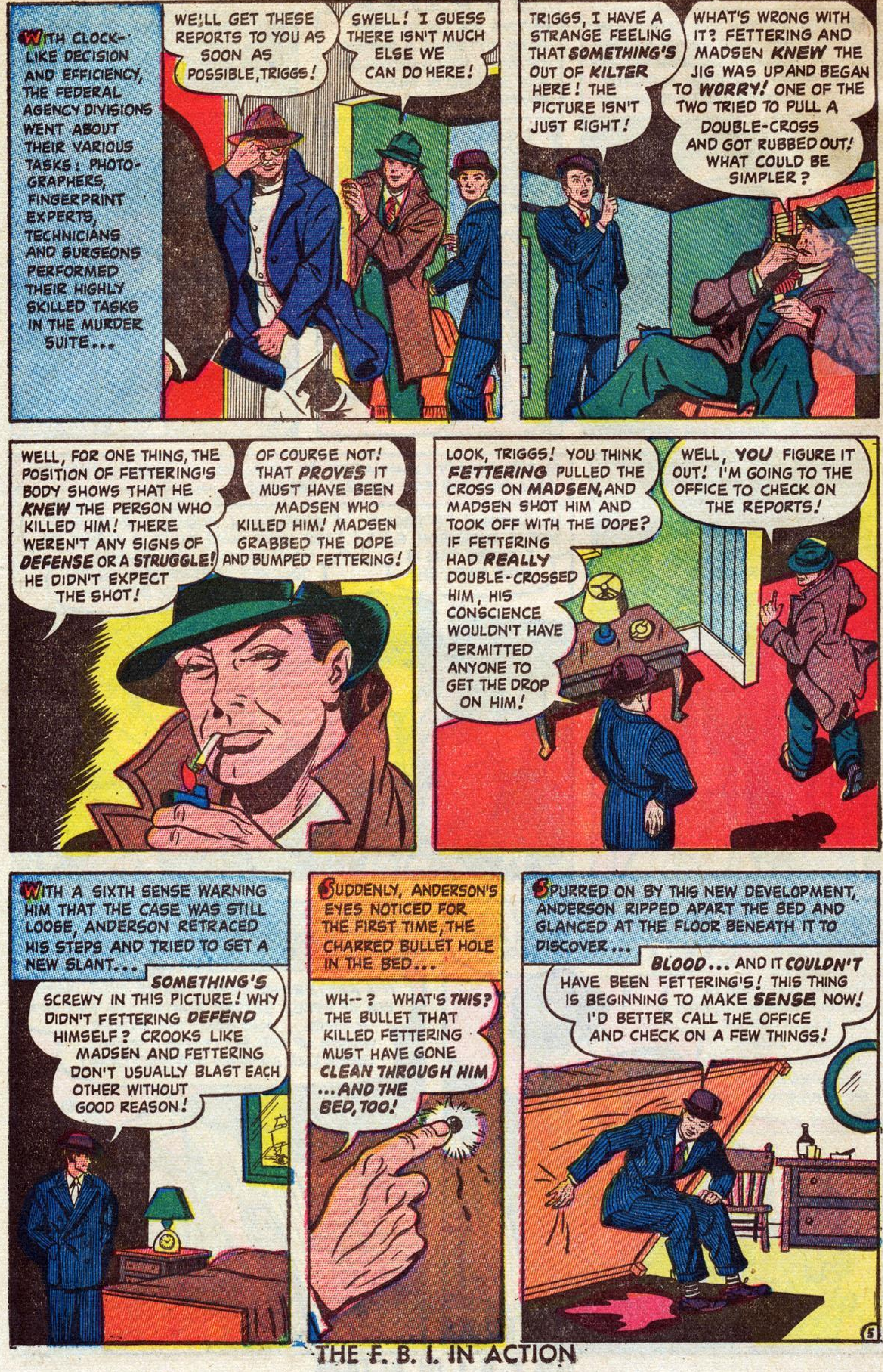
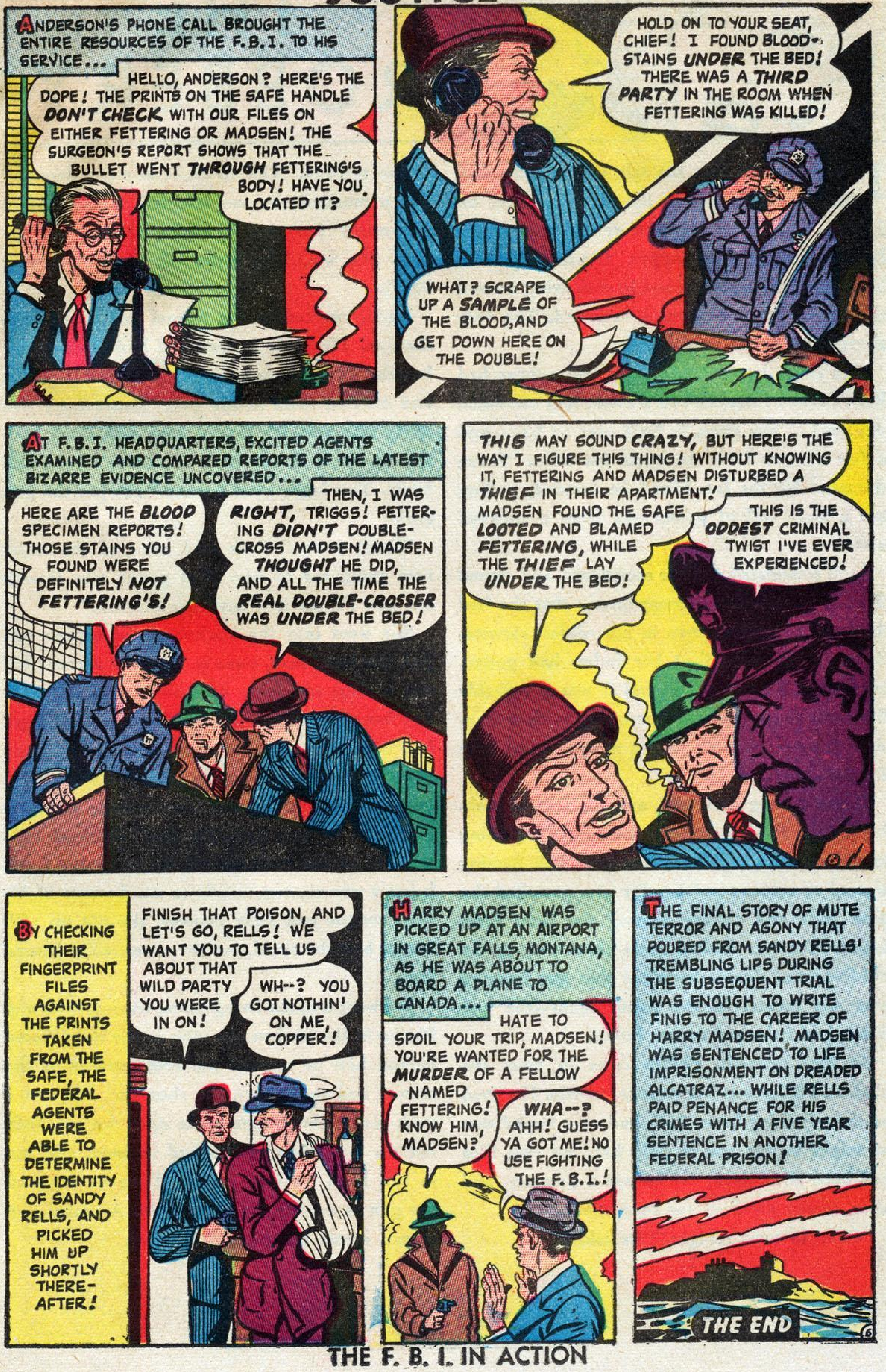

"The TRAP!"
GO AHEAD, SANDY! IT'S WIDE OPEN FOR YOU— IT'S ALL YOURS! BUT—WE CAN'T ALWAYS DO THINGS JUST AS WE PLAN, CAN WE? COME ON IN— THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE HERE YOU'RE GOING TO GET—BUT YOU WON'T WANT IT, SANDY! IT'S A TRAP! A TRAP FOR MURDER!
AH! WHAT A SET-UP FOR ME! A RICH APARTMENT AND NOBODY HOME! LET'S SEE—FIRST I'LL GET THE SILVERWARE, THEN THE JEWELRY—THEN—
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2997
STRANGE
WHAT AN INNOCENT BEGINNING A HORRIBLE CRIME CAN HAVE! FOR INSTANCE... HERE WAS THE ORDINARY, CASUAL CONVERSATION OF TWO CHAMBERMAIDS IN CHICAGO'S FASHIONABLE NORTH SIDE! BUT THE WORDS FELL UPON THE EAGER EARS OF ONE SANDY RELLS, SMALL-TIME THIEF! WORDS THAT WERE TO BRING ABOUT STRANGE EVENTS ON THIS NOVEMBER DAY IN 1938...
ANNIE, IT'S A CAUTION THE WAY SOME FOLKS THINK TOWELS ARE PUT IN THEIR ROOMS FOR SHOE RAGS! JUST WAIT'LL THOSE FOLKS IN 711 GET BACK! I'LL TELL 'EM!
I DON'T BLAME YE A BIT! PEOPLE HAVE NO CONSIDERATION! NONE AT ALL!
711
UNCONSCIOUSLY, THE CHAMBERMAIDS HAD GIVEN RELLS A HOT TIP! THE ROOM WAS EMPTY, AND A GREEN LIGHT FLASHED IN THE HOOD'S MIND...
711
♫♪♫


IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, A SKELETON KEY GROPED ITS WAY BETWEEN BOLTS AND TUMBLERS, AND THE DOOR SWUNG SILENTLY OPEN...
WHAT A PIPE-LEAD CINCH THIS IS GONNA BE! THOSE GABBY DAMES PRACTICALLY TOLD ME THE JOINT WAS EMPTY!
BUT THE FATES LAUGHED MOCKINGLY AT SANDY RELLS, FOR HE WAS DESTINED TO BE A MUTE WITNESS TO A STARK MURDER AND GRIM TRAGEDY WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES...
WHEW! WHAT A CLASSY LAYOUT! ANYBODY LIVING IN A SET-UP LIKE THIS OUGHT TO HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH! AND IT OUGHT TO BE IN A NICE, SAFE PLACE! NOW LEMME SEE...
WITHOUT DISTURBING SO MUCH AS A THREAD, RELLS CONTINUED HIS SEARCH UNTIL...
I WAS RIGHT! I'LL HAVE THAT PIGGY BANK OPEN IN A JIFFY!
FATE LAUGHED AGAIN, FOR THE LAST PERSON TO USE THE SAFE FORGOT TO GIVE THE KNOB THE FINAL TWIST WHICH WOULD DROP THE TUMBLERS BACK IN PLACE...
WH—? IT'S OPEN! THIS MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY!
ON THE CONTRARY, MR. RELLS... THIS WAS TO BE YOUR UNLUCKY DAY!
WHY THE DIRTY... NOTHIN' BUT BOXES...PAPER BOXES! I'LL TEAR THE JOINT APART!
RAGE TURNED TO AMAZEMENT, AND AMAZEMENT TO FRANTIC JOY AS SANDY RELLS DISCOVERED THAT THE LITTLE BOXES CONTAINED...
DOPE! IT'S DOPE...HEROIN! THOUSANDS OF BUCKS WORTH! I'M RICH!
SUDDENLY, SANDY RELLS' BLOOD FROZE COLD IN HIS VEINS... HIS HEART STOPPED THUMPING AS THE SOUND OF A KEY BEING TURNED IN THE LATCH REACHED HIS EARS!
WH—? TH--D-DOOR! I'M T-TRAPPED! WHAT'LL I DO? WHERE'LL I GO?
2


LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL, RELLS SEARCHED DESPERATELY FOR A WAY OUT! PRECIOUS SECONDS TICKED AWAY ... AN ETERNITY PASSED, THEN...
THE B-BEDROOM! I'LL HAVE TO R-RISK IT AND SWEAT IT OUT!
RELLS HID UNDER A BED AND TRIED TO STILL THE POUNDING BLOOD IN HIS EARS AND HALT THE WILD BEATING OF HIS HEART, AS HE HEARD...
I DON'T LIKE IT, FETTERING! THE HEAT'S ON, AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE! OUR WHOLE ORGANIZATION'S SMASHED!
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, MADSEN, BUT EVEN THOUGH THE FEDS GET OUR BOYS, WE'RE STILL IN THE CLEAR! I'M NOT GOING TO GET HOT UNDER THE COLLAR FOR A LONG TIME YET!
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING PRETTY COOL LATELY, FETTERING! MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOME PLANS THAT DON'T INCLUDE ME, EH? MAYBE THERE'S A REASON YOU'RE NOT. WORRIED, EH?
Y'KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL HIT THE HAY AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MOVE THAT STUFF!
WHAT THE— FETTERING! DID YOU LEAVE THE SAFE OPEN?
ARE YOU NUTS? YOU MUST BE SEEIN' THINGS! COOL DOWN, MADSEN!
SO THAT'S IT, EH? A NEAT LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSS! PULL A FAKE HIJACK JOB AND TAKE OFF WITH A ONE-MAN SPLIT!
A TERRIFYING DRAMA UNFOLDED IN THE ROOM AS SANDY RELLS TREMBLED WITH HORROR BENEATH THE VERY BED ON WHICH FETTERING RESTED!
DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP, FETTERING! YOU CAN HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY LYING DOWN!
TAKE OFF, MADSEN! I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR BEEFING!
NOT DARING TO EVEN BREATH FOR FEAR OF BEING DISCOVERED, RELLS HEARD THE FATAL SHOT...
YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO UNLOAD THE DOPE, FETTERING!
M-MADSEN!... YOU... WHY? OHHHH!


UNDERNEATH THE BED, FATE PLAYED HER TRUMP CARD AS THE MURDER BULLET CRASHED THROUGH FETTERING'S FLESH AND BONE AND SANK WITH A BURNING THUD INTO SANDY RELLS' ARM...
ZING
BITING HIS LIP TO KEEP FROM UTTERING A SHRIEK OF PAIN, RELLS GROVELED AND WRITHED IN SILENT WAITING...WAITING...WAITING...
I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE — I GOTTA! WHY DOESN'T HE LEAVE? WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE A POWDER? OHH, MY ARM!
AN ETERNITY PASSED, AND THEN, SANDY RELLS HEARD THE DOOR QUIETLY OPEN AND SHUT! THE MURDERER HAD LEFT!
HE'S DEAD! IF... IF THEY CATCH ME IN HERE, THEY'LL PIN A MURDER RAP ON ME!
GLOBE
AN HOUR LATER, THE INDIGNANT CHAMBER MAID RETURNED TO SCOLD HER UNTIDY TENANTS... AND FINDS...
M-MERCY ME! H-HELP! POLICE! H-HELP!
A PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION BY LOCAL POLICE SHOWED THAT THE CASE WAS ONE FOR FEDERAL AGENTS!
HI, CAPTAIN! I'M TRIGGS! THIS IS ANDERSON, F.B.I.! I GUESS THIS IS OUR BABY, EH?
SHE'S ALL YOURS, GENTLEMEN, AND GOOD RIDDANCE! YOU BOYS HAVE QUITE A MESS ON YOUR HANDS! WE HAVEN'T TOUCHED ANYTHING— SO YOU CAN START FROM SCRATCH!
WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T AL FETTERING! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH OUR CASE IS ALMOST COMPLETE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MADSEN! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS HAVE BEEN FEUDING, EH, ANDERSON?
MADSEN WON'T GET FAR! WE'D BETTER CALL THE OFFICE AND START A ROUTINE OPERATION!
AGENT TRIGGS CONTACTED THE LOCAL F.B.I. OFFICE AS ANDERSON CONTINUED HIS DETAILED SCRUTINY OF THE SUITE...
TRIGGS REPORTING! IT'S FETTERING, CHIEF! WE'RE STILL WORKING UP HERE! BETTER TIGHTEN THE NET FOR MADSEN... AND SEND THE WICKER WAGON UP FOR FETTERING! YEAH... LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE!


WITH CLOCK-LIKE DECISION AND EFFICIENCY, THE FEDERAL AGENCY DIVISIONS WENT ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS TASKS: PHOTOGRAPHERS, FINGERPRINT EXPERTS, TECHNICIANS AND SURGEONS PERFORMED THEIR HIGHLY SKILLED TASKS IN THE MURDER SUITE...
WE'LL GET THESE REPORTS TO YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, TRIGGS!
SWELL! I GUESS THERE ISN'T MUCH ELSE WE CAN DO HERE!
TRIGGS, I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S OUT OF KILTER HERE! THE PICTURE ISN'T JUST RIGHT!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT? FETTERING AND MADSEN KNEW THE JIG WAS UP AND BEGAN TO WORRY! ONE OF THE TWO TRIED TO PULL A DOUBLE-CROSS AND GOT RUBBED OUT! WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, THE POSITION OF FETTERING'S BODY SHOWS THAT HE KNEW THE PERSON WHO KILLED HIM! THERE WEREN'T ANY SIGNS OF DEFENSE OR A STRUGGLE! HE DIDN'T EXPECT THE SHOT!
OF COURSE NOT! THAT PROVES IT MUST HAVE BEEN MADSEN WHO KILLED HIM! MADSEN GRABBED THE DOPE AND BUMPED FETTERING!
LOOK, TRIGGS! YOU THINK FETTERING PULLED THE CROSS ON MADSEN, AND MADSEN SHOT HIM AND TOOK OFF WITH THE DOPE? IF FETTERING HAD REALLY DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM, HIS CONSCIENCE WOULDN'T HAVE PERMITTED ANYONE TO GET THE DROP ON HIM!
WELL, YOU FIGURE IT OUT! I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE TO CHECK ON THE REPORTS!
WITH A SIXTH SENSE WARNING HIM THAT THE CASE WAS STILL LOOSE, ANDERSON RETRACED HIS STEPS AND TRIED TO GET A NEW SLANT...
SOMETHING'S SCREWY IN THIS PICTURE! WHY DIDN'T FETTERING DEFEND HIMSELF? CROOKS LIKE MADSEN AND FETTERING DON'T USUALLY BLAST EACH OTHER WITHOUT GOOD REASON!
SUDDENLY, ANDERSON'S EYES NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE CHARRED BULLET HOLE IN THE BED...
WH--? WHAT'S THIS? THE BULLET THAT KILLED FETTERING MUST HAVE GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIM ...AND THE BED, TOO!
SPURRED ON BY THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT, ANDERSON RIPPED APART THE BED AND GLANCED AT THE FLOOR BENEATH IT TO DISCOVER...
BLOOD... AND IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN FETTERING'S! THIS THING IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE NOW! I'D BETTER CALL THE OFFICE AND CHECK ON A FEW THINGS!


ANDERSON'S PHONE CALL BROUGHT THE ENTIRE RESOURCES OF THE F. B. I. TO HIS SERVICE...
HELLO, ANDERSON? HERE'S THE DOPE! THE PRINTS ON THE SAFE HANDLE DON'T CHECK WITH OUR FILES ON EITHER FETTERING OR MADSEN! THE SURGEON'S REPORT SHOWS THAT THE BULLET WENT THROUGH FETTERING'S BODY! HAVE YOU LOCATED IT?
HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT, CHIEF! I FOUND BLOOD-STAINS UNDER THE BED! THERE WAS A THIRD PARTY IN THE ROOM WHEN FETTERING WAS KILLED!
WHAT? SCRAPE UP A SAMPLE OF THE BLOOD, AND GET DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!
AT F. B. I. HEADQUARTERS, EXCITED AGENTS EXAMINED AND COMPARED REPORTS OF THE LATEST BIZARRE EVIDENCE UNCOVERED...
HERE ARE THE BLOOD SPECIMEN REPORTS! THOSE STAINS YOU FOUND WERE DEFINITELY NOT FETTERING'S!
THEN, I WAS RIGHT, TRIGGS! FETTERING DIDN'T DOUBLE-CROSS MADSEN! MADSEN THOUGHT HE DID, AND ALL THE TIME THE REAL DOUBLE-CROSSER WAS UNDER THE BED!
THIS MAY SOUND CRAZY, BUT HERE'S THE WAY I FIGURE THIS THING! WITHOUT KNOWING IT, FETTERING AND MADSEN DISTURBED A THIEF IN THEIR APARTMENT! MADSEN FOUND THE SAFE LOOTED AND BLAMED FETTERING, WHILE THE THIEF LAY UNDER THE BED!
THIS IS THE ODDEST CRIMINAL TWIST I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED!
BY CHECKING THEIR FINGERPRINT FILES AGAINST THE PRINTS TAKEN FROM THE SAFE, THE FEDERAL AGENTS WERE ABLE TO DETERMINE THE IDENTITY OF SANDY RELLS, AND PICKED HIM UP SHORTLY THEREAFTER!
FINISH THAT POISON, AND LET'S GO, RELLS! WE WANT YOU TO TELL US ABOUT THAT WILD PARTY YOU WERE IN ON!
WH--? YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, COPPER!
HARRY MADSEN WAS PICKED UP AT AN AIRPORT IN GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO BOARD A PLANE TO CANADA...
HATE TO SPOIL YOUR TRIP, MADSEN! YOU'RE WANTED FOR THE MURDER OF A FELLOW NAMED FETTERING! KNOW HIM, MADSEN?
WHA--? AHH! GUESS YA GOT ME! NO USE FIGHTING THE F. B. I.!
THE FINAL STORY OF MUTE TERROR AND AGONY THAT POURED FROM SANDY RELLS' TREMBLING LIPS DURING THE SUBSEQUENT TRIAL WAS ENOUGH TO WRITE FINIS TO THE CAREER OF HARRY MADSEN! MADSEN WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT ON DREADED ALCATRAZ... WHILE RELLS PAID PENANCE FOR HIS CRIMES WITH A FIVE YEAR SENTENCE IN ANOTHER FEDERAL PRISON!
THE END
6

THE ROBBERY

It was too bad that the sale of the cattle had been made so late in the afternoon and on Friday, too. For it meant a special trip to the bank that night after supper. It wouldn't do to keep seven thousand dollars in cash lying around the house, not even over a week-end. The very thought made her nervous!

The cattle buyer from Texas had approached Ruth's ranch house at two o'clock, had examined the herd of fine steers in little over an hour, and a few minutes later, he made his offer. "Seven thousand for the lot, Miss," he drawled, pulling out a huge roll of greenbacks from a crowded wallet.

Ruth stammered out her acceptance, and signed the bill of sale. It was more money that she had dreamed of getting, even in her wildest expectations. It was more than her father had gotten, even when he was alive. And it was a veritable life saver to the girl who was trying to do a man-sized job—alone, with only a meager hired help for assistance.

It was getting dark now, and the fear of making the trip to town with the money was beginning to tell on the girl. There had been talk floating around of robbers and bandits who patrolled the dark hills and valleys around the little farm house. Her eyes flashed more than once to the old-fashioned double barrelled shot gun hanging over the mantel in the living room—the gun which had belonged to her father.

At that moment, Phillip came in from the kitchen. Phillip was her younger cousin. He lived on the adjoining farm. Ruth had once hoped that he might be the one to help her, but that idea had been short-lived, for he was a dreamer, and idler, totally unsuited for farm labor.

"Goin' to town tonight?" he asked.

She nodded. "Got to make a night deposit." For a moment she was tempted to ask him to accompany her, but immediately dropped the idea. She would be better off alone than with Phillip.

Phillip walked to the mantel and took down the gun. He broke it open and looked down the barrels. Then he took two shells from his pocket and inserted them in the gun. "Better carry this along with you. It's loaded now. And don't hesitate to use it if you have to. There's been talk lately. You know what I mean." He put the gun back.

"Don't worry," Ruth said, some of the tenseness going out of her. "I'm gonna take it with me, and I'll use it if anything happens."

She went into the kitchen to fix supper and Jed, the hired man, came in from the corrals. Jed was a dour old man, hard-bitten and lean. He had been one of her father's favorites, and Ruth had kept him after the others had drifted away to better or more interesting jobs. Jed was getting mighty slow, but he was conscientious and that counted a lot with Ruth. He didn't do much talking, but he did work around the farm that Ruth, being a woman, was unable to do. Because of his close tongue and surly manner, she put up with him as best she could, but she never really trusted him.

Jed went into the living room, leaving Ruth and Phillip in the kitchen. As soon as the door closed behind him he crossed the room swiftly to the mantel and took down the shot gun. He cast a swift glance about, then broke open the gun, took out the two shells Phillip had inserted, and put in two from his own pocket. Then he replaced the gun in exactly the same place. A crafty grin spread across his grizzled features.

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STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

The new Postmaster General, Jesse M. Donaldson, is a stamp collector and this assures that the hobby of philately will receive understanding attention. A stamp-issuing program for 1948 has already been mapped out partly factual and partly tentative, as follows:

The new year's first item is a 3-cent purple released on Jan. 5 in honor of George Washington Carver, the Negro agricultural scientist who died in 1943.

On Jan. 24, 1848, gold was discovered in California, and a centenary commemorative stamp is promised.

A third postal piece definitely announced for 1948 is one with a portrait of Francis Scott Key, who in 1814 wrote the words of our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Congress recently enacted legislation directing the Post Office Department to issue a stamp honoring Gold Star mothers, and this will appear probably in 1948.

A few months hence the nation will observe the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the Spanish-American War, in 1898, and a bill introduced in the House of Representatives would authorize the issuing of a commemorative postal paper. In June will be celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the organizing of Theodore Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" of Spanish-American War fame, and a special stamp is being requested by friends of his surviving troopers, about one hundred.

This is Wisconsin's centennial year, as that State was admitted to the Union in 1848. The Post Office Department is expected to issue a Wisconsin commemorative.

Undoubtedly other stamps will be issued during 1948.

LIBERIA "ZOO" TRIANGLE
also Will Rogers "Earthquake" Airmail, Thailand, Tunis, Antique Victoria, Indies, Africa, etc. ALL FREE for 3c postage. Approvals.
RENFRO
Box 441-C, Redondo Beach, Calif.

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PLYMOUTH SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. A64• Bell, California

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After supper Phillip said good-by. "I'm goin' home for the night. See you Monday. Be careful on the way to town."

"Sure, Phil. I'll be glad when all that money's in the bank vault. It's not healthy to have it lying unprotected around the house."

He left and Ruth went to her room to dress for the trip to town. Jed had gone to the ranch house where he slept. Ruth was alone. She dressed quickly, putting on slacks and boots. It wouldn't do to wear a skirt, for she felt, somehow, that if she had to move rapidly, a skirt would hinder her movements. She picked up the bag containing the money and took the gun from the mantel. She opened the gun, saw that the shells were intact, closed it, and left the house.

Outside the darkness of the night hit her with an almost physical impact. A small rind of moon was showing, not enough to actually see by, but just enough to make things faintly ghostly and unreal. The trees in the distance seemed like shadowy obstacles, reaching toward her with tentacled and clawing fingers. A shuddering tingle of fear touched her spine momentarily.

Bravely, she started forward through the gate and along the trail. It was three miles to town and she had a long tough road to follow. The night was alive and whispering with unseen things. Far off in the distance a coyote wailed, then a hoot owl screeched, and she could hear the movements of the small wild things in the underbrush. She walked rapidly along, holding the money in her left hand, the gun crooked in her right. She stared into the darkness, trying desperately to see.

Suddenly she stopped, stock still, her heart pounding. Somebody . . . something . . . was waiting on the trail in front of her. Her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, her knees felt as if they were going to buckle under her. She could not move.

She strained her eyes into the darkness, trying to see. Then something moved—a formless shadow, without substance or bulk. She could see something white that floated in the air. And suddenly she realized what it was. A mask of some kind. Then a gruff, unnatural voice spoke . . .

"I want that money!"

"Wh . . . Who . . . are you?"

The thing moved closer and she raised her gun, thumbing off the safety with fumbling fingers.

"You can't kill me. Put down the gun and give me the money."

Ruth put the gun to her shoulder and took aim right below the white mask, where she thought the chest would be. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The thing moved closer and Ruth pulled the trigger. BLAM! The recoil knocked Ruth backwards and up against a tree with stunning impact as both barrels let go. The man with the mask was blown backwards and lay quite still upon the ground.

Sobbing, Ruth threw the gun on the trail, and clutching the money close to her, ran with a blind panic back to the house.

Fifteen minutes later, after old Jed had calmed her down, they made a trip back along the trail. Jed carried a light. They found a huddled figure, clothed in black with a white mask. Jed leaned over and pulled off the mask.

It was Phillip, of course. His dead, sightless eyes stared upward into the light of the flashlight, and it seemed to Ruth that mixed with horror, there was a bit of surprise in them—deadly surprise.

Later, Jed explained the whole thing to her.

"You see, Miss Ruth, I seen Phillip buy some shells down at the store the other day. He don't never do no hunting, so I thought he was figuring on something mean."

"But how did you know?"

"I found these on the trail a few days ago." Jed held out his hand. He was holding some wads of cotton and some BB shot. "Phillip took these out of some shells. Then, today, I saw him load your gun. I was watching from the window. I just naturally figured they was blanks."

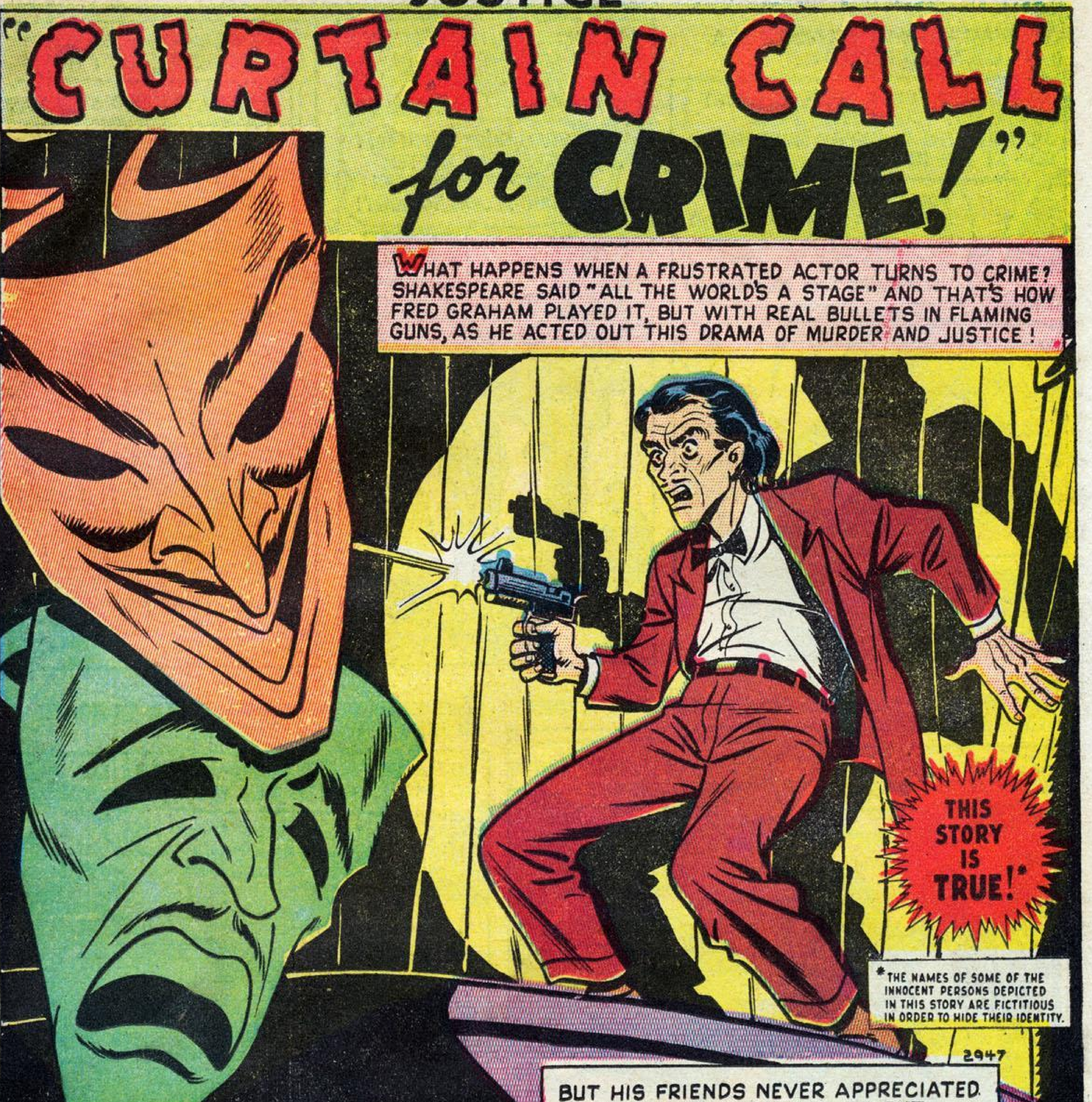
Jed smiled. "So while you both were in the kitchen, I took the blanks out and put *real* shells in your gun. I'll bet Phillip will be surprised—wherever he is now!"

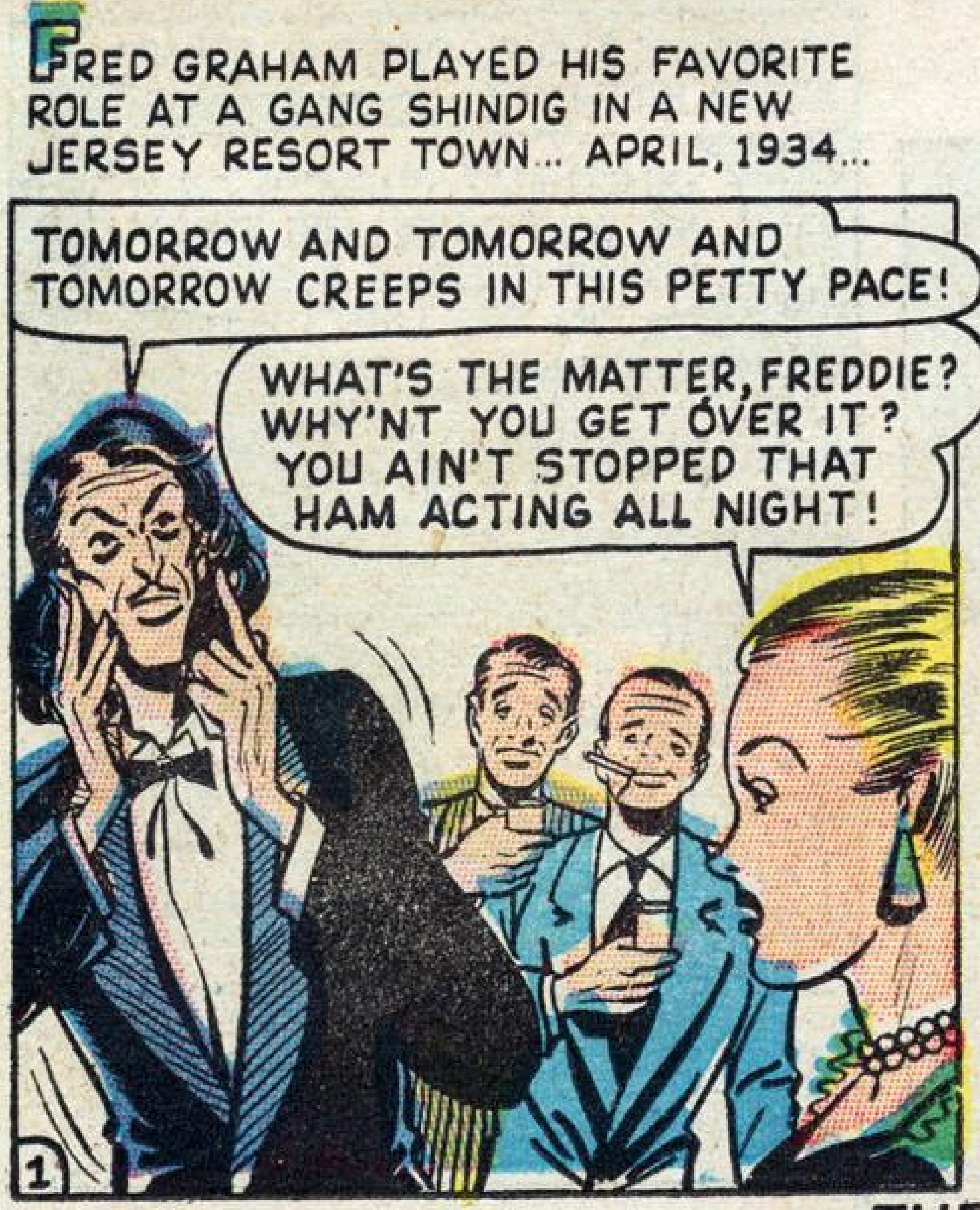
THE END

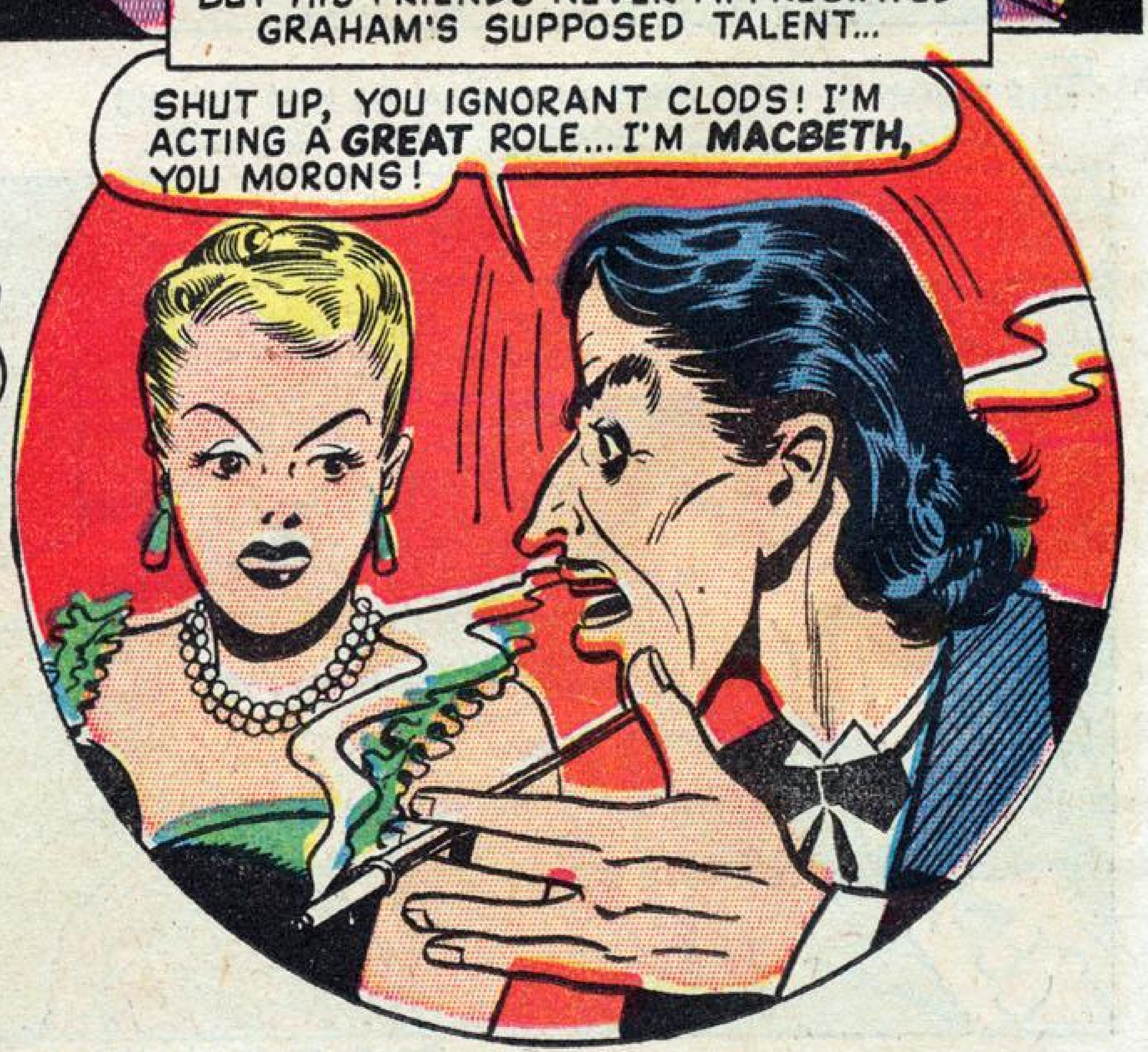
SL—2905

JUSTICE

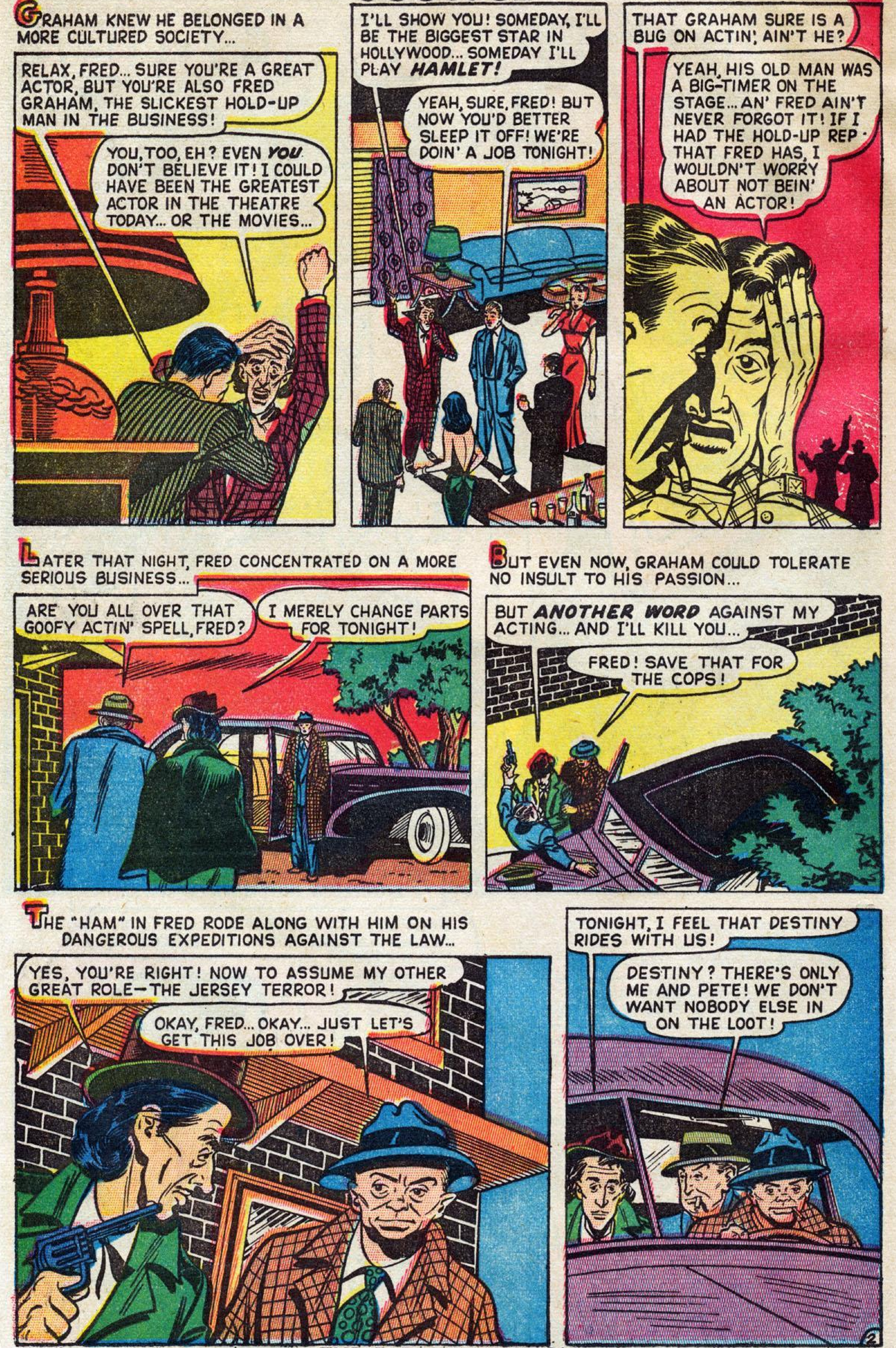
"CURTAIN CALL for CRIME!"

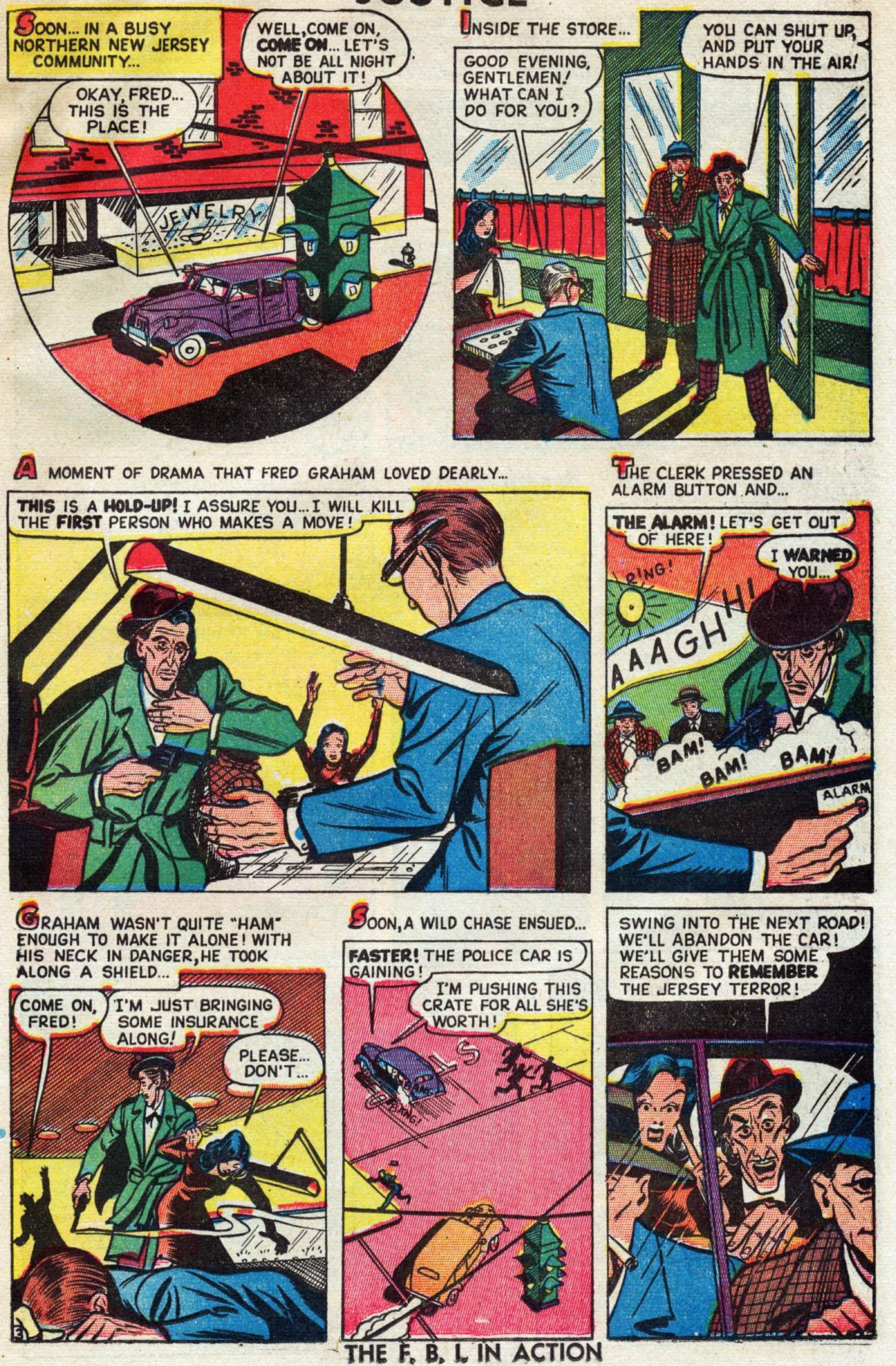

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A FRUSTRATED ACTOR TURNS TO CRIME? SHAKESPEARE SAID "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE" AND THAT'S HOW FRED GRAHAM PLAYED IT, BUT WITH REAL BULLETS IN FLAMING GUNS, AS HE ACTED OUT THIS DRAMA OF MURDER AND JUSTICE!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2947

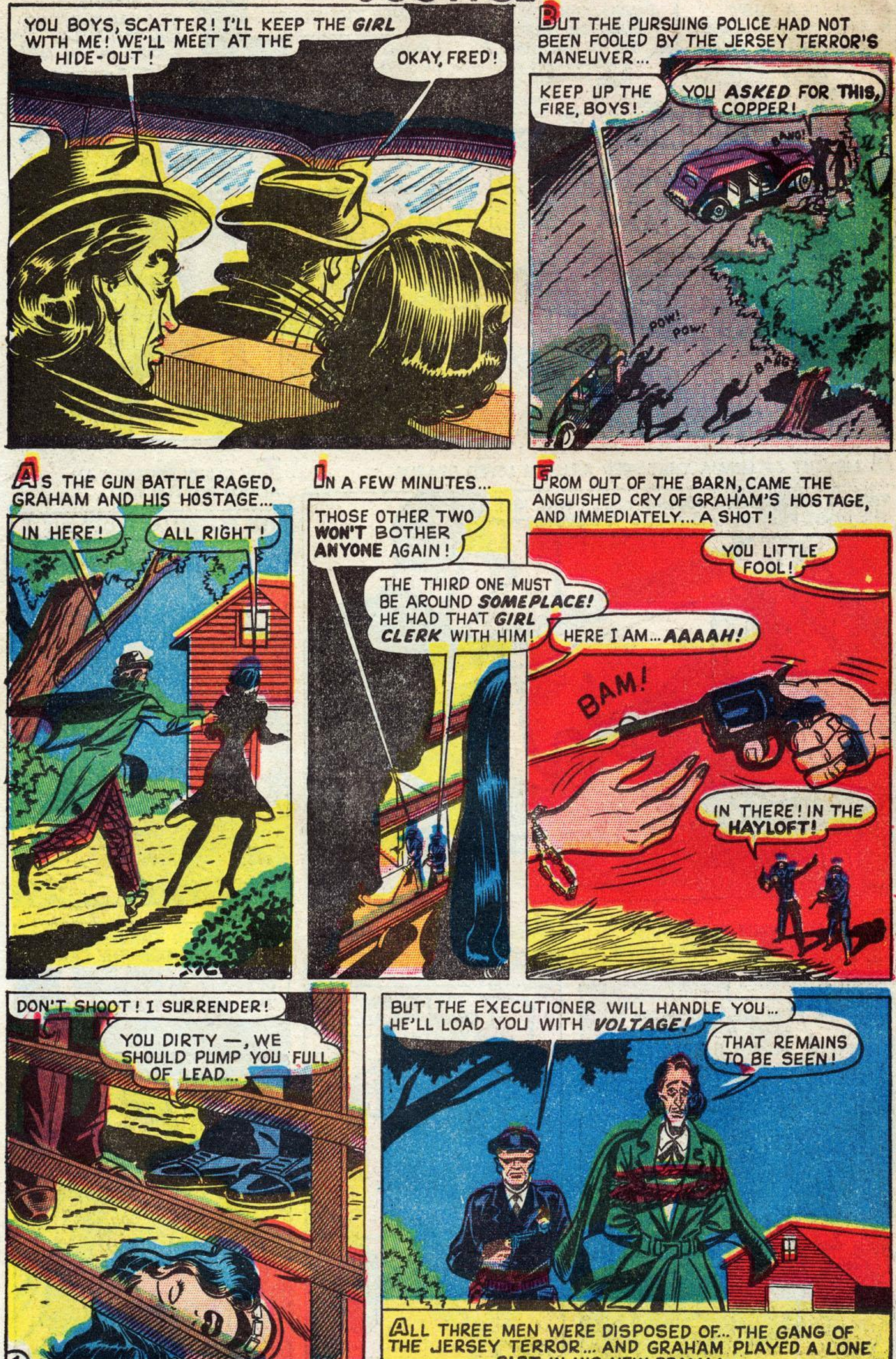

FRED GRAHAM PLAYED HIS FAVORITE ROLE AT A GANG SHINDIG IN A NEW JERSEY RESORT TOWN... APRIL, 1934...
TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PACE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FREDDIE? WHY'N'T YOU GET OVER IT? YOU AIN'T STOPPED THAT HAM ACTING ALL NIGHT!
1

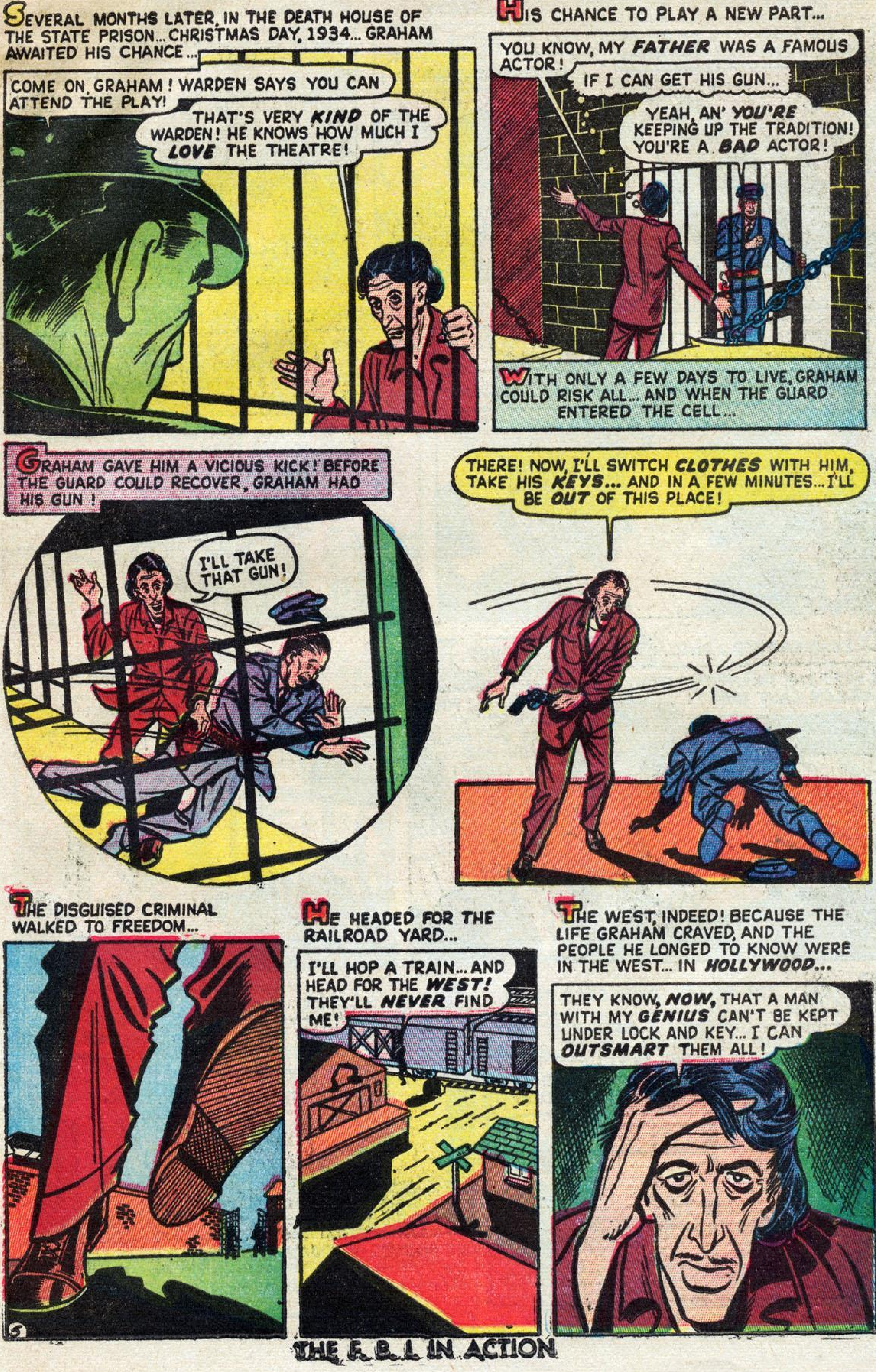

BUT HIS FRIENDS NEVER APPRECIATED GRAHAM'S SUPPOSED TALENT...
SHUT UP, YOU IGNORANT CLODS! I'M ACTING A **GREAT** ROLE... I'M **MACBETH**, YOU MORONS!

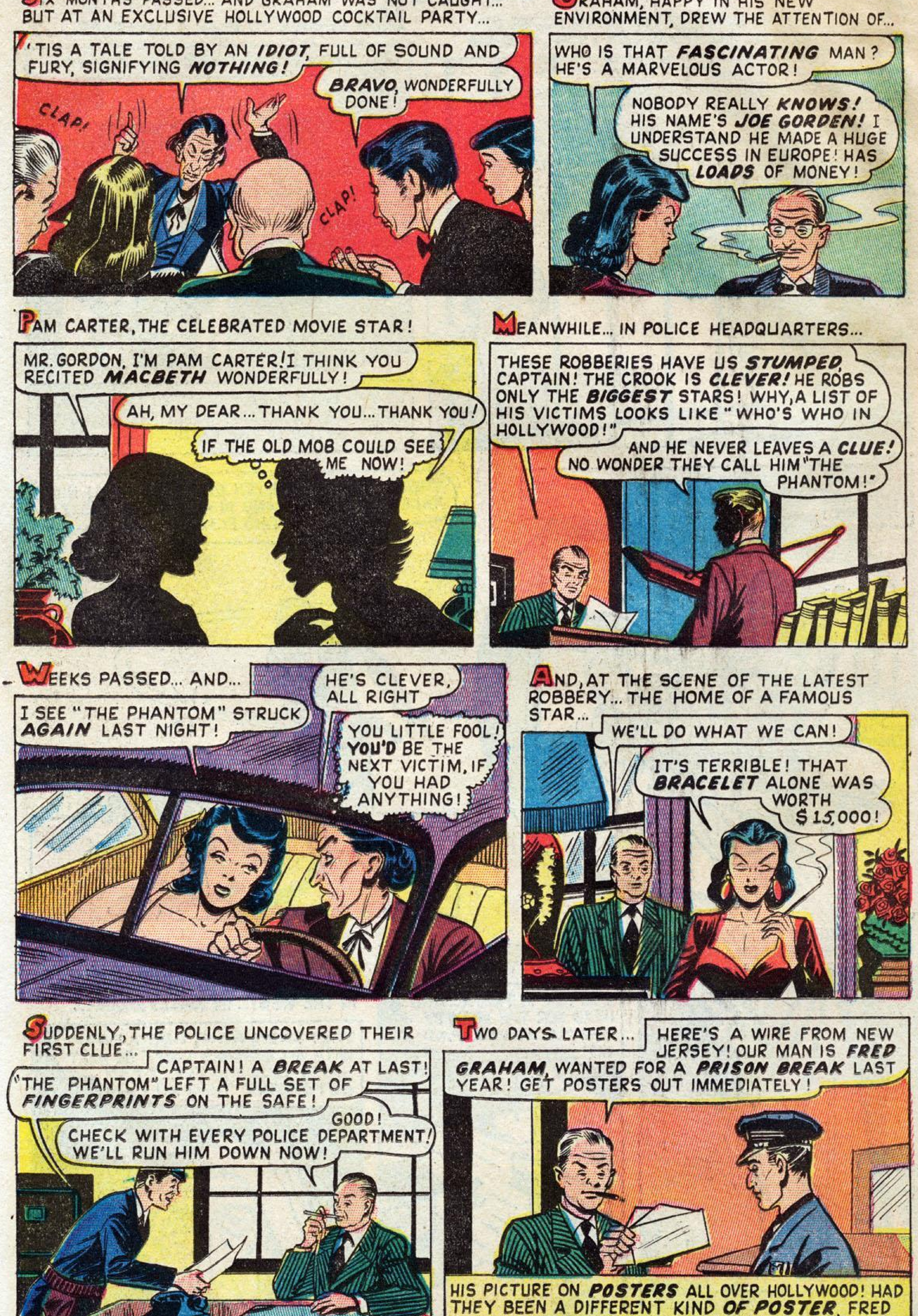
JUSTICE

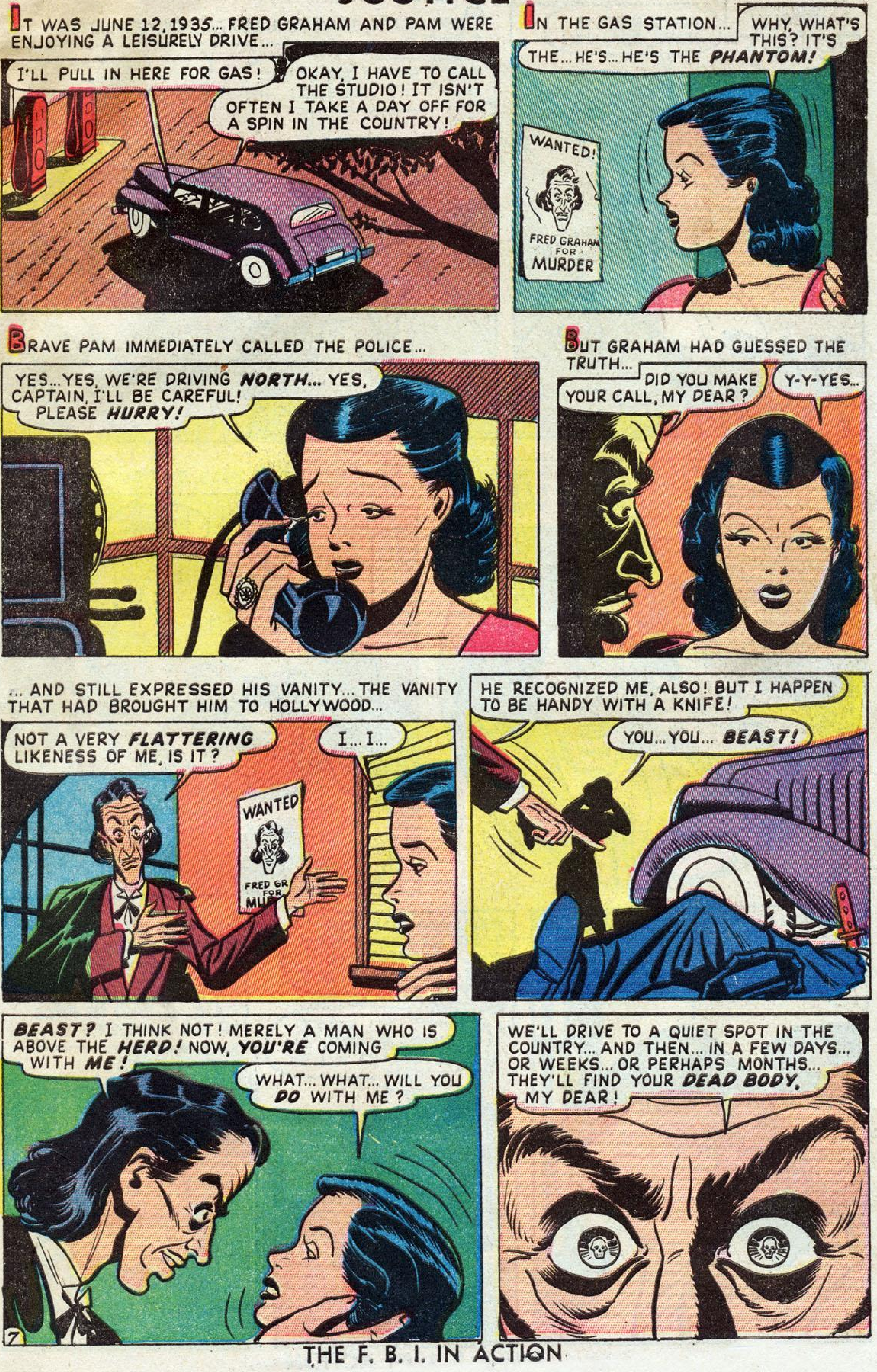

GRAHAM KNEW HE BELONGED IN A MORE CULTURED SOCIETY...
RELAX, FRED... SURE YOU'RE A GREAT ACTOR, BUT YOU'RE ALSO FRED GRAHAM, THE SLICKEST HOLD-UP MAN IN THE BUSINESS!
YOU, TOO, EH? EVEN *YOU* DON'T BELIEVE IT! I COULD HAVE BEEN THE GREATEST ACTOR IN THE THEATRE TODAY... OR THE MOVIES...
I'LL SHOW YOU! SOMEDAY, I'LL BE THE BIGGEST STAR IN HOLLYWOOD... SOMEDAY I'LL PLAY ***HAMLET!***
YEAH, SURE, FRED! BUT NOW YOU'D BETTER SLEEP IT OFF! WE'RE DOIN' A JOB TONIGHT!
THAT GRAHAM SURE IS A BUG ON ACTIN', AIN'T HE?
YEAH, HIS OLD MAN WAS A BIG-TIMER ON THE STAGE... AN' FRED AIN'T NEVER FORGOT IT! IF I HAD THE HOLD-UP REP THAT FRED HAS, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT NOT BEIN' AN ACTOR!
LATER THAT NIGHT, FRED CONCENTRATED ON A MORE SERIOUS BUSINESS...
ARE YOU ALL OVER THAT GOOFY ACTIN' SPELL, FRED?
I MERELY CHANGE PARTS FOR TONIGHT!
BUT EVEN NOW, GRAHAM COULD TOLERATE NO INSULT TO HIS PASSION...
BUT ***ANOTHER WORD*** AGAINST MY ACTING... AND I'LL KILL YOU...
FRED! SAVE THAT FOR THE COPS!
THE "HAM" IN FRED RODE ALONG WITH HIM ON HIS DANGEROUS EXPEDITIONS AGAINST THE LAW...
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW TO ASSUME MY OTHER GREAT ROLE—THE JERSEY TERROR!
OKAY, FRED... OKAY... JUST LET'S GET THIS JOB OVER!
TONIGHT, I FEEL THAT DESTINY RIDES WITH US!
DESTINY? THERE'S ONLY ME AND PETE! WE DON'T WANT NOBODY ELSE IN ON THE LOOT!
2

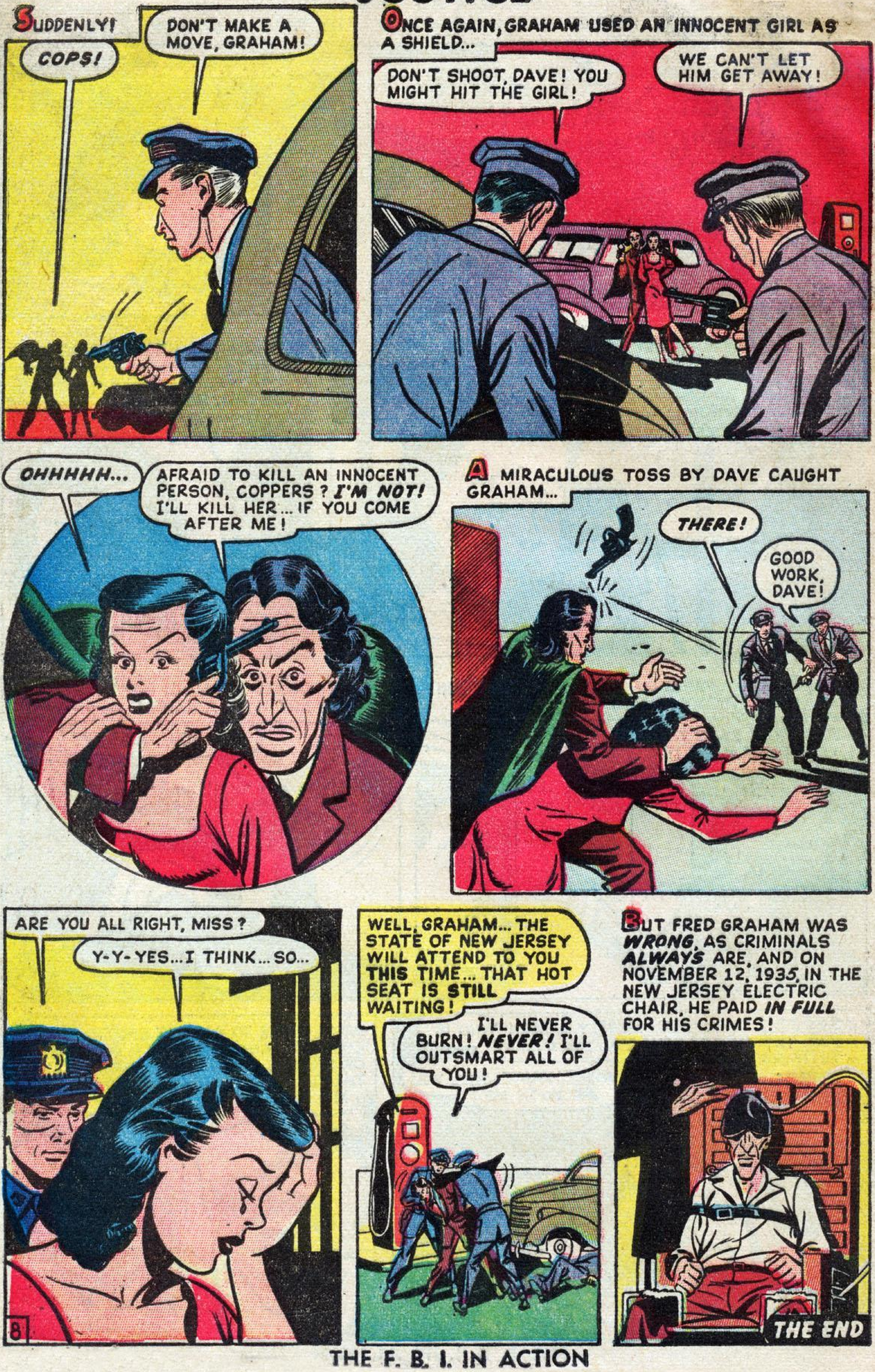

SOON... IN A BUSY NORTHERN NEW JERSEY COMMUNITY...
WELL, COME ON, COME ON... LET'S NOT BE ALL NIGHT ABOUT IT!
OKAY, FRED... THIS IS THE PLACE!
JEWELRY
INSIDE THE STORE...
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YOU CAN SHUT UP, AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!
A MOMENT OF DRAMA THAT FRED GRAHAM LOVED DEARLY...
THIS IS A HOLD-UP! I ASSURE YOU... I WILL KILL THE FIRST PERSON WHO MAKES A MOVE!
THE CLERK PRESSED AN ALARM BUTTON AND...
THE ALARM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I WARNED YOU...
RING!
AAAGHH!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
ALARM
GRAHAM WASN'T QUITE "HAM" ENOUGH TO MAKE IT ALONE! WITH HIS NECK IN DANGER, HE TOOK ALONG A SHIELD...
COME ON, FRED!
I'M JUST BRINGING SOME INSURANCE ALONG!
PLEASE... DON'T...
SOON, A WILD CHASE ENSUED...
FASTER! THE POLICE CAR IS GAINING!
I'M PUSHING THIS CRATE FOR ALL SHE'S WORTH!
SWING INTO THE NEXT ROAD! WE'LL ABANDON THE CAR! WE'LL GIVE THEM SOME REASONS TO REMEMBER THE JERSEY TERROR!


YOU BOYS, SCATTER! I'LL KEEP THE **GIRL** WITH ME! WE'LL MEET AT THE HIDE-OUT!
OKAY, FRED!
BUT THE PURSUING POLICE HAD NOT BEEN FOOLED BY THE JERSEY TERROR'S MANEUVER...
KEEP UP THE FIRE, BOYS!
YOU **ASKED** FOR **THIS**, COPPER!
BANG!
POW! POW!
BANG!
AS THE GUN BATTLE RAGED, GRAHAM AND HIS HOSTAGE...
IN HERE!
ALL RIGHT!
IN A FEW MINUTES...
THOSE OTHER TWO **WON'T** BOTHER **ANYONE** AGAIN!
THE THIRD ONE MUST BE AROUND **SOMEPLACE!** HE HAD THAT **GIRL CLERK** WITH HIM!
FROM OUT OF THE BARN, CAME THE ANGUISHED CRY OF GRAHAM'S HOSTAGE, AND IMMEDIATELY... A SHOT!
YOU LITTLE FOOL!
HERE I AM... **AAAAH!**
BAM!
IN THERE! IN THE **HAYLOFT!**
DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER!
YOU DIRTY —, WE SHOULD PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD...
BUT THE EXECUTIONER WILL HANDLE YOU... HE'LL LOAD YOU WITH **VOLTAGE!**
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!
ALL THREE MEN WERE DISPOSED OF... THE GANG OF THE JERSEY TERROR... AND GRAHAM PLAYED A LONE PART IN HIS NEW DRAMA!


SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, IN THE DEATH HOUSE OF THE STATE PRISON... CHRISTMAS DAY, 1934... GRAHAM AWAITED HIS CHANCE...
COME ON, GRAHAM! WARDEN SAYS YOU CAN ATTEND THE PLAY!
THAT'S VERY **KIND** OF THE WARDEN! HE KNOWS HOW MUCH I **LOVE** THE THEATRE!
HIS CHANCE TO PLAY A NEW PART...
YOU KNOW, MY **FATHER** WAS A FAMOUS ACTOR!
IF I CAN GET HIS GUN...
YEAH, AN' **YOU'RE** KEEPING UP THE TRADITION! YOU'RE A **BAD** ACTOR!
WITH ONLY A FEW DAYS TO LIVE, GRAHAM COULD RISK ALL... AND WHEN THE GUARD ENTERED THE CELL...
GRAHAM GAVE HIM A VICIOUS KICK! BEFORE THE GUARD COULD RECOVER, GRAHAM HAD HIS GUN!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN!
THERE! NOW, I'LL SWITCH **CLOTHES** WITH HIM, TAKE HIS **KEYS**... AND IN A FEW MINUTES... I'LL BE **OUT** OF THIS PLACE!
THE DISGUISED CRIMINAL WALKED TO FREEDOM...
HE HEADED FOR THE RAILROAD YARD...
I'LL HOP A TRAIN... AND HEAD FOR THE **WEST!** THEY'LL **NEVER** FIND ME!
THE WEST, INDEED! BECAUSE THE LIFE GRAHAM CRAVED, AND THE PEOPLE HE LONGED TO KNOW WERE IN THE WEST... IN **HOLLYWOOD**...
THEY KNOW, **NOW**, THAT A MAN WITH MY **GENIUS** CAN'T BE KEPT UNDER LOCK AND KEY... I CAN **OUTSMART** THEM ALL!


SIX MONTHS PASSED... AND GRAHAM WAS NOT CAUGHT... BUT AT AN EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD COCKTAIL PARTY...
'TIS A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND AND FURY, SIGNIFYING NOTHING!
BRAVO, WONDERFULLY DONE!
CLAP!
CLAP!
GRAHAM, HAPPY IN HIS NEW ENVIRONMENT, DREW THE ATTENTION OF...
WHO IS THAT FASCINATING MAN? HE'S A MARVELOUS ACTOR!
NOBODY REALLY KNOWS! HIS NAME'S JOE GORDEN! I UNDERSTAND HE MADE A HUGE SUCCESS IN EUROPE! HAS LOADS OF MONEY!
PAM CARTER, THE CELEBRATED MOVIE STAR!
MR. GORDON, I'M PAM CARTER! I THINK YOU RECITED MACBETH WONDERFULLY!
AH, MY DEAR... THANK YOU... THANK YOU!
IF THE OLD MOB COULD SEE ME NOW!
MEANWHILE... IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THESE ROBBERIES HAVE US STUMPED, CAPTAIN! THE CROOK IS CLEVER! HE ROBS ONLY THE BIGGEST STARS! WHY, A LIST OF HIS VICTIMS LOOKS LIKE "WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD!"
AND HE NEVER LEAVES A CLUE! NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM "THE PHANTOM!"
WEEKS PASSED... AND...
I SEE "THE PHANTOM" STRUCK AGAIN LAST NIGHT!
HE'S CLEVER, ALL RIGHT
YOU LITTLE FOOL! YOU'D BE THE NEXT VICTIM, IF YOU HAD ANYTHING!
AND, AT THE SCENE OF THE LATEST ROBBERY... THE HOME OF A FAMOUS STAR...
WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN!
IT'S TERRIBLE! THAT BRACELET ALONE WAS WORTH $15,000!
SUDDENLY, THE POLICE UNCOVERED THEIR FIRST CLUE...
CAPTAIN! A BREAK AT LAST! "THE PHANTOM" LEFT A FULL SET OF FINGERPRINTS ON THE SAFE!
GOOD! CHECK WITH EVERY POLICE DEPARTMENT! WE'LL RUN HIM DOWN NOW!
6
TWO DAYS LATER...
HERE'S A WIRE FROM NEW JERSEY! OUR MAN IS FRED GRAHAM, WANTED FOR A PRISON BREAK LAST YEAR! GET POSTERS OUT IMMEDIATELY!
HIS PICTURE ON POSTERS ALL OVER HOLLYWOOD! HAD THEY BEEN A DIFFERENT KIND OF POSTER, FRED GRAHAM WOULD HAVE ACHIEVED HIS DESIRED GOAL!


IT WAS JUNE 12, 1935... FRED GRAHAM AND PAM WERE ENJOYING A LEISURELY DRIVE...
I'LL PULL IN HERE FOR GAS!
OKAY, I HAVE TO CALL THE STUDIO! IT ISN'T OFTEN I TAKE A DAY OFF FOR A SPIN IN THE COUNTRY!
IN THE GAS STATION...
WHY, WHAT'S THIS? IT'S THE... HE'S... HE'S THE PHANTOM!
WANTED! FRED GRAHAM FOR MURDER
BRAVE PAM IMMEDIATELY CALLED THE POLICE...
YES... YES, WE'RE DRIVING NORTH... YES, CAPTAIN, I'LL BE CAREFUL! PLEASE HURRY!
BUT GRAHAM HAD GUESSED THE TRUTH...
DID YOU MAKE YOUR CALL, MY DEAR?
Y-Y-YES...
... AND STILL EXPRESSED HIS VANITY... THE VANITY THAT HAD BROUGHT HIM TO HOLLYWOOD...
NOT A VERY FLATTERING LIKENESS OF ME, IS IT?
I... I...
WANTED FRED GR FOR MU
HE RECOGNIZED ME, ALSO! BUT I HAPPEN TO BE HANDY WITH A KNIFE!
YOU... YOU... BEAST!
BEAST? I THINK NOT! MERELY A MAN WHO IS ABOVE THE HERD! NOW, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
WHAT... WHAT... WILL YOU DO WITH ME?
WE'LL DRIVE TO A QUIET SPOT IN THE COUNTRY... AND THEN... IN A FEW DAYS... OR WEEKS... OR PERHAPS MONTHS... THEY'LL FIND YOUR DEAD BODY, MY DEAR!


SUDDENLY!
DON'T MAKE A MOVE, GRAHAM!
COPS!
ONCE AGAIN, GRAHAM USED AN INNOCENT GIRL AS A SHIELD...
DON'T SHOOT, DAVE! YOU MIGHT HIT THE GIRL!
WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
OHHHHH...
AFRAID TO KILL AN INNOCENT PERSON, COPPERS? I'M NOT! I'LL KILL HER... IF YOU COME AFTER ME!
A MIRACULOUS TOSS BY DAVE CAUGHT GRAHAM...
THERE!
GOOD WORK, DAVE!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?
Y-Y-YES... I THINK... SO...
WELL, GRAHAM... THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY WILL ATTEND TO YOU THIS TIME... THAT HOT SEAT IS STILL WAITING!
I'LL NEVER BURN! NEVER! I'LL OUTSMART ALL OF YOU!
BUT FRED GRAHAM WAS WRONG, AS CRIMINALS ALWAYS ARE, AND ON NOVEMBER 12, 1935, IN THE NEW JERSEY ELECTRIC CHAIR, HE PAID IN FULL FOR HIS CRIMES!
THE END

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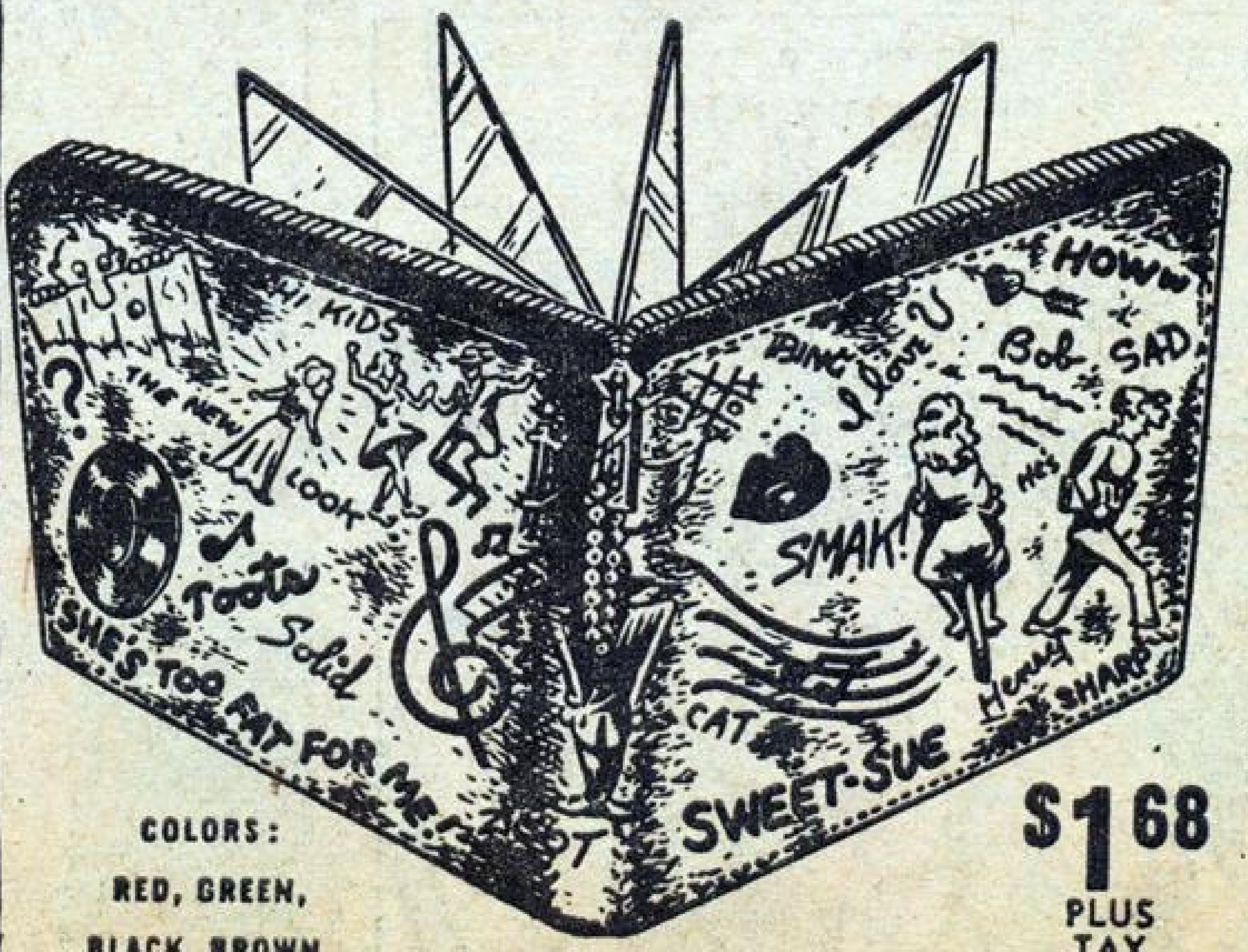

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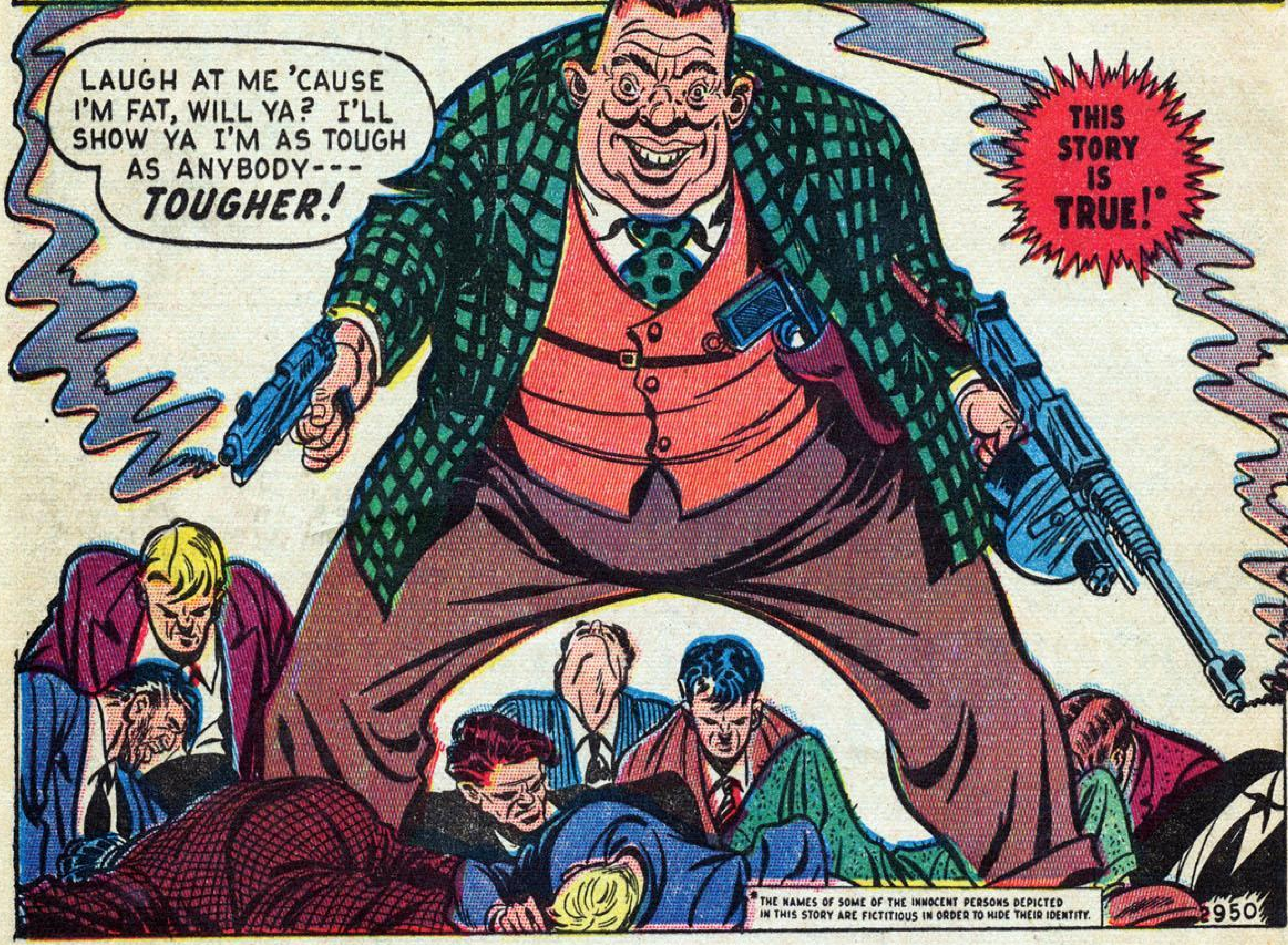
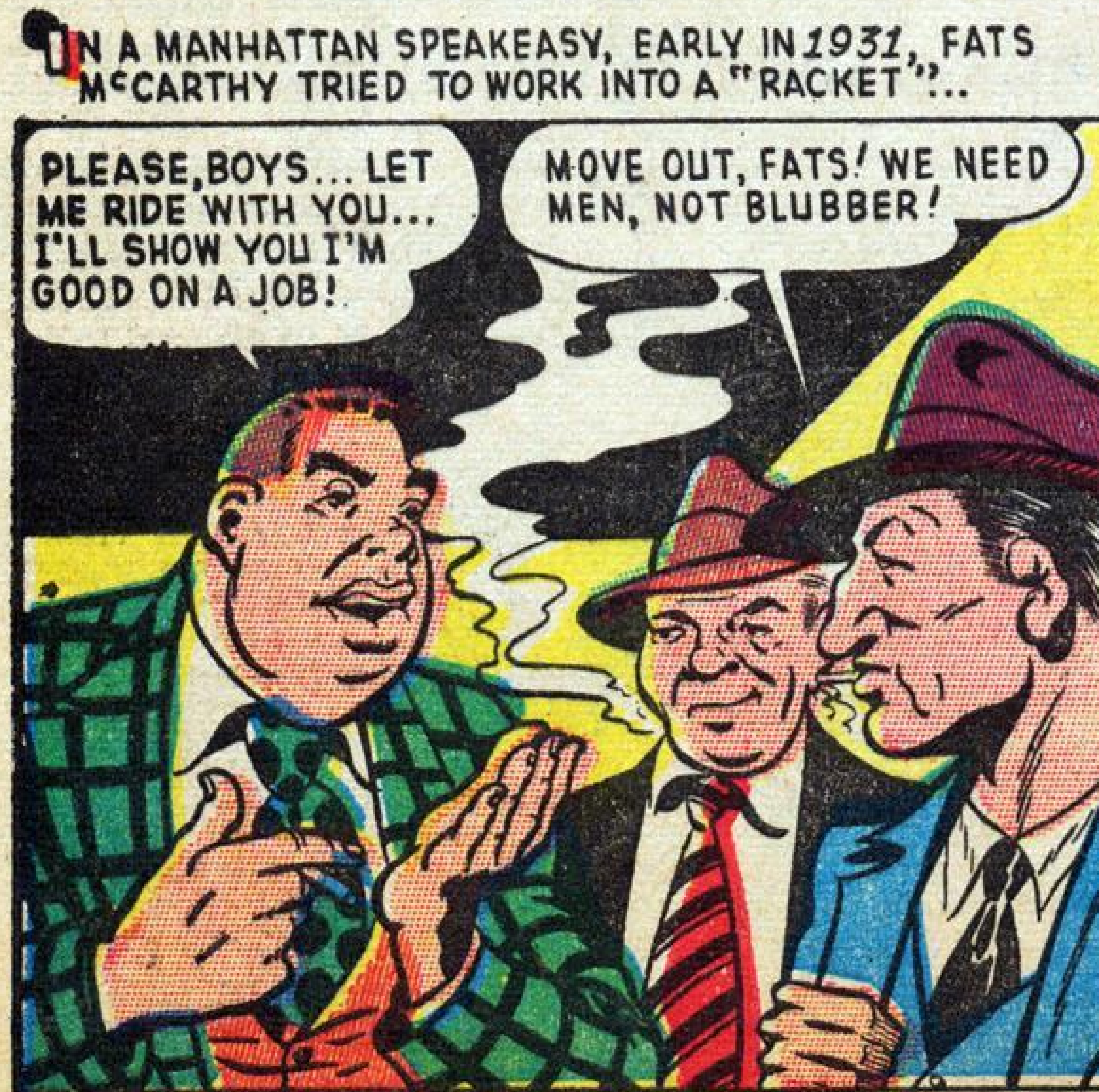
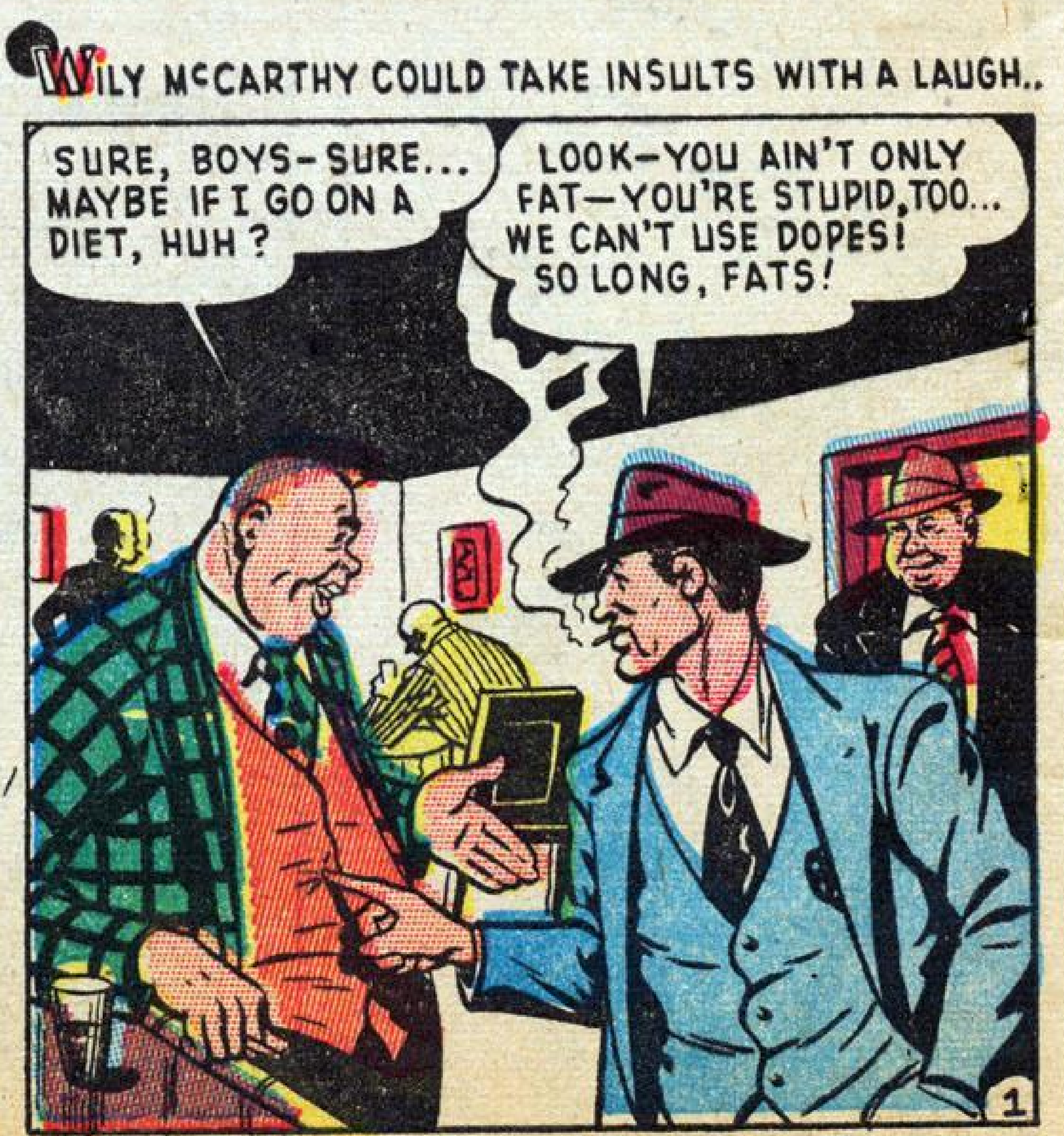
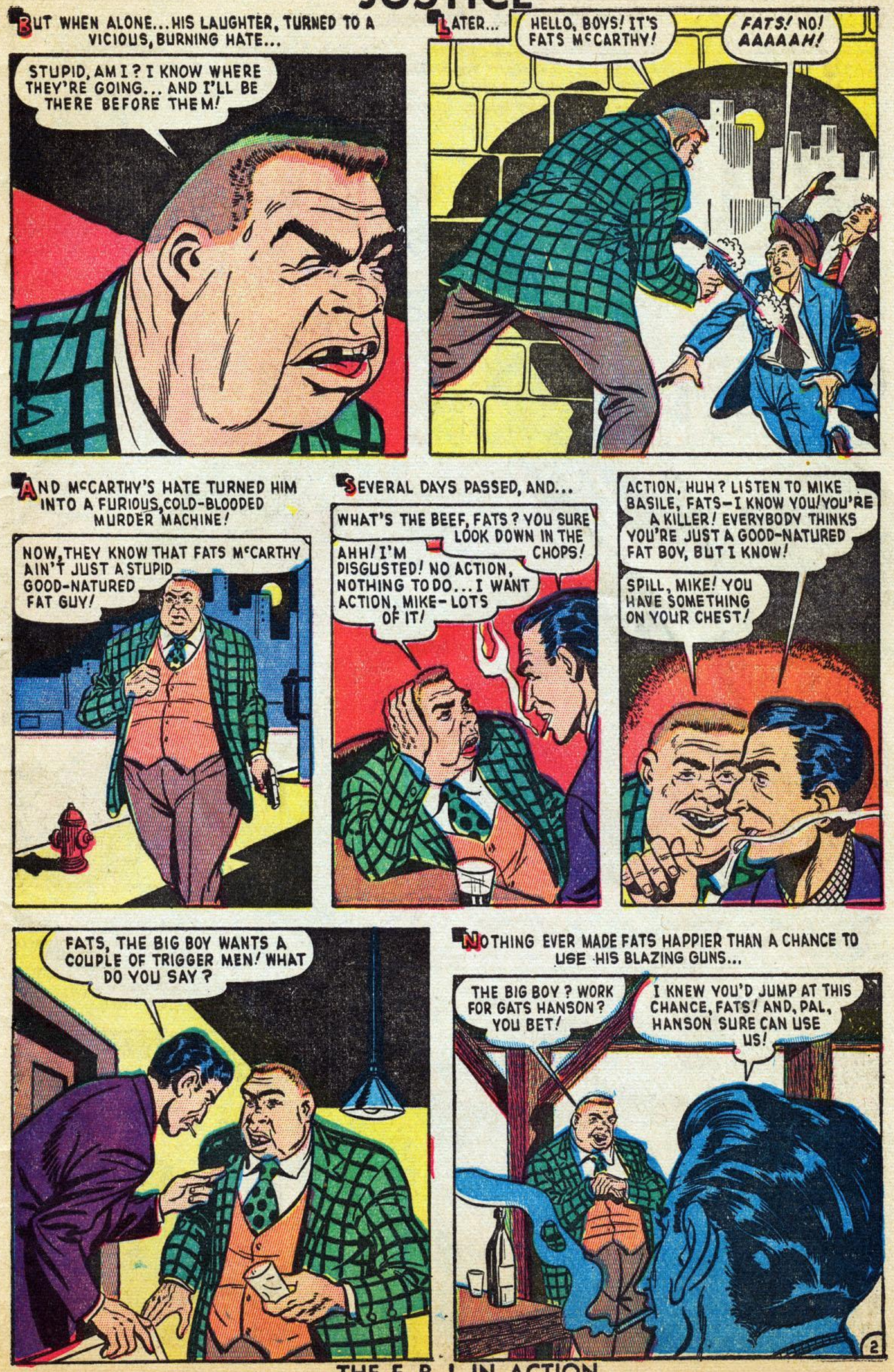
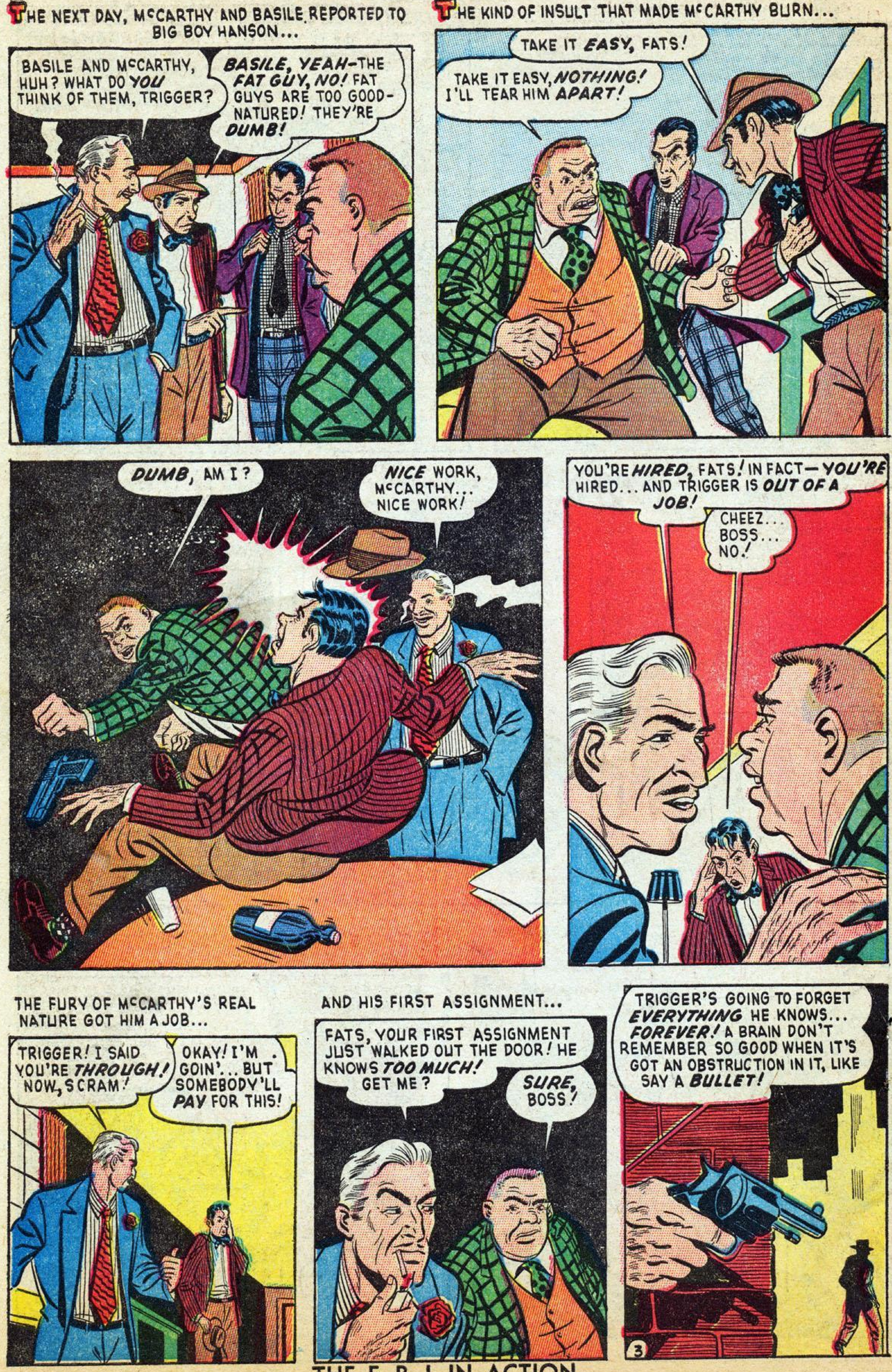
"NO LOVE for a FAT MAN!"

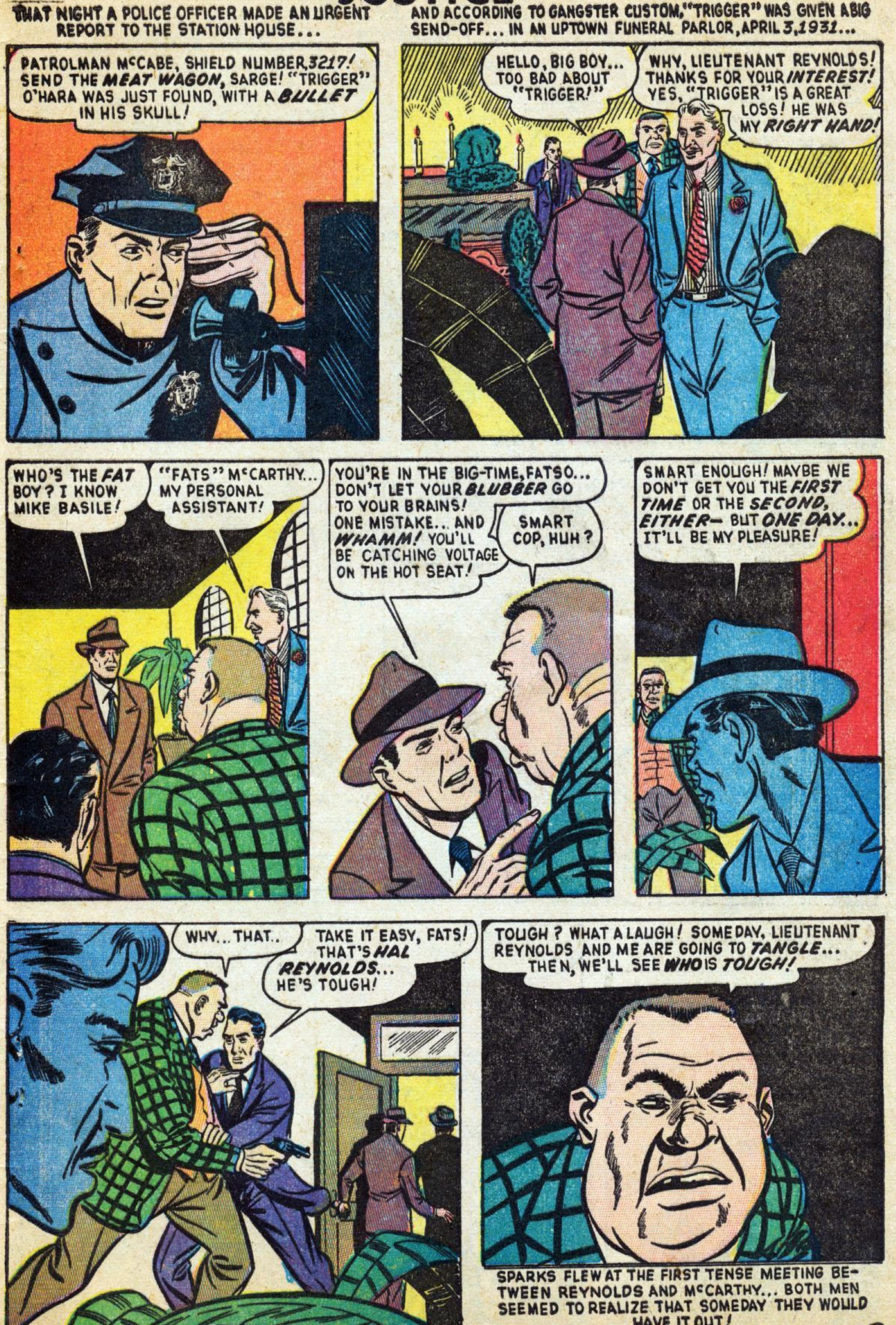

LAUGH AT ME 'CAUSE I'M FAT, WILL YA? I'LL SHOW YA I'M AS TOUGH AS ANYBODY--- TOUGHER!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2950

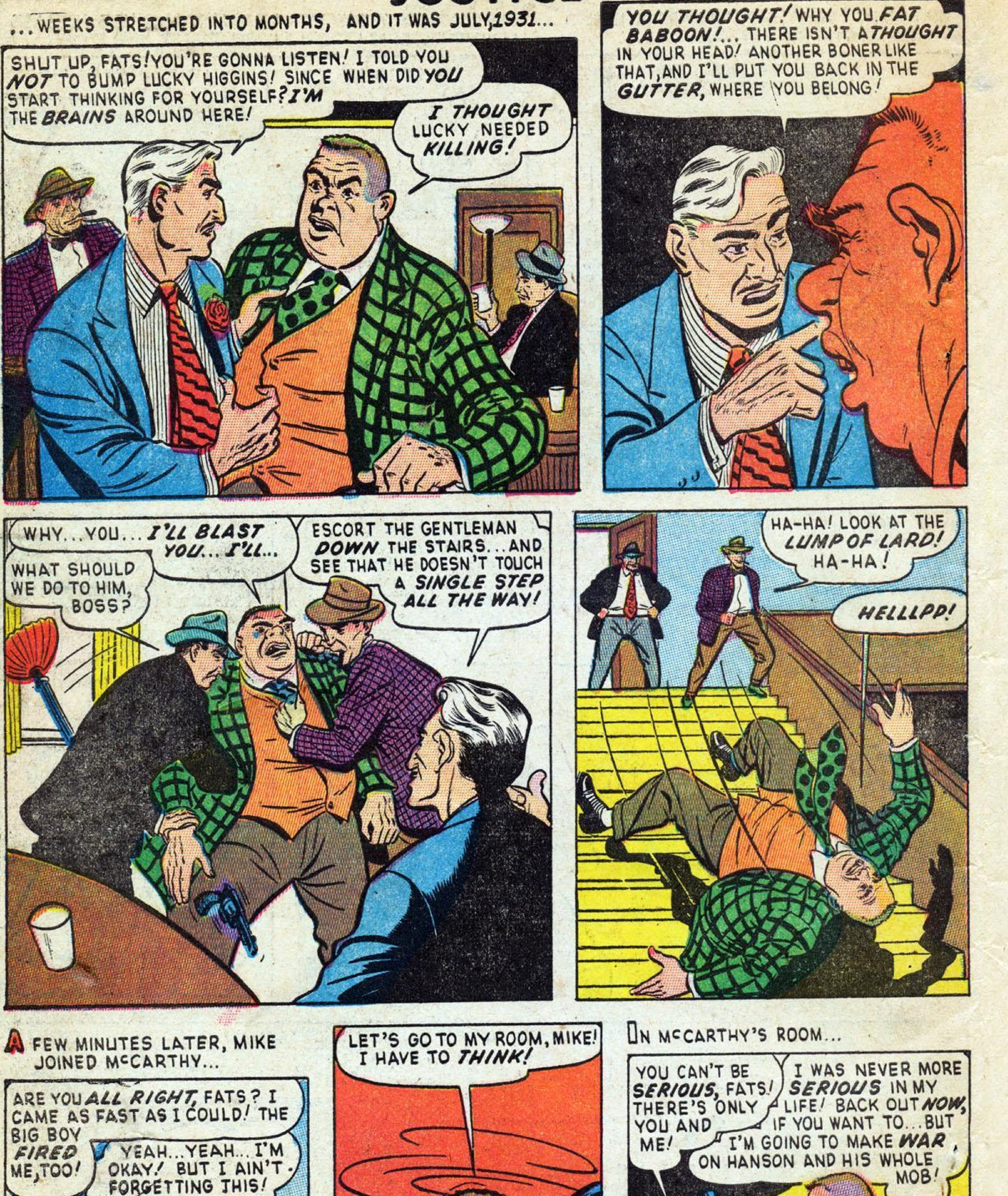

IN A MANHATTAN SPEAKEASY, EARLY IN 1931, FATS McCARTHY TRIED TO WORK INTO A "RACKET"...
PLEASE, BOYS... LET ME RIDE WITH YOU... I'LL SHOW YOU I'M GOOD ON A JOB!
MOVE OUT, FATS! WE NEED MEN, NOT BLUBBER!

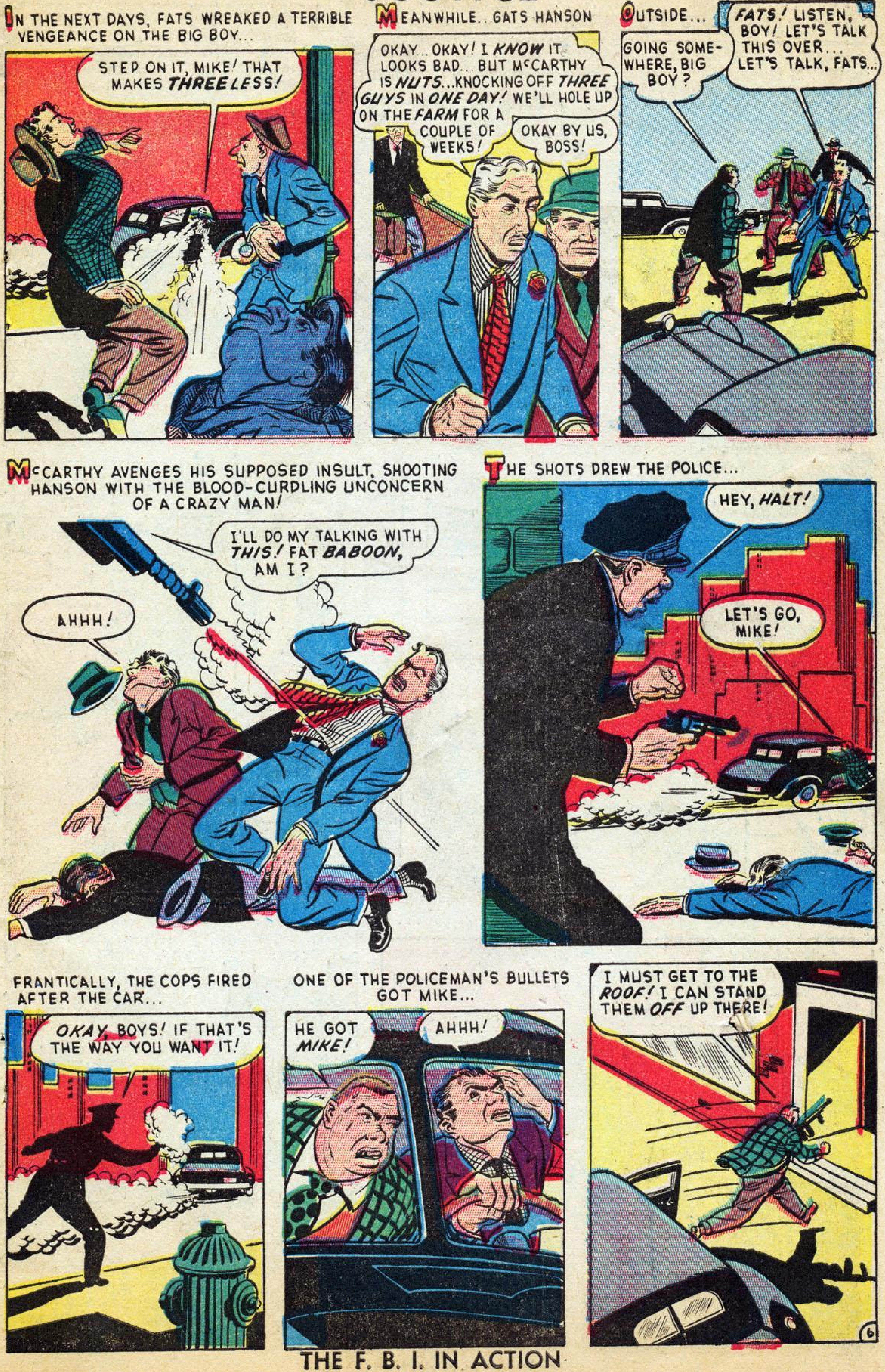

WILY McCARTHY COULD TAKE INSULTS WITH A LAUGH..
SURE, BOYS-SURE... MAYBE IF I GO ON A DIET, HUH?
LOOK-YOU AIN'T ONLY FAT-YOU'RE STUPID, TOO... WE CAN'T USE DOPES! SO LONG, FATS!

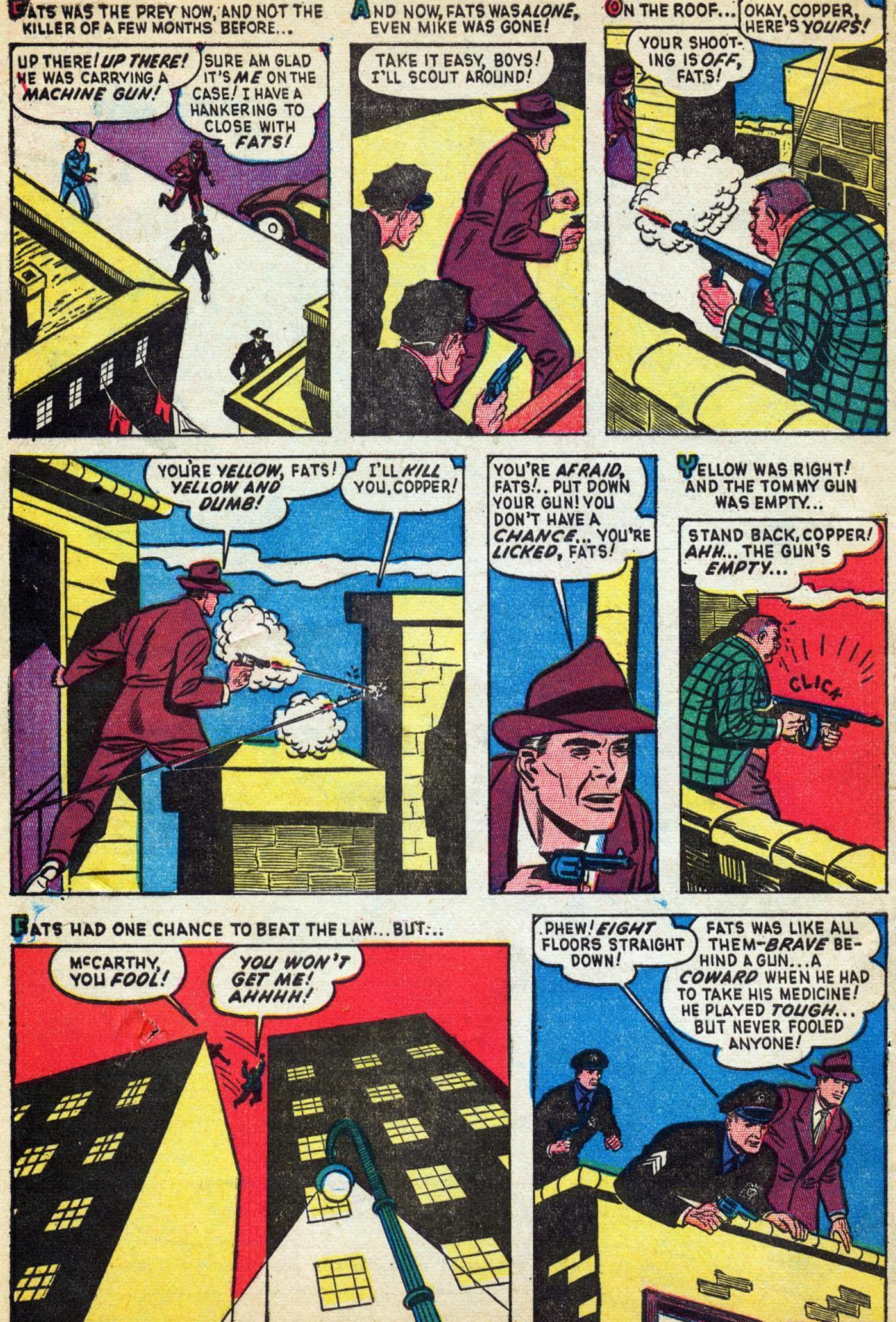

BUT WHEN ALONE... HIS LAUGHTER, TURNED TO A VICIOUS, BURNING HATE...
STUPID, AM I? I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING... AND I'LL BE THERE BEFORE THEM!
LATER...
HELLO, BOYS! IT'S FATS McCARTHY!
FATS! NO! AAAAAH!
AND McCARTHY'S HATE TURNED HIM INTO A FURIOUS, COLD-BLOODED MURDER MACHINE!
NOW, THEY KNOW THAT FATS McCARTHY AIN'T JUST A STUPID GOOD-NATURED FAT GUY!
SEVERAL DAYS PASSED, AND...
WHAT'S THE BEEF, FATS? YOU SURE LOOK DOWN IN THE CHOPS!
AHH! I'M DISGUSTED! NO ACTION, NOTHING TO DO... I WANT ACTION, MIKE-LOTS OF IT!
ACTION, HUH? LISTEN TO MIKE BASILE, FATS-I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE A KILLER! EVERYBODY THINKS YOU'RE JUST A GOOD-NATURED FAT BOY, BUT I KNOW!
SPILL, MIKE! YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR CHEST!
FATS, THE BIG BOY WANTS A COUPLE OF TRIGGER MEN! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
NOTHING EVER MADE FATS HAPPIER THAN A CHANCE TO USE HIS BLAZING GUNS...
THE BIG BOY? WORK FOR GATS HANSON? YOU BET!
I KNEW YOU'D JUMP AT THIS CHANCE, FATS! AND, PAL, HANSON SURE CAN USE US!
2


THE NEXT DAY, McCARTHY AND BASILE REPORTED TO BIG BOY HANSON...
BASILE AND McCARTHY, HUH? WHAT DO *YOU* THINK OF THEM, TRIGGER?
BASILE, YEAH—THE *FAT GUY, NO!* FAT GUYS ARE TOO GOOD-NATURED! THEY'RE *DUMB!*
THE KIND OF INSULT THAT MADE McCARTHY BURN...
TAKE IT *EASY,* FATS!
TAKE IT EASY, *NOTHING!* I'LL TEAR HIM *APART!*
DUMB, AM I?
NICE WORK, McCARTHY... NICE WORK!
YOU'RE *HIRED,* FATS! IN FACT—*YOU'RE* HIRED... AND TRIGGER IS *OUT OF A JOB!*
CHEEZ... BOSS... NO!
THE FURY OF McCARTHY'S REAL NATURE GOT HIM A JOB...
TRIGGER! I SAID YOU'RE *THROUGH!* NOW, SCRAM!
OKAY! I'M GOIN'... BUT SOMEBODY'LL *PAY* FOR THIS!
AND HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT...
FATS, YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT JUST WALKED OUT THE DOOR! HE KNOWS *TOO MUCH!* GET ME?
SURE, BOSS!
TRIGGER'S GOING TO FORGET *EVERYTHING* HE KNOWS... *FOREVER!* A BRAIN DON'T REMEMBER SO GOOD WHEN IT'S GOT AN OBSTRUCTION IN IT, LIKE SAY A *BULLET!*


THAT NIGHT A POLICE OFFICER MADE AN URGENT REPORT TO THE STATION HOUSE...
PATROLMAN McCABE, SHIELD NUMBER 3217! SEND THE *MEAT WAGON*, SARGE! "TRIGGER" O'HARA WAS JUST FOUND, WITH A *BULLET* IN HIS SKULL!
AND ACCORDING TO GANGSTER CUSTOM, "TRIGGER" WAS GIVEN A BIG SEND-OFF... IN AN UPTOWN FUNERAL PARLOR, APRIL 3, 1931...
HELLO, BIG BOY... TOO BAD ABOUT "TRIGGER!"
WHY, LIEUTENANT REYNOLDS! THANKS FOR YOUR *INTEREST!* YES, "TRIGGER" IS A GREAT LOSS! HE WAS MY *RIGHT HAND!*
WHO'S THE *FAT* BOY? I KNOW MIKE BASILE!
"FATS" McCARTHY... MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT!
YOU'RE IN THE BIG-TIME, FATSO... DON'T LET YOUR *BLUBBER* GO TO YOUR BRAINS! ONE MISTAKE... AND *WHAMM!* YOU'LL BE CATCHING VOLTAGE ON THE HOT SEAT!
SMART COP, HUH?
SMART ENOUGH! MAYBE WE DON'T GET YOU THE *FIRST TIME* OR THE *SECOND, EITHER*— BUT *ONE DAY*... IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE!
WHY... THAT..
TAKE IT EASY, FATS! THAT'S *HAL REYNOLDS*... HE'S TOUGH!
TOUGH? WHAT A LAUGH! SOMEDAY, LIEUTENANT REYNOLDS AND ME ARE GOING TO *TANGLE*... THEN, WE'LL SEE *WHO* IS *TOUGH!*
SPARKS FLEW AT THE FIRST TENSE MEETING BETWEEN REYNOLDS AND McCARTHY... BOTH MEN SEEMED TO REALIZE THAT SOMEDAY THEY WOULD HAVE IT OUT!


...WEEKS STRETCHED INTO MONTHS, AND IT WAS JULY, 1931...
SHUT UP, FATS! YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN! I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUMP LUCKY HIGGINS! SINCE WHEN DID YOU START THINKING FOR YOURSELF? I'M THE BRAINS AROUND HERE!
I THOUGHT LUCKY NEEDED KILLING!
YOU THOUGHT! WHY YOU FAT BABOON!... THERE ISN'T A THOUGHT IN YOUR HEAD! ANOTHER BONER LIKE THAT, AND I'LL PUT YOU BACK IN THE GUTTER, WHERE YOU BELONG!
WHY... YOU... I'LL BLAST YOU... I'LL...
WHAT SHOULD WE DO TO HIM, BOSS?
ESCORT THE GENTLEMAN DOWN THE STAIRS... AND SEE THAT HE DOESN'T TOUCH A SINGLE STEP ALL THE WAY!
HA-HA! LOOK AT THE LUMP OF LARD! HA-HA!
HELLLPP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, MIKE JOINED McCARTHY...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, FATS? I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD! THE BIG BOY FIRED ME, TOO!
YEAH... YEAH... I'M OKAY! BUT I AIN'T FORGETTING THIS!
LET'S GO TO MY ROOM, MIKE! I HAVE TO THINK!
IN McCARTHY'S ROOM...
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, FATS! THERE'S ONLY YOU AND ME!
I WAS NEVER MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE! BACK OUT NOW, IF YOU WANT TO... BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE WAR ON HANSON AND HIS WHOLE MOB!
THE REFERENCE TO "FAT BABOON" UNLEASHED IN McCARTHY THE CRUELTY AND HATE THAT NO ONE EVER REALIZED HE HAD IN HIM...


IN THE NEXT DAYS, FATS WREAKED A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE ON THE BIG BOY...
STEP ON IT, MIKE! THAT MAKES THREE LESS!
MEANWHILE.. GATS HANSON
OKAY... OKAY! I KNOW IT LOOKS BAD... BUT McCARTHY IS NUTS...KNOCKING OFF THREE GUYS IN ONE DAY! WE'LL HOLE UP ON THE FARM FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS!
OKAY BY US, BOSS!
OUTSIDE...
GOING SOMEWHERE, BIG BOY?
FATS! LISTEN, BOY! LET'S TALK THIS OVER... LET'S TALK, FATS...
McCARTHY AVENGES HIS SUPPOSED INSULT, SHOOTING HANSON WITH THE BLOOD-CURDLING UNCONCERN OF A CRAZY MAN!
I'LL DO MY TALKING WITH THIS! FAT BABOON, AM I?
AHHH!
THE SHOTS DREW THE POLICE...
HEY, HALT!
LET'S GO, MIKE!
FRANTICALLY, THE COPS FIRED AFTER THE CAR...
OKAY, BOYS! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!
ONE OF THE POLICEMAN'S BULLETS GOT MIKE...
HE GOT MIKE!
AHHH!
I MUST GET TO THE ROOF! I CAN STAND THEM OFF UP THERE!


FATS WAS THE PREY NOW, AND NOT THE KILLER OF A FEW MONTHS BEFORE...
UP THERE! *UP THERE!* HE WAS CARRYING A *MACHINE GUN!*
SURE AM GLAD IT'S *ME* ON THE CASE! I HAVE A HANKERING TO CLOSE WITH *FATS!*
AND NOW, FATS WAS *ALONE*, EVEN MIKE WAS GONE!
TAKE IT EASY, BOYS! I'LL SCOUT AROUND!
ON THE ROOF...
OKAY, COPPER, HERE'S *YOURS!*
YOUR SHOOTING IS *OFF*, FATS!
YOU'RE *YELLOW*, FATS! *YELLOW AND DUMB!*
I'LL *KILL* YOU, COPPER!
YOU'RE *AFRAID*, FATS!.. PUT DOWN YOUR GUN! YOU DON'T HAVE A *CHANCE*... YOU'RE *LICKED*, FATS!
YELLOW WAS RIGHT! AND THE TOMMY GUN WAS EMPTY...
STAND BACK, COPPER! *AHH*... THE GUN'S *EMPTY*...
CLICK
FATS HAD ONE CHANCE TO BEAT THE LAW... BUT...
McCARTHY, YOU *FOOL!*
YOU WON'T GET ME! AHHHH!
PHEW! *EIGHT* FLOORS STRAIGHT DOWN!
FATS WAS LIKE ALL THEM-*BRAVE* BEHIND A GUN... A *COWARD* WHEN HE HAD TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE! HE PLAYED *TOUGH*... BUT NEVER FOOLED ANYONE!
THE END

BOYS! GIRLS!

RECEIVE THESE NEW 1948 MICROSCOPE SETS FREE!

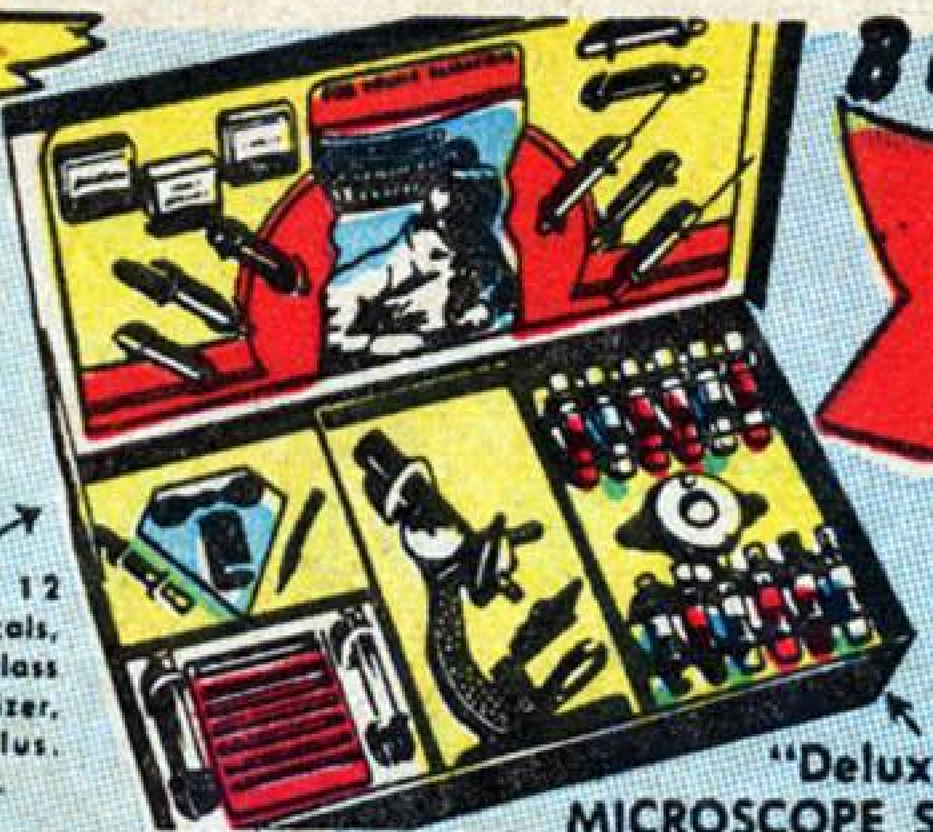
Smart HI-POWER All-Metal MICROSCOPES

Optical Lenses Provide Clear Sharp Images

Adjustable Stand and Wheel Focus

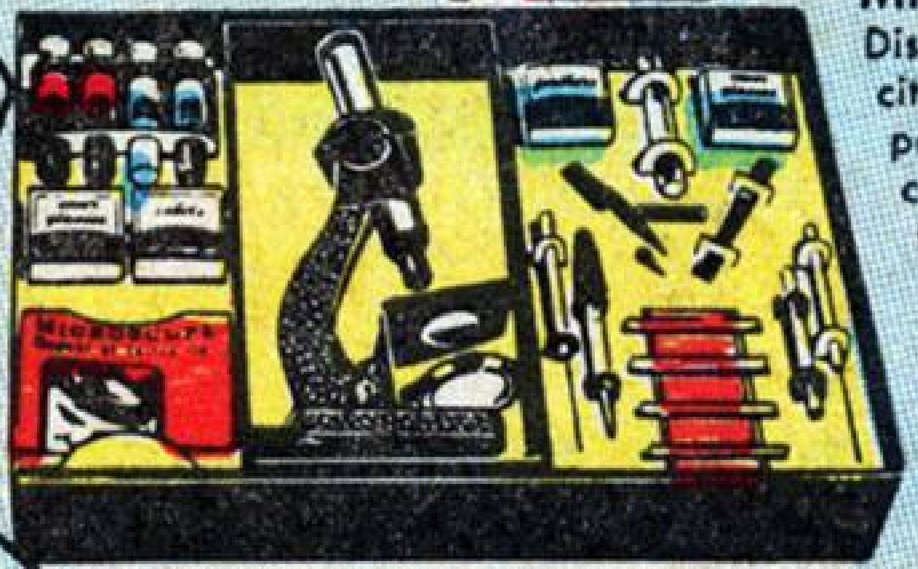
Illustrated Manual

Complete with Slides, Tubes, and Chemicals

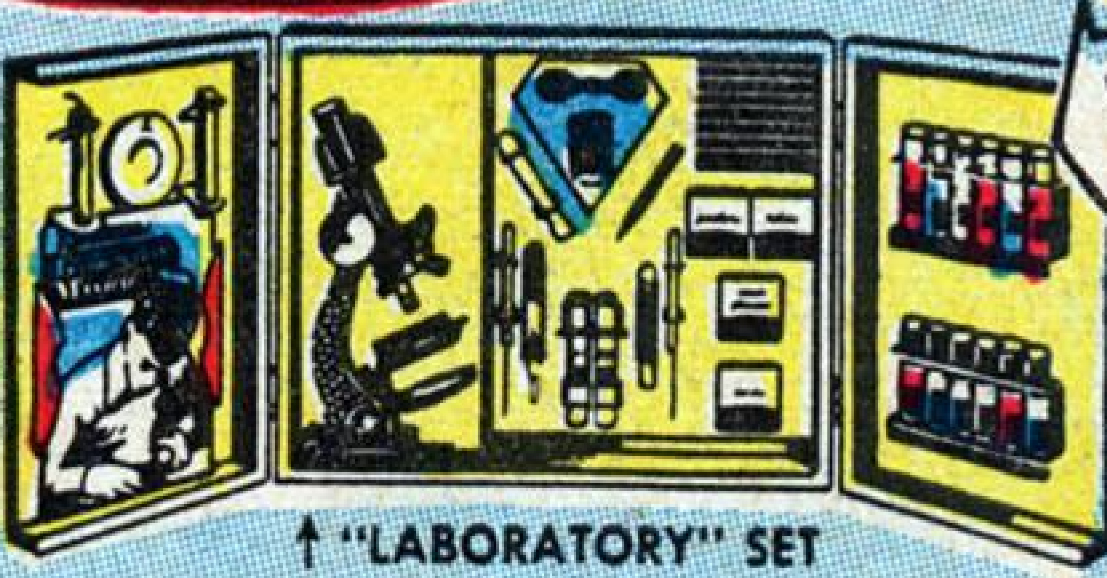


Set includes 12 bottles chemicals, 2 test tubes, glass slides, polarizer, stir-rods, illus. manual, etc.

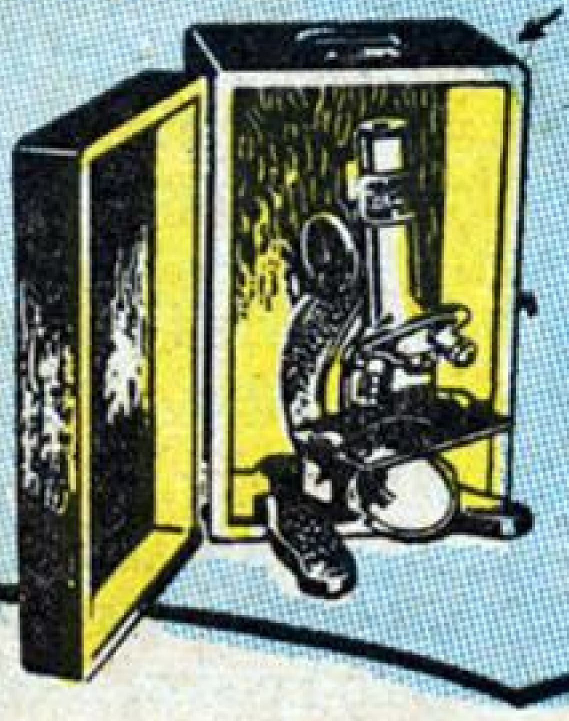
"Deluxe" MICROSCOPE SET
Discover nature's exciting mysteries! Hi-power 8" high microscope. Automatic turret. 30-60-90 powers. 38 pieces lab. equipment. Box: 18"x9½"x 3½". *Yours for Only 70 lbs. Old Clothes!*



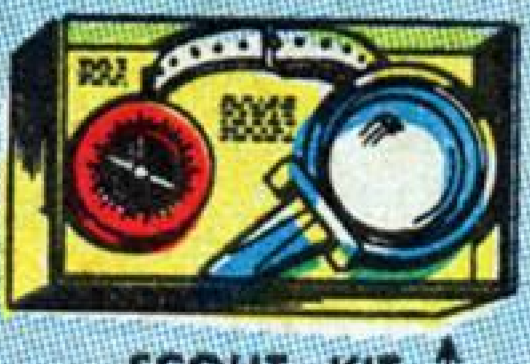
"POPULAR" SET ↑
Do thrilling experiments! All-metal 60-power 8" high microscope, 4 bottles chemicals, dissecting needles, test tubes, tweezers, glass slides, stir-rods, illus. manual, etc. Box: 14"x9½"x2½". *Yours for Only 45 lbs. Old Clothes!*



↑ "LABORATORY" SET
Explore atomic secrets! This hi-power microscope enlarges over 90 times! 38 pieces lab. equipment incl. 14 bottles chemicals, 2 test tubes, glass slides, manual, etc. Beautiful 10½" high wooden cabinet. Special metal racks to hold chemicals. *Yours for Only 90 lbs. Old Clothes!*



"Scientific" Microscope
Want to be a famous doctor or scientist? Examine blood stains! Do exciting experiments! Powerful microscope magnifies 425 times! 19 special lenses. Chrome tube, automatic turret. Carrying case 9½" high. *Yours for Only 200 lbs. Old Clothes!*



SCOUT KIT ↑
Contains fine compass and special signal reflector for sending messages. *Send Only 20 lbs. Old Clothes!*

Be a Detective! Examine Clues!

Study Nature!

Be a Scientist! Doctor!

Explore Wonders of Science!

FREE! THESE WONDERFUL MICROSCOPE SETS!

EVERYONE RECEIVES A SET!

IT'S EASY! IT'S SIMPLE!

GATHER OLD CLOTHES

FROM YOUR ATTIC AND CELLAR AND FROM FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

SEND IN OLD CLOTHES

AND RECEIVE **FREE** THE SET YOU CHOOSE

SEND IN OLD CLOTHES THIS EASY WAY AND RECEIVE WONDERFUL SET!

1. Choose the set you want from above pictures.
2. Underneath the set you've chosen is shown the amount of old clothes and rags you should send. Gather together this amount of clothes from your attic or cellar, and from friends and relatives.
3. Any old clothes or rags will do, regardless of age or condition, except shoes, socks, raincoats, and lumber jackets.
4. To be acceptable, rags must be clean cotton, and not smaller than the size of a handkerchief.
5. Put clothes in box or tie neatly with rope into bundle. Write your name and address clearly on bundle or box, and address shipment to GIBSON-PAGE COMPANY, INC., 6 North Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.
6. If bundle weighs over 50 lbs., take it to railroad station and ship by freight collect. We'll pay the freight. (Do not use express.) If bundle weighs less than 50 lbs., take it to nearest post-office and ship by parcel post. That's all you do.
7. Send coupon TODAY, so that we can get YOUR SET ready for you. Then—as soon as your bundle arrives—we can send you your set RIGHT AWAY! Join the thousands of boys who have already received these beautiful sets!

This offer is made for advertising purposes. After you receive your set, we would like you to send us a letter, describing some of the interesting things you have done with the set.

HURRY! SEND COUPON NOW! RESERVE YOUR SET!

GIBSON-PAGE COMPANY, INC.
6 North Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.

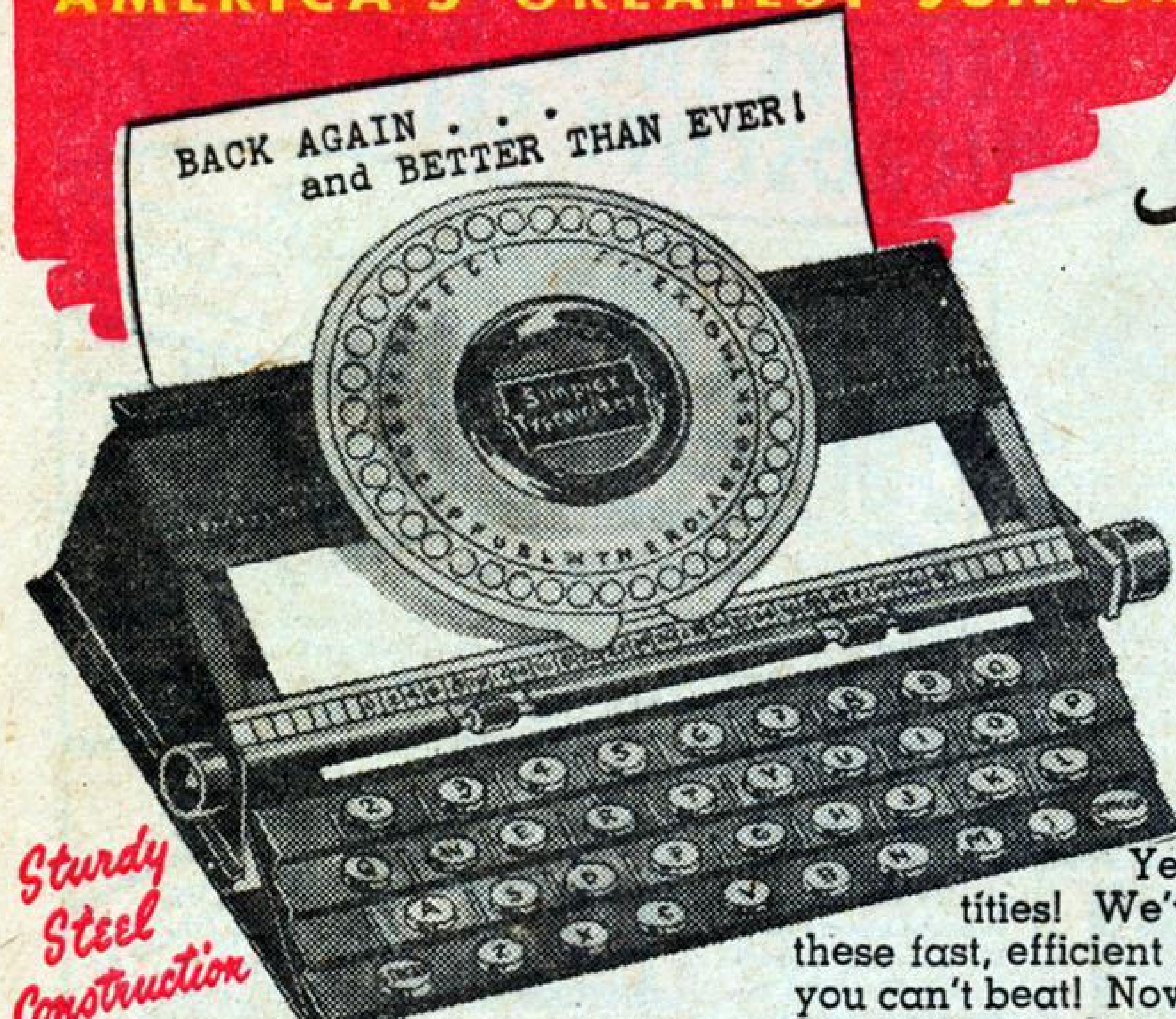
Please get my MODEL ____________ MICROSCOPE SET ready for me! (Write down model of set you've chosen.) I will send ______ pounds of old clothes to you within ______ days.

Name ____________________

Street Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ______

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!


BACK AGAIN . . . and BETTER THAN EVER!
Simplex Typewriter

Sturdy Steel Construction

famous Simplex PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Only $2.98 Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

It's Fast! It's Easy! It's Efficient! It's Accurate!

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...
...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only $2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ **Automatic Inking Operation**
- ★ **An Individual Key For Each Letter**
- ★ **Jiffy Spacing Bar**
- ★ **Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS**

Hey Kids! .... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter ***today*** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail today. Then pay postman only $2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.

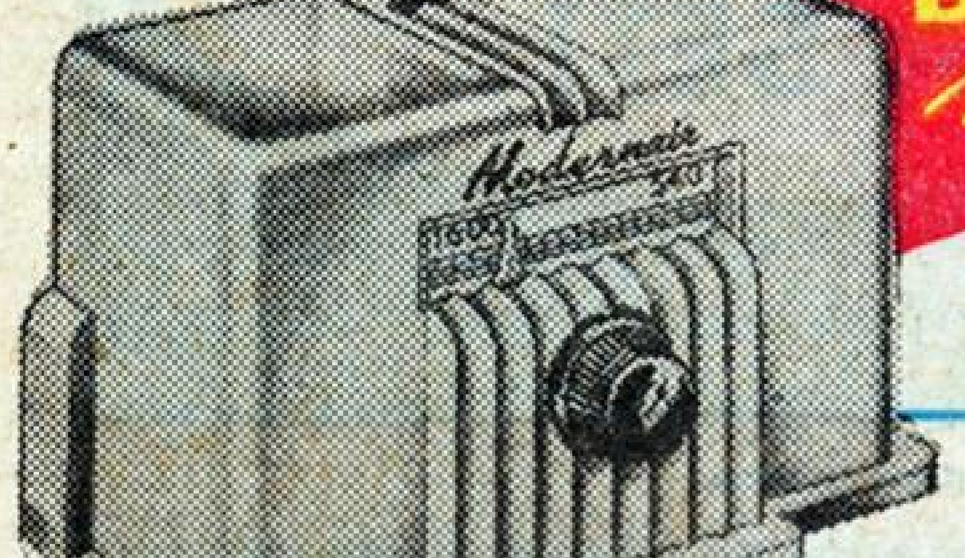
AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-16

Never Before At Such An Amazing Low Price!

BATTERY *Modernair* RADIO

Not a Toy But a Real Battery Operated Radio

For Only $6.95 Complete READY TO PLAY



- ★ Long Life BATTERY OPERATION
- ★ Costs Less Than 1c Per Hour to Operate!
- ★ Powerful VACUUM TUBE RECEPTION

Included AT NO EXTRA COST

22½ VOLT "B" BATTERY
approximately 200 hours of playing life

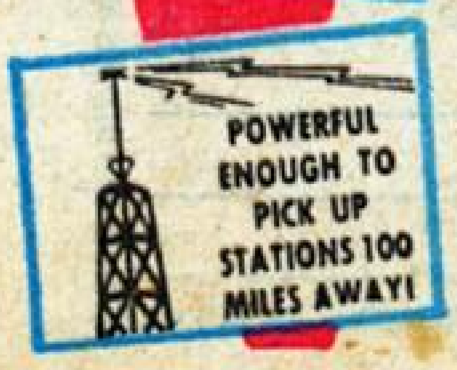
1½ VOLT "A" BATTERY

USE IT ANYWHERE

PRIVATE EARPHONE MEANS THAT YOU ALONE CAN HEAR

SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

Powerful PENTODE Receiving TUBE


POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PICK UP STATIONS 100 MILES AWAY!

The Magic Of Radio In The Palm Of Your Hand!

Yes, it's here at last . . Radio's mighty postwar ***battery midget*** . . at an almost ***unbelievable low price!*** Look at its streamlined cabinet of lovely, lustrous plastic . . . so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich fidelity . . . so powerful you can tune in stations 100 miles away. Once you hear it play you'll agree that this ***battery midget radio*** at only $6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, astounding as it may sound, we will send your ***Modernair battery radio*** complete with personal earphone, powerful receiving tube and two batteries for only $6.95. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee ***immediate delivery*** only if you ACT NOW!

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed in writing *for one full year* against defective workmanship and material.

CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- ★ Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- ★ Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- ★ Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- ★ Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- ★ Broadcast Reception 540 to 1600 Kilocycles.
- ★ Patented Compression-Type Condenser.
- ★ Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- ★ Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- ★ Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet.

Send No Money . . . Merely clip this ad and mail it today. Then pay postman only $6.95 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Order yours TODAY.

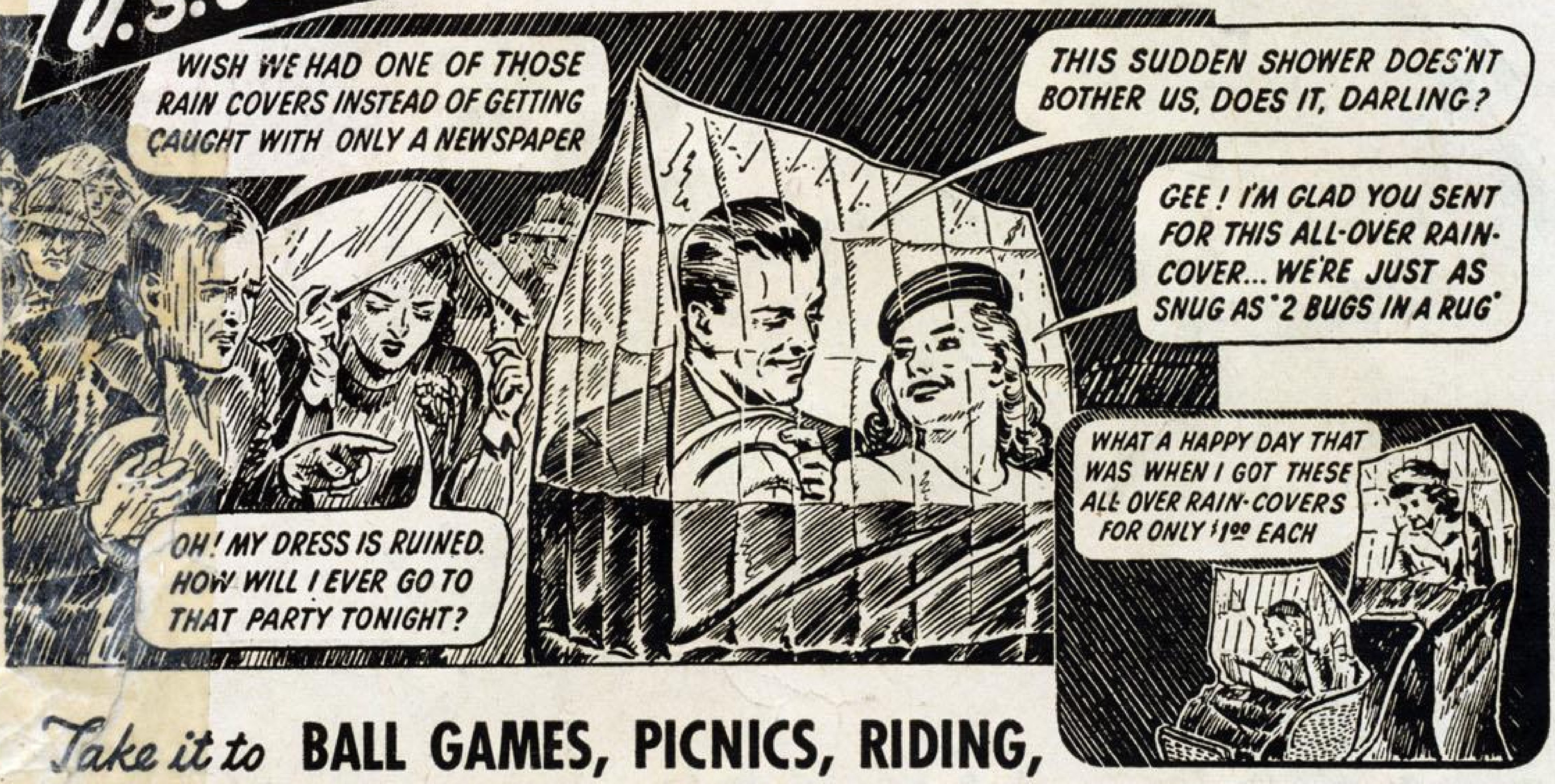
AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. MR-71

Amazing

ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER BARGAIN

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

BIGGEST VARIETY OF USES OF ANYTHING YOU EVER OWNED


WISH WE HAD ONE OF THOSE RAIN COVERS INSTEAD OF GETTING CAUGHT WITH ONLY A NEWSPAPER
THIS SUDDEN SHOWER DOES'NT BOTHER US, DOES IT, DARLING?
GEE! I'M GLAD YOU SENT FOR THIS ALL-OVER RAIN-COVER... WE'RE JUST AS SNUG AS "2 BUGS IN A RUG"
OH! MY DRESS IS RUINED. HOW WILL I EVER GO TO THAT PARTY TONIGHT?
WHAT A HAPPY DAY THAT WAS WHEN I GOT THESE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS FOR ONLY $1.00 EACH

Take it to BALL GAMES, PICNICS, RIDING, HUNTING, FISHING . . . 101 OTHER USES

LET 'ER RAIN! WE DON'T CARE DO WE HONEY? —THIS IS FUN!

This newest type, durable, compact, light, all-weather, all-purpose cover-all was made for gas warfare protection. It's all plastic with transparent top. You can see in all directions. It's BIG . . . 52" long, 52" wide. Big enough for two people to keep perfectly dry. Covers you completely . . . hat, coat, shoes and ALL.

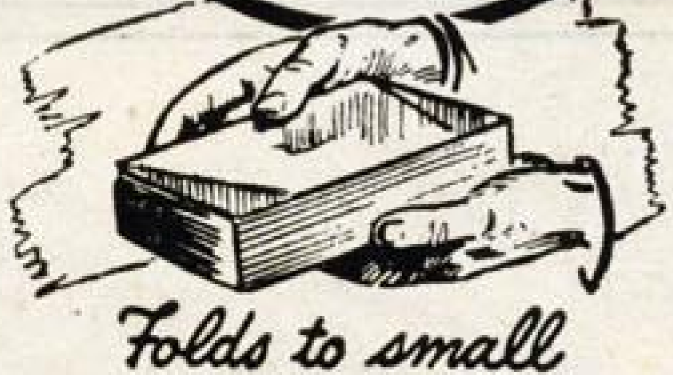
Big and roomy as it is, folds to compact package of 4" by 7". Small enough to fit in pocket, lady's purse, golf bag, tackle box, dashboard compartment, etc. Ready instantly if you're caught in rain or sleet storm whether walking, riding, in open car, watching ball game, hunting, fishing, picnicking, etc. Children play tent, too. Insert clothes-hanger and you have dust-proof hamper to store clothes, dresses. Covers baby's carriage. Etc., etc.

Amazing close-out price is only $1.00, and they're going fast. If you don't agree that these specially made cover-alls are worth 4 or 5 times that much, we'll refund your dollar. It's the kind of all-over weather-protection you have wished often you could find. Keeps you as dry and cozy as a bug-in-a-rug because it covers your hat, coat, shoes, and ALL. Rain can't get to you. Get one or two NOW. You will not have another chance like this after this close-out is gone.

YOU WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER ONE AT THIS LOW PRICE

ONLY $1.00

JIMMY, DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD SENT FOR ONE OF THOSE ALL-OVER RAIN-COVERS? THEY COST ONLY $1. AND LOOK WHAT THEY SAVE YOU



Folds to small pocket size pack. carry it anywhere

SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon TODAY. When package arrives in special foil-lined case, deposit only $1.00 plus C.O.D. postage with postman. Open it and SEE what an amazing VARIETY of uses to which you can put it. If not 100% pleased, return in 5 days for money back. BUT HURRY. This is a close-out, and you will never get another one at this bargain price.

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54 D Joliet, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

SURPLUS SALES, Dept. 54 D Joliet, Ill.

Please send me............All-weather, All-purpose Cover-all at $1.00 each. I will deposit the total amount of my order with postman, plus C.O.D. Postage on arrival. (If I enclose total amount of my order with coupon, you are to pay all postage charges.)

Name..

Address...

City.......................................State.........

...beginning a beautiful friendship

EINSTEIN-RELATIVITY

Baby Ruth candy makes tasty cookies

BUY 'EM
OR
BAKE 'EM

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
CANDY... rich in dextrose

Recipe on every wrapper

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